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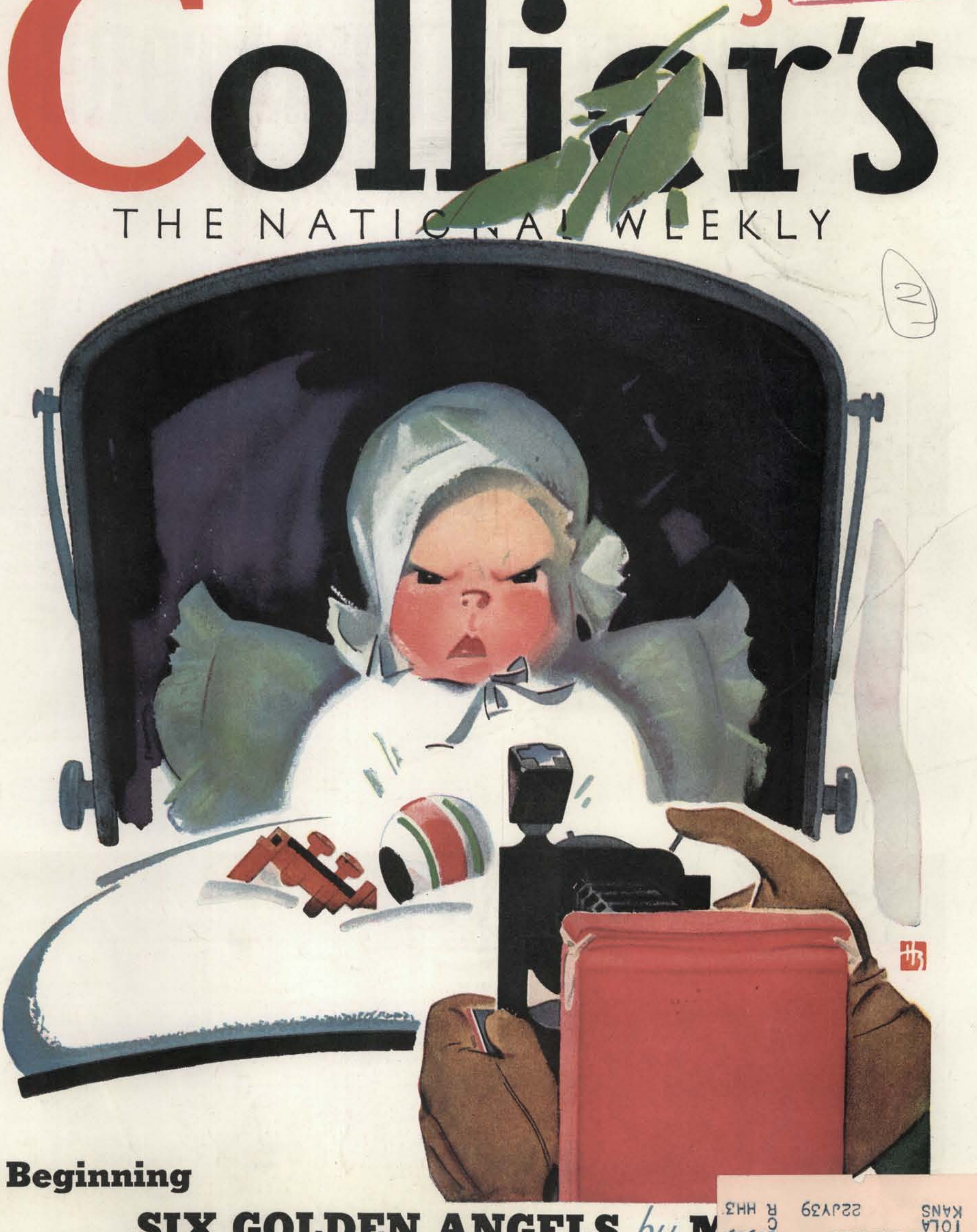
April 10, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

(2)



Beginning

SIX GOLDEN ANGELS *by* **M**

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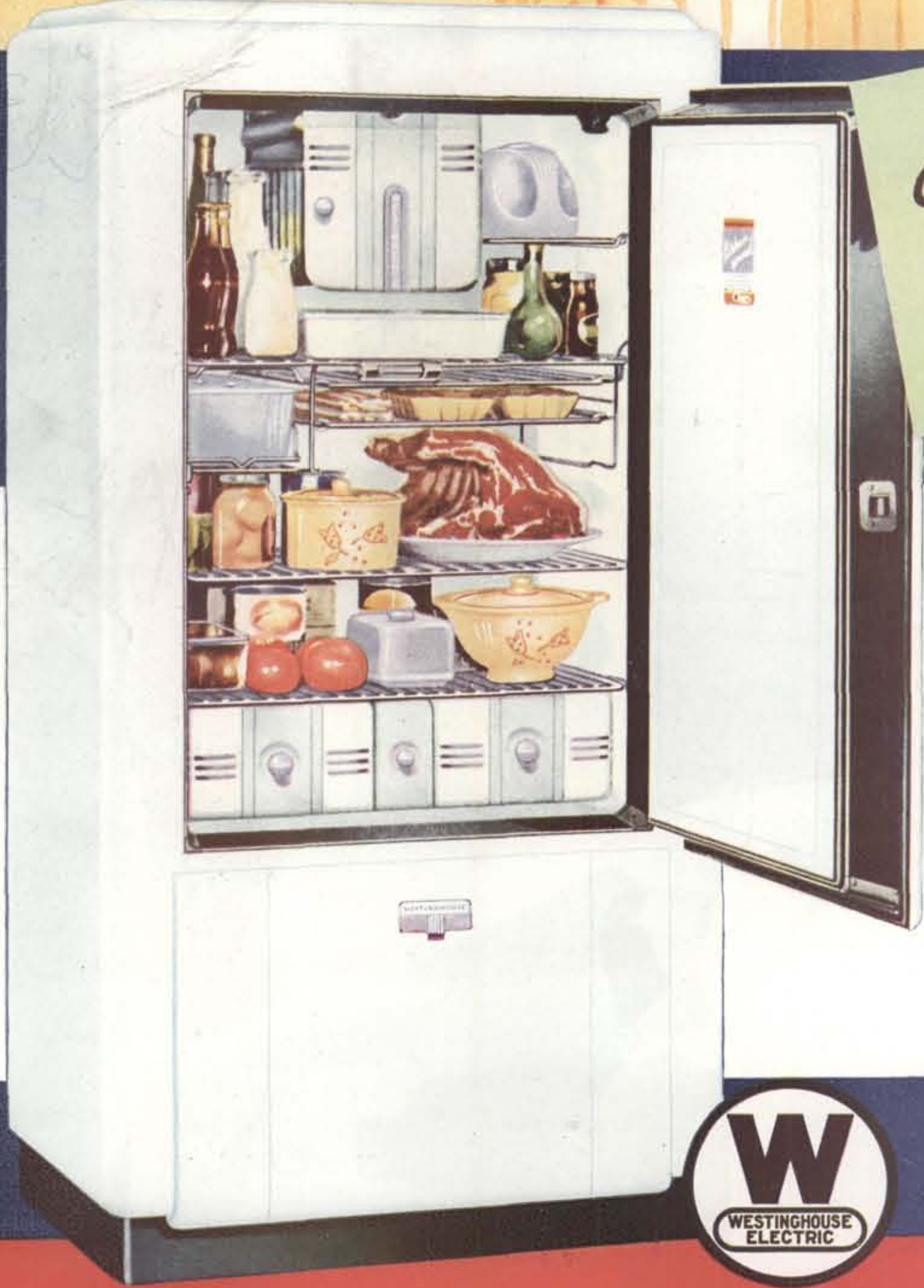
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

April 10 1937

16,697 REFRIGERATORS

in One order



Economy wins!

U. S. GOVERNMENT PUBLIC WORKS ADMINISTRATION HOUSING DIVISION AWARD GOES TO WESTINGHOUSE

On low operating cost Westinghouse Refrigerators won this largest single refrigerator order ever placed. To meet the rigid economy requirements of 34 slum clearance and low-rent housing projects in 26 cities, the housing division of the U. S. Public Works Administration late in 1936 called for sealed bids. Bids were based on initial price, added to cost of electricity for ten years. Low current consumption provided by the Westinghouse Hermetically-sealed Mechanism, Super-sealed insulation, and other Kitchen-proved features proved to the government's satisfaction that on a ten-year basis it costs less to own a Westinghouse Refrigerator..."It's 10-year economy that counts."

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

..and its Kitchen-proved

A world-wide kitchen proving program of 623 certified tests in 89 home proving kitchens confirms spectacular laboratory records for the 1937 Westinghouse:

BETTER FOOD PROTECTION... *kitchen-proved*
Tests on milk, meat, and leftovers demonstrated food protection for *days* beyond any average requirements. For assured protection . . . the "Built-in Watchman" and also Built-in thermometer always in plain sight.

GREATER CONVENIENCE... *kitchen-proved*
Marketing and storage tests showed conclusive savings in time, trouble, and money through use of Triple Food Saver, Triple Storage Compartment and Adjusto-shelf.

FULL POWER... *kitchen-proved*
With door openings as frequent as 62 times a day, the efficient Economizer Unit operates less than 15 minutes out of every hour . . . a real money-saving feature.

FASTER FREEZING... *kitchen-proved*
Certified tests prove that you get more ice faster from the oversize, fast-freezing Sanalloy Froster . . . a feature exclusive with Westinghouse Refrigerators.

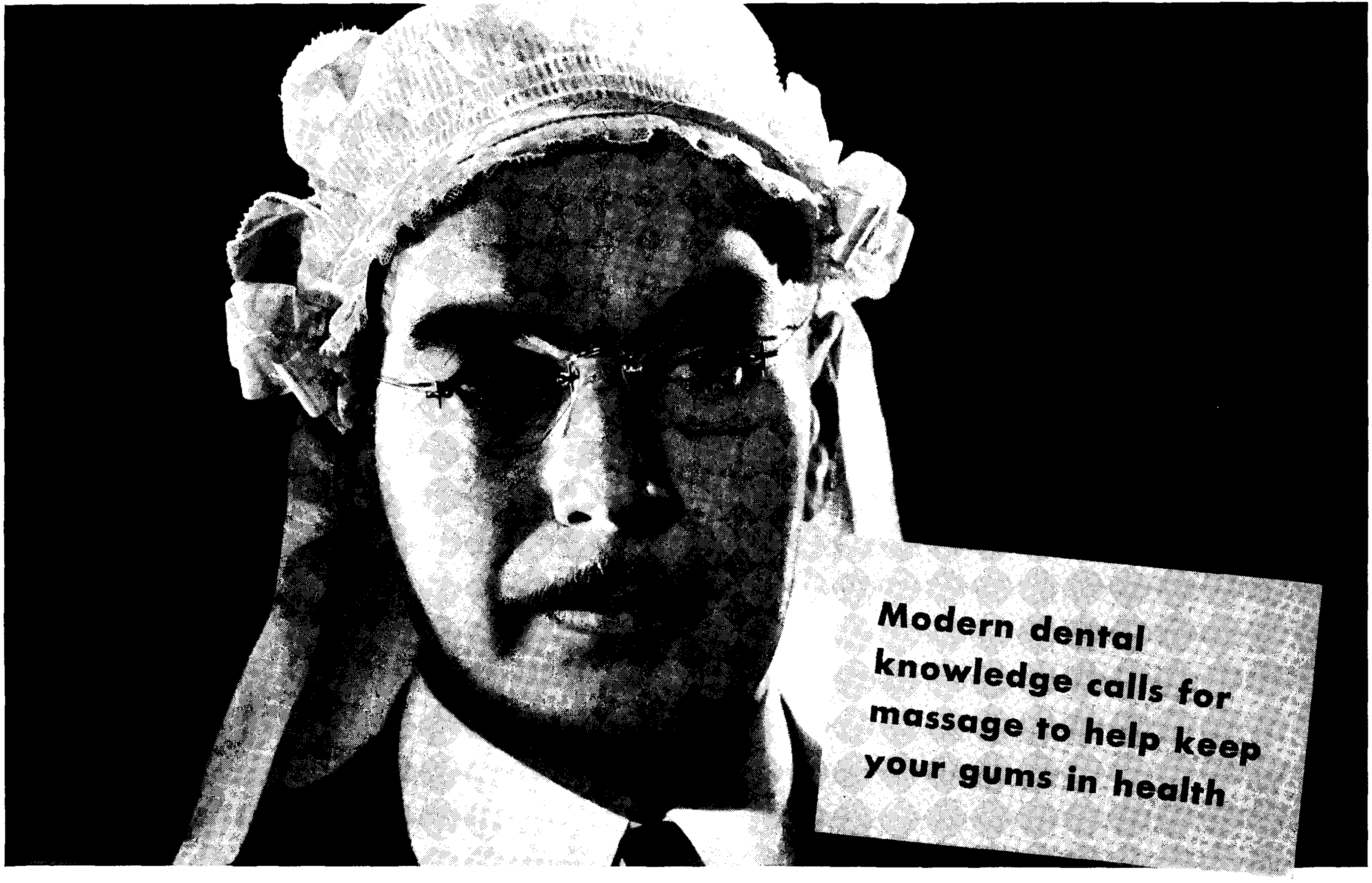
GREATER ECONOMY... *kitchen-proved*
Scientific meter readings prove that electricity for the 1937 Westinghouse costs only slightly more than a postage stamp; even on hottest days.

Every house needs **Westinghouse**

Copyright Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Mansfield, O.

Child-like in his Dental Knowledge

—thousands of grown-ups never take care of their gums


Modern dental knowledge calls for massage to help keep your gums in health

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"... Guard against becoming a "Dental Cripple"... Change to IPANA and Massage Today

IT IS a sad fact but true that thousands of intelligent adults are still in the *cradle age* about the advances made in dental hygiene—innocent of the fact that modern dental authority emphasizes *the care of the gums* as well as the teeth.

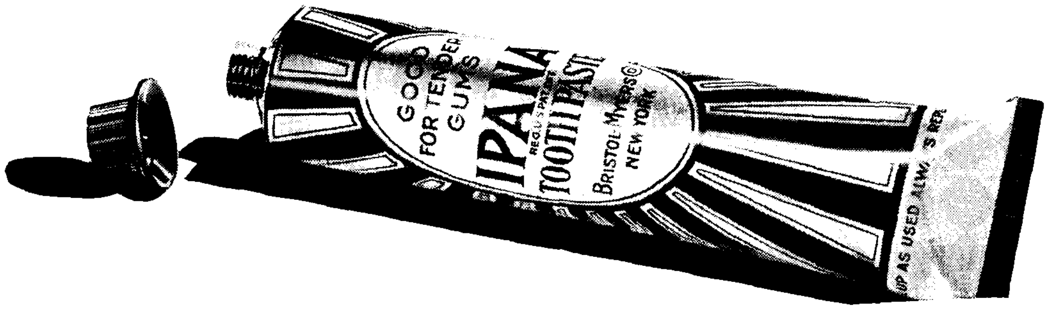
The facts are simple—stressed by thousands of modern dentists, taught in modern schools, practiced in many modern American homes.

- **Modern gums, because of modern menus, need special and regular care. The soft foods on which we moderns live do not give our gums enough work, enough stimulation, to keep them healthy. Gums grow lazy. They grow flabby and tender. Frequently a tinge of "pink" appears on your tooth brush—a protest and a warning of unhealthy gums.**

If you ever see that tinge of "pink" on your own tooth brush do the sensible thing—see your dentist. You *may* be in for serious trouble. Usually, however, his verdict will be "gums that are the victims of modern soft foods"—"gums robbed of natural exercise and work"—and, as many dentists advise—gums that need the healthful stimulation of Ipana *and massage.*

For Ipana plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of the mouth—a dentifrice designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gums grow stronger, more resistant. New circulation brings them a new firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage today. Before you even see that warning tinge of "pink"—adopt this sensible and practical way to help safeguard the health of your teeth and gums.



IPANA
Tooth Paste

WILLIAM L. CHENERY	Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH	Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK	Editorial Director

Collier's

April 10, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
W. B. COURTNEY	Aviation	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	T. R. YBARRA	Europe
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art		Associate Editors

Next Week

IT WAS the night that civil war broke loose in Spain. In a tavern outside Madrid, Ellen Hood met Lawrence Kane. This was the casual meeting of a boy and girl who probably would never see each other again. But next day the world was turned around; friend plotted against friend; violence and suspicion hung over the city. A casual acquaintance was all she had to cling to.

"Tomorrow Will Be Fair," by Burnham Carter, is a love story with shellfire and the roar of fighting planes for background.

IN FORTY years Japan has grown from a string of obscure and disregarded islands to the proportions of an empire. Her political ambitions cause headaches in the chancelleries of the world; her trade accomplishments baffle the economists. From a distance it all looks like magic. Jim Marshall takes you into the Sato family to see what happens backstage. The trick isn't done with mirrors: it's done with human lives—the lives of the Sato family, for instance. And what's left is the "Ashes of Empire."

WHEN Tom Vesey, lieutenant in the Coast Guard, was transferred from hurricane service in the Caribbean to the deceptively calm waters of Lake Michigan, he referred unwisely to the inland sea as a lily pond. He lived to revise his estimate on the night he saved a stubborn, foolhardy girl caught in a sea of flaming gasoline. "High Test" is by Karl Detzer.

THE trout season is still in the offing, but the argument between bait fishermen and dry-fly casters has been going on briskly all winter. Eugene V. Connett gathers up the high points of the controversy and presents his advice: "Lay off the Worms."

IN THE top drawer of his dresser, under the handkerchiefs, Raymond Horne kept a little address book, reserved for girls. There were a good many names—wasn't Raymond a high-school hero?—but the night after he met Ethel Weyman he crossed them all out. The funny thing was that he didn't write down Ethel's. Henry Anton Steig writes about the "Strange Girl."

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN contributes "Holy Terror," the story of a woman who fully lived up to both parts of her name. The Short Short Story is by Richard Connell. James Hilton, Kyle Crichton, Dwight Mitchell Wiley, Max Brand, T. R. Ybarra and others complete the issue. Make yourself comfortable.

●

This Week

SHORT STORIES

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●

FRELING FOSTER
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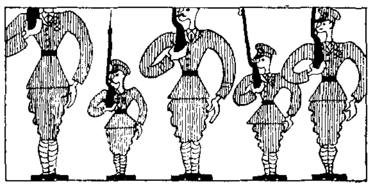
EDITORIAL
Time to Ratify, by Grace Abbott. Page 86

COVER HOWARD BUTLER

Any Week

MR. GEORGE GRANT of Toronto, Canada, a former member of the proud Princess Pats, has sent us an extremely well-written letter inspired by Quentin Reynolds' piece about hockey—"Keep Punching." "I notice," says Mr. Grant, 'that you say that all the boys in the Princess Pats were six-footers and large he-men. We were nothing of the kind—just the run of the mill, fat and thin, tall and short. There were more Americans in the battalion than Canadians. As a matter of fact there were only nine Canadians. The great majority were Englishmen with the remainder divided among a dozen other nations. I have often wondered why you Americans imagine that in August, 1914, all male Canadians of military age rushed sobbingly to offer their lives to Good Old England."



NEXT week we shall announce the name of the winner of the ten dollars we offered for what we regard as the best solution of the problem of the Montana rancher's horse which insisted upon eating with the children. It has been no easy task. If you have noticed signs of fatigue in this department you may lay it to our grim struggle against fifteen or sixteen hundred geniuses who hurled their brains at us. We read all of those letters. In them we were challenged to duels, threatened with socks in the nose, nominated for everything from Dr. Glenn Frank's old job at the University of Wisconsin to the Supreme Court and even received a couple of offers of marriage. The winner will get the ten dollars and no questions asked. He will not be photographed shaking hands with Mr. Roosevelt, or in an attitude of heavy mental labor. In fact, there will be no ceremonies whatever. He will get the handsome reward and, we're compelled to confess, may immediately launch upon a one-man sit-down strike for all we care. We suggest, however, that he pick a nice, comfortable place to sit down and quit before he's had one too many.

BUT Mr. Victor Bertin of Quebec, Canada, will not get any prize from us. He told us and we told you, that somebody had been stealing steam rollers from the Quebec government. We are corrected by the Honorable Wilkins Lodebac of Montreal. "They were not taken in theft," writes Mr. Lodebac. "They were just insured against thievery. At the last general provincial elections we of Quebec Province kicked out the Liberal government. This former Liberal government was insured against everything except itself, costing a pretty penny or so. They even insured a lengthy series of icehouses against damage by extreme cold weather. We are now insured against nothing new."

QUITE a number of our readers think we ought to give ourselves a prize for our modesty. For example, here's Mr. Leonard G. Pardue of Wauchula, Florida, who says: "All dressed out in a new type face and yet you have refrained from even mentioning it. Come, come." And Mrs. Gene McKuen of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, saying: "You have improved your magazine lots with your new type and yet you have not called the world's attention to it. Why, if one of our newspapers goes so far as to change the wording of its weather forecast it tells us how lucky we are to have such an enterprising rag."

BUT we've always been a little chary about loud horn-blowing. A gentleman in Chicago told us some time ago about the time, when a young man, he was sent east to gather a few facts of rare importance to his employer. He worked vigorously in Albany for four days and, dripping with success, telegraphed: "Glad to report complete success stop will return tonight with all details stop Albany for us hundred per cent." Within an hour he got his employer's reply: "News about Albany comforting stop however you were supposed to go to Buffalo not Albany stop anyway glad you coming back stop please stop nowhere en route."

STILL we deserve a little applause for a few things we don't do. We shall not "publish every week a page of pictures of your most beautiful girl readers at work, at play, at home and in serious moods," as recommended by Miss Sadye Maye Murphin of Dallas, Texas. Neither will we have anything to do with Mr. Joseph T. Neuraud's project. From Walla Walla, Washington, Mr. Neuraud beseeches us to sponsor a "father-son walking race across country." We aren't sure what a father-son walking race is. And we aren't inquiring.

AND our feet hurt too.

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Her FIRST Telephone Call

A BRAND-NEW CUSTOMER used the telephone this morning. Betty Sue called up that nice little girl around the corner.

Every day, hundreds of Betty Sues speak their first sentences into the telephone. Just little folks, with casual, friendly greetings to each other. Yet their calls are handled as quickly as if they concerned the most important affairs of Mother and Daddy.

For there is no distinction in telephone service. Its benefits are available to all—old and young, rich and poor alike. To Betty Sue, the telephone may some day become commonplace. But it is never that to the workers in the Bell System.

There is constant, never-ending search for ways to improve the speed, clarity and efficiency of your telephone calls . . . to provide the most telephone service, and the best, at the lowest possible cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THIS NEW KIND OF BRISTLE FEELS BETTER ON MY GUMS ...IT'S THE BIGGEST TOOTH BRUSH IMPROVEMENT I'VE SEEN IN 40 YEARS
This tuft helps prevent molar decay because it actually reaches and cleans all surfaces of the back teeth.
NOTE THE FAMOUS TUFT
STERILIZED
Pro-phy-lac-tic

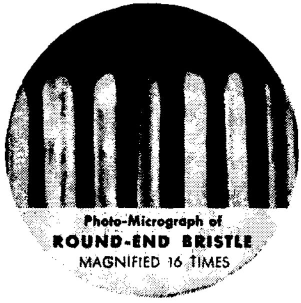


Photo-Micrograph of ROUND-END BRISTLE MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

Photo-Micrograph of ORDINARY BRISTLE MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

MASSAGE THE GUMS? Certainly! But be sure that you do so with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It is the only brush with Round-End bristle, the *double-duty* bristle especially designed for both cleaning and massaging.

Without a single dissenting voice, all dentists who have seen the amazing difference, shown in the microscope photograph at the left, acclaim Round-End bristle as a great advance in the care of the gums.

Remember, there is no other tooth brush with Round-End bristle on the market, because Pro-phy-lac-tic has exclusive rights to this patented invention. For the sake of your gums and teeth, insist that your next brush be a Pro-phy-lac-tic. The new *Adult SMALL-Type* is for those who like a small brush. The *Adult REGULAR* is slightly larger. Each is 50¢; guaranteed to satisfy or your money will be refunded.

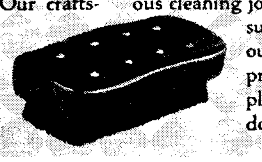
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

SEND $1 FOR SURGEON'S-TYPE HAND BRUSH

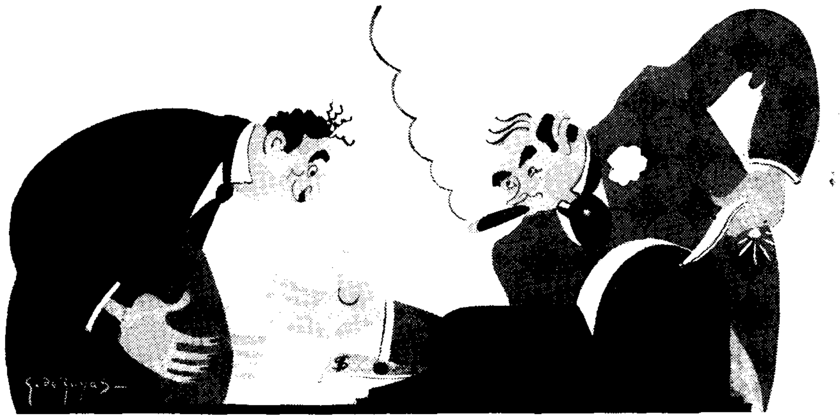
This is one of the highest priced hand brushes ever offered. Yet it is the most remarkable value you can buy, because it is an article of supreme quality. Our craftsmen make it to stand all use and almost any abuse for a lifetime. No fancy colors, just a he-man's hand and nail brush used by physicians and dentists the world over. The strong, tough boar bristles are set in metal and riveted to the oiled hardwood back. And what a marvelous cleaning job it does! If your dealer can't supply it, send a dollar bill at our risk. We'll mail the brush promptly. And if you are not pleased, we will return your dollar without argument.



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., 100 PINE STREET, FLORENCE, MASS.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



THE sale of "money machines" still is a profitable racket. They sell easily after a "sucker" sees blank pieces of paper go in one end of the box, a crank turned and genuine bills (planted) come out of the other end. As owning one of these fake boxes makes a man guilty of attempted counterfeiting, few purchasers have ever gone to the police, not even the man who paid $150,000 for one of them.

A striking commentary on the honor and integrity of nations is the fact that, during the past 3,400 years, peace treaties have been broken on an average of one every 22 weeks.—*By Manfred Vicksten, Laramie, Wyoming.*

The silk-hat manufacturing business pays little or no attention to those who disparage the ability of workers over fifty years of age. There are not more than two or three craftsmen in this industry in the United States today who are under fifty, while many of the better ones are close to eighty years old.—*By Edna Lee Johnson, Huntsville, Alabama.*

The Death Bell of Rovereto, hanging high in the Dolomites at the scene of some of the most severe fighting in the World War, tolls one hundred times each evening in memory of all those who died in this great conflict. The giant bell, made from cannons collected from every front, is dedicated to this service forever and its use for any other purpose, however important it may be, is absolutely forbidden.

Many American manufacturers of women's hosiery knit a code in stitches in the heel of every pair of hose made by them so that when a faulty stocking is returned they will know the operator, knitting machine and plant that produced it and can investigate the cause of the imperfection.—*By Mrs. Malcolm Dewire, Salem, New Jersey.*

Nature's greatest warning of the approach of a thunderstorm is experienced on a mountain, where the atmosphere becomes so charged with electricity that it makes a man's hair stand on end, his fingers emit sparks and the metal points of his ice ax hiss like vipers.—*By E. Martin, New York City.*

Every day at one P.M. a cheese is carried into the luncheon room of Simpson's Tavern in Cheapside, London, and the patrons are invited to guess its height, girth and weight. If a person guesses the three figures, champagne is served free to everyone present. Evidently it is one of the least expensive sales promotion ideas ever conceived. It packs the house daily, yet correct guesses have been made only on the average of every two years.

For more than a century some member of the royal family of Hawaii has died within 24 hours after the islands have been visited by small, red "death fishes." Consequently the belief that their appearance presaged such deaths grew to be so strong that, when they reappeared in November, 1917, preparations for the funeral of ex-Queen Liliuokalani were in progress in many parts of Oahu several hours before she died.

Animals in zoos sometimes receive serious injuries through despicable tricks played upon them by visitors. Recent arrests in Europe included a man who injured an elephant with peanuts containing pins, a woman who blinded a hippopotamus with an umbrella and a boy who broke the leg of an ostrich with a rock. In America the death of a sea lion not long ago was a mystery, until an autopsy revealed that his stomach contained 22 handkerchiefs.

The only real naval battle for which excursion boats sold "ringside seats" took place in the English Channel on June 19, 1864. The American Union ship Kearsarge was about to attack the Confederate cruiser Alabama—docked at Cherbourg, France—when French officials warned its captain to do his fighting outside of the three-mile limit. Three days later the battle took place, before thousands of "fight fans" from France and England.

●

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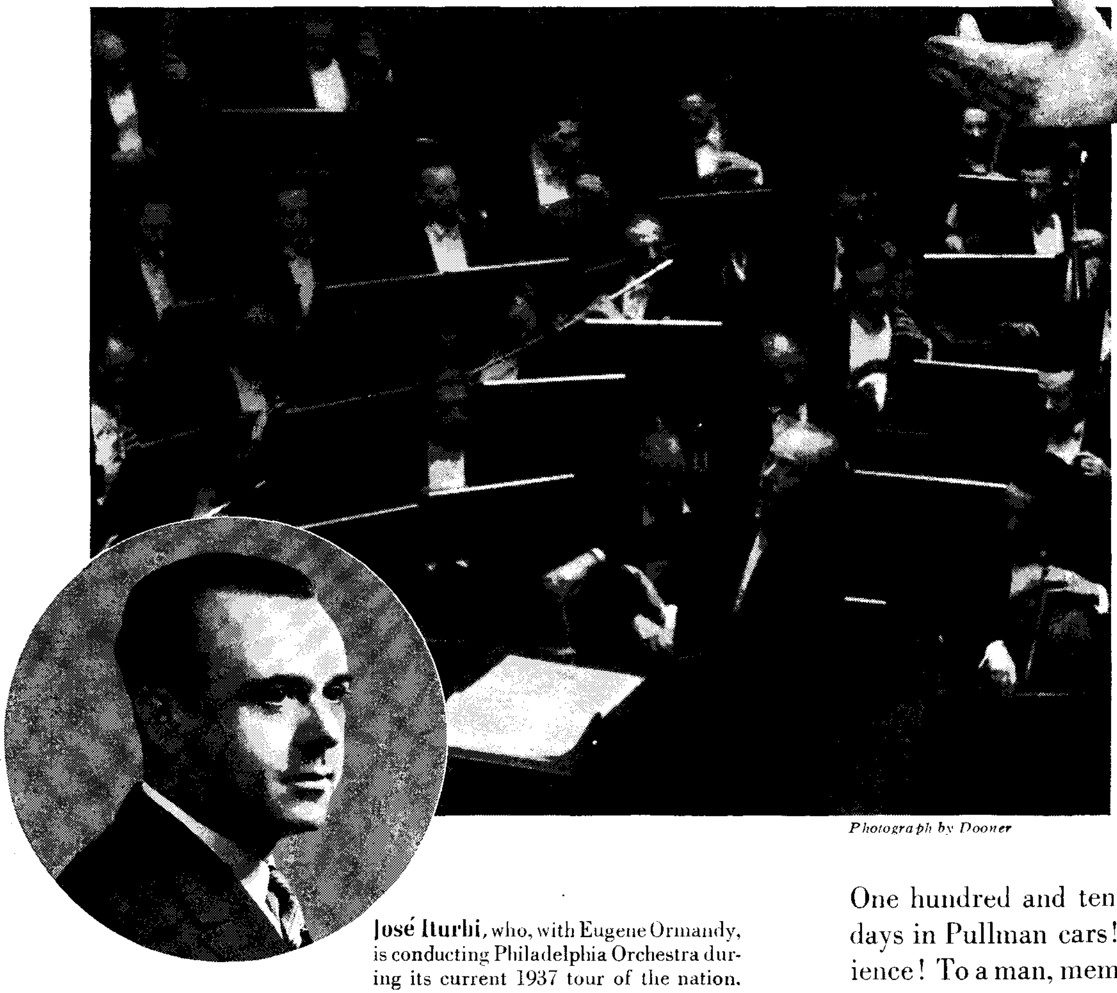
Lived 5 Weeks in *Pullman Cars*

"It seems incredible that five weeks on a train could be so free from discomfort."

Alfred Reginald Allen

Manager, **Philadelphia Orchestra**

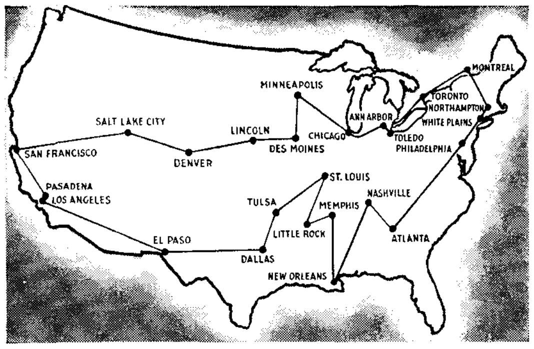
Eugene Ormandy, conductor with Philadelphia Orchestra on current 1937 Transcontinental Tour of the United States.



Photograph by Dooner

José Iturbi, who, with Eugene Ormandy, is conducting Philadelphia Orchestra during its current 1937 tour of the nation.

Impromptu "concert," Greeley, Colo.


MINNEAPOLIS
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DES MOINES
SAN FRANCISCO
DENVER
PASADENA
LOS ANGELES
ST. LOUIS
NASHVILLE
TULSA
MEMPHIS
LITTLE ROCK
ATLANTA
EL PASO
DALLAS
NEW ORLEANS

Philadelphia Orchestra-RCA Victor 1937 Transcontinental Tour via Pullman comfort and safety.

One hundred and ten orchestra members and staff men living 35 days in Pullman cars! What a test of Pullman comfort and convenience! To a man, members of the Philadelphia Orchestra-RCA Victor Transcontinental Tour of 1936—needing wholesome rest during continuous rehearsal and performance—were enthusiastic in their approval of Pullman service. This year finds them eager for their 1937 tour. It means clean, restful, relaxing travel, nights of good sound sleep, carefree safety, homelike convenience and comfort.

Life was made especially pleasant for this trainload of musicians. But that's only typical of the kind of service Pullman provides for more than a thousand trainloads of patrons daily! And it affords them the *safest* of travel. Not a life lost among all the millions of passengers and employes carried in 1935—and again not a fatality in 1936.

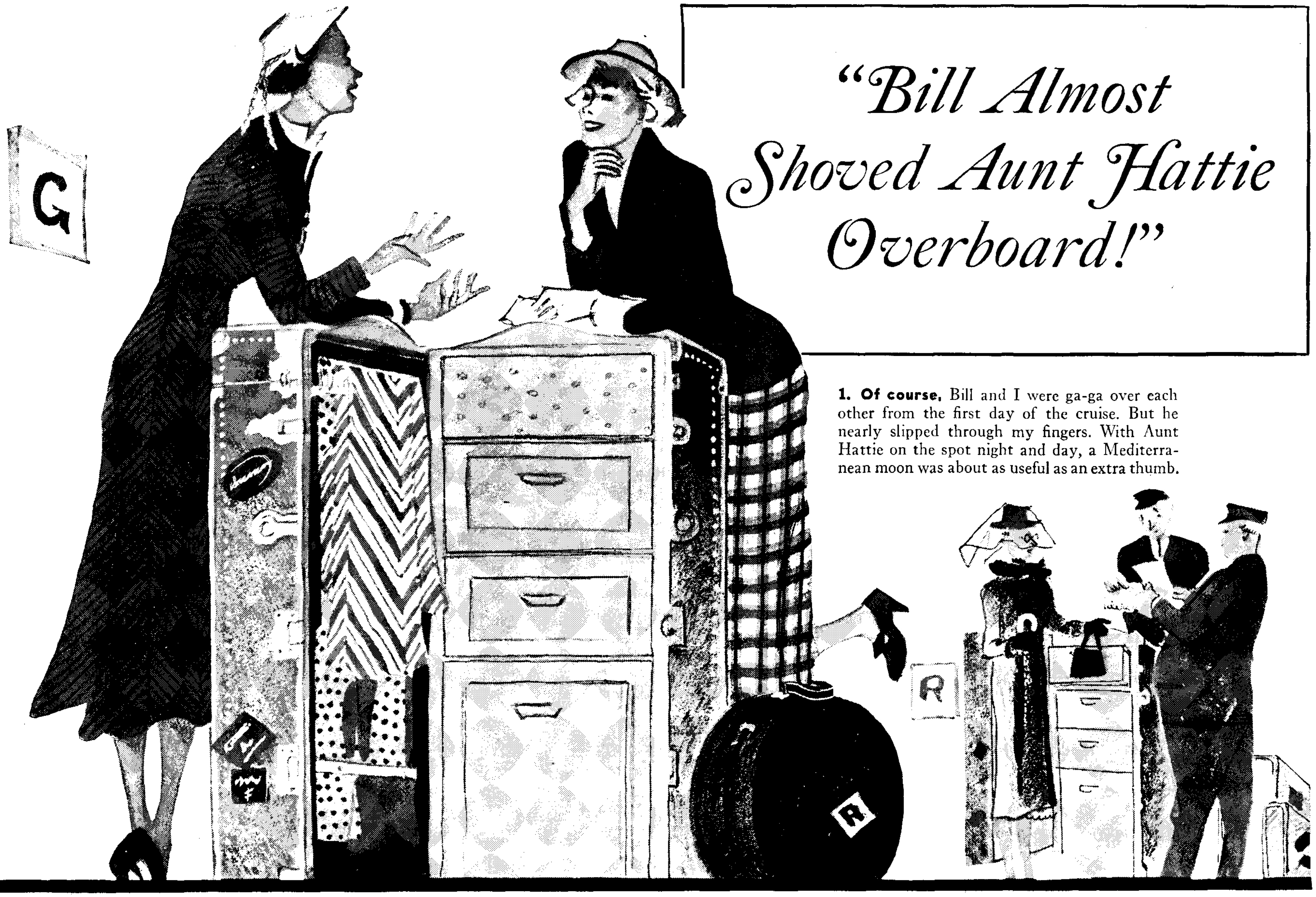
Plan to make your next trip in Pullman safety and comfort, available on railroads in the United States and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. Your ticket agent will give you full information; or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

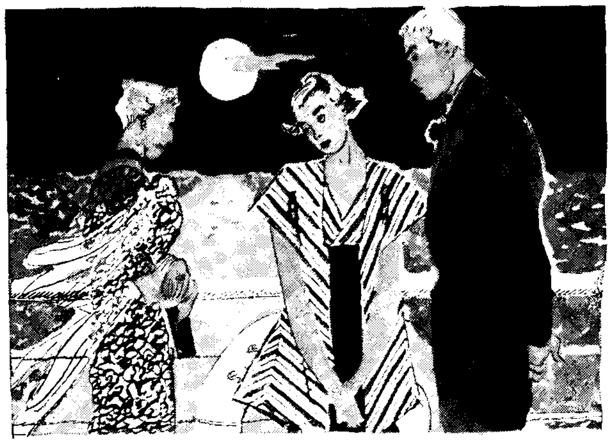
Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

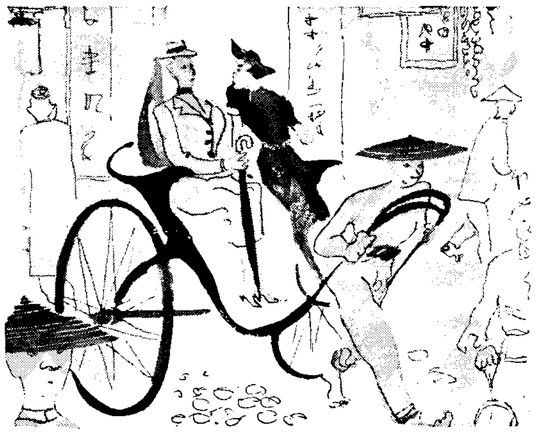
"Bill Almost Shoved Aunt Hattie Overboard!"



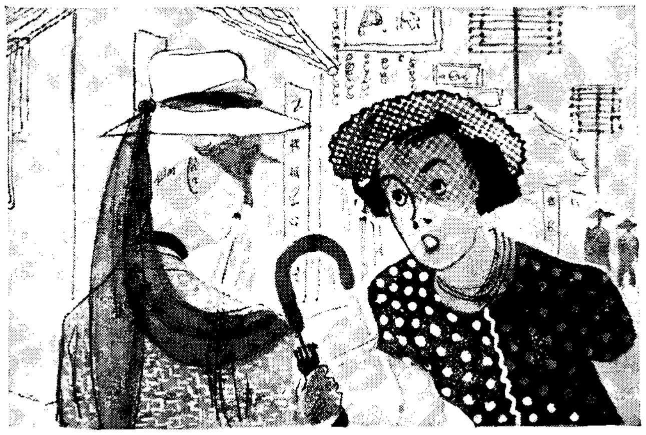
1. Of course, Bill and I were ga-ga over each other from the first day of the cruise. But he nearly slipped through my fingers. With Aunt Hattie on the spot night and day, a Mediterranean moon was about as useful as an extra thumb.



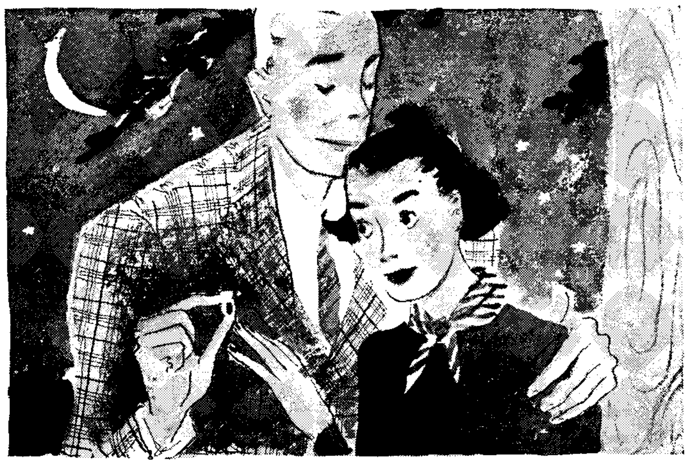
2. The dear old girl must have owl blood in her veins, for she simply never wanted to climb into her crib at night. Just tagged around at our heels like an untied shoestring. Couldn't leave us to ourselves a single minute.



3. By the time we docked at Shanghai, I was practically running a fever. "Listen, Aunt Hattie," I pleaded, "you're my aunt—not a police escort. Can't you sneak off to bed just one teensie-weensie night?"



4. "I wouldn't sleep a stitch," she replied. "I'm having coffee for dinner. I love it, but the caffein ruins my sleep. I'm one of those people." "It won't keep you up tonight," said I, gritting my molars, "because you're going to drink Sanka Coffee."



5. Then I explained about Sanka—caffein-free, delicious. Aunt Hattie drank three cups. Loved it. Went off to bed and slept like a teddy bear. Meanwhile...well, to make it short, Bill and I ducked off the boat at Frisco to get this ring.

"GOODNESS, WHY DON'T YOU TRY SANKA, TOO?"

If you, like so many coffee-lovers, are all at sea because the caffein in that beloved beverage disturbs your sleep—change to Sanka Coffee and get back to earth.

Sanka Coffee, you know, is *real* coffee, as rich, as full-bodied, as thoroughly delicious and satisfying as good coffee can be. And, since 97% of its caffein is removed, you can even drink it at midnight without a sleepless second of penalty.

SANKA
COFFEE

Make Sanka Coffee strong...the way all good coffee should be. Use a heaping tablespoonful, as much as the spoon will hold, for each cup. If you "perk" it, be sure to give it a few extra minutes "on the fire."

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee. Get some today. It is a General Foods Product.

SANKA COFFEE

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Collier's

The National Weekly for April 10, 1937

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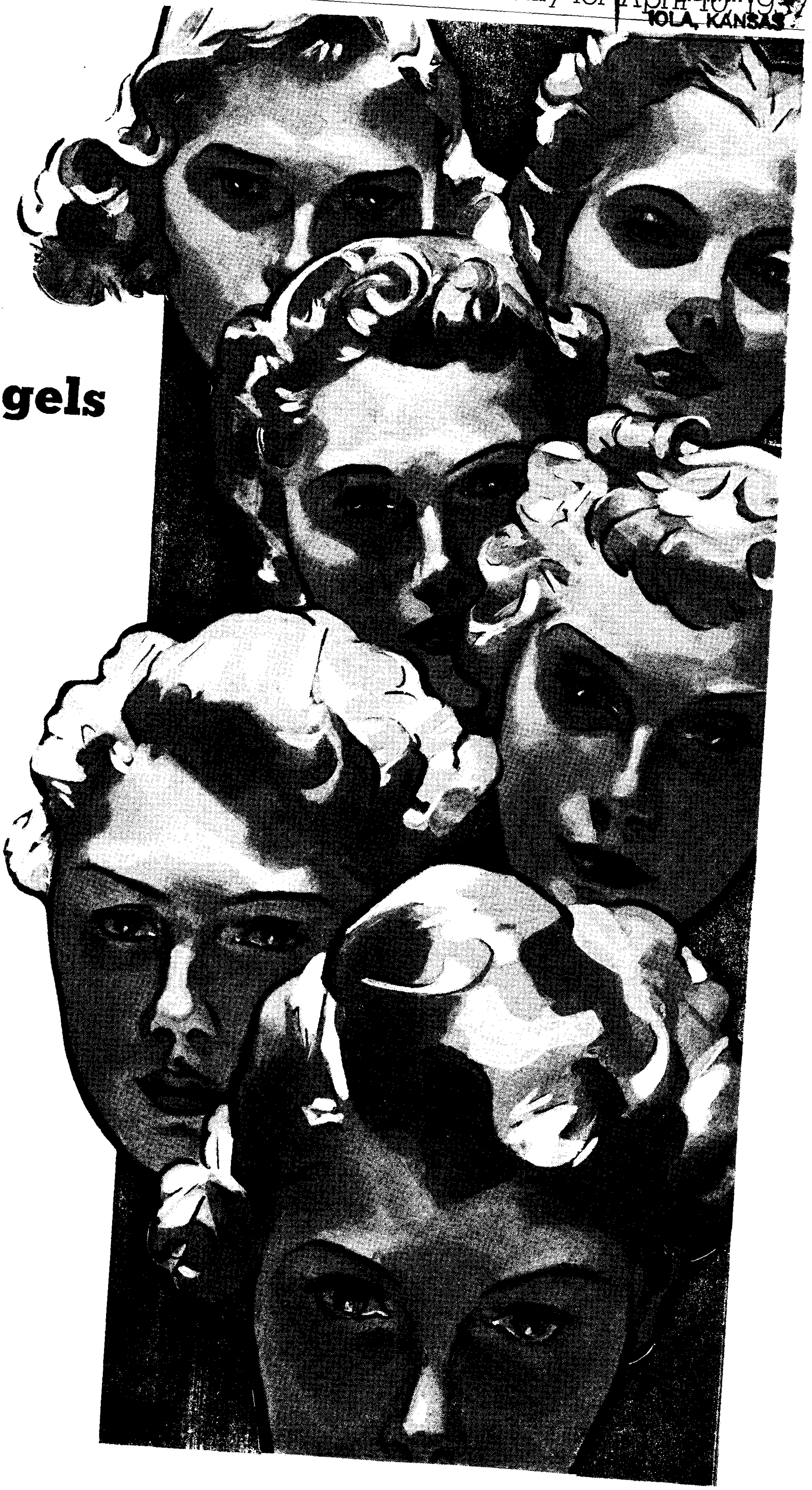
Six Golden Angels

By Max Brand



Beginning a startling new serial: the story of six beautiful blondes and a man who wasn't afraid to follow a murder clue, regardless of the consequences

THE sallowness of Martin, the valet, existed not only in the stained whites of his eyes but even in his yellow fingers, which were spare in flesh and grew larger toward the flat tips. The strength which his clothes concealed appeared in his naked hand, particularly as he gripped the big, streamlined automatic.

With a sort of flat-handed pass he made the heavy gun disappear in his clothes, produced it again through his back, apparently—and all the while watched carefully the face of Gains, the butler, who attempted to preserve a wooden indifference; but his eyes were alive in spite of himself and glinted with every flash of the weapon.

"When you're juggling," said Gains, "you ought to keep to things that don't have a mind of their own."

"I won't let this rod speak out of turn," answered Martin.

"Why you packing it, anyway?" asked Gains, breaking down into open curiosity at last.

Martin allowed the automatic to remain in hiding beneath his coat.

"The old girl ought to have an airing now and then; that's all," said Martin. "And tonight may be the night for her to appear in company."

The buzzer sounded on the pantry wall and the register indicated the library.

"J. J.'s gunna ask me is everything okay," said Gains, rising. "Funny how he gets nervous every time he throws a party, eh?"

"He spent too many years prospecting the Canadian back-country," said Martin. "New York will always be a pretty tight fit for him."

Gains found John James Leggett pacing on the library rug.

"Does everything come along in good shape?" asked Leggett.

"Everything is in order, sir," said Gains.

"Send me Cesare," commanded Leggett.

While he waited for the chef he walked up and down the room looking at the books. Their titles meant nothing to him but the bindings made a pleasant tapestry of color along his walls and gave the room a sort of mental furniture. In this moment of great stress, he was not thinking consciously of his problem but was dimly remembering the hours he had spent in the leather room of the Zaehnsdorf bindery in

London, thumbing hard-grained Morocco, or the soft Levant, or sleek vellums, or the deep neck wrinkles of brown sealskin. He had said to Zaehnsdorf's manager: "I want a hundred and ten yards of books. Here's the plan of the room. I don't know a thing about books but I'd like some color on the walls."

THAT was when the penthouse was rising on top of the huge loft building. Mike Ravenna said it looked too much like part of an English abbey, hoisted halfway to heaven, but that was before the landscape gardener had clothed the penthouse with time. The booming drone of a steamship's whistle on the North River stopped Leggett in front of the mullioned window that filled the whole end of the room. A tremendous steamer was standing swiftly down the tide, making even the huge skyscrapers seem like a city of toys. It angered Leggett a trifle whenever those monsters passed by, throwing his world out of scale; otherwise he liked the huge vibration of the whistles. He shut the passing of the great ship from his mind and looked down to his roof garden. Now that May put an end to the danger of frost, the gardeners made the whole formal design bloom with color inside the potted box hedges. In the fountain the three bronze mermaids looked up with laughter at the spray which old Triton blew from his horn; descending, the water rained dazzling gold upon them, for the sun was turning red in the west.

The chef came in and held his tall hat at attention against his breast. The little starved man always seemed to be shrinking from a blow.

"Cesare, why don't you eat some of the stuff you cook?" asked Leggett. "Why do I have to have a skeleton behind every feast? . . . Now listen to me, Cesare."

"Yes, *signore*."

"Everything must be perfect tonight. I want you to put your best touch in every dish; make music; make 'em sing. You hear?"

"*Signore*, everything shall be done *con amore e passione*."

Leggett went down to the dining room and eyed the massed flowers with pleasure. Afterward he went up to the Venetian bedroom where the girls would leave their wraps. It was not to his taste. There was not a single chair to which a big man could trust his weight; but the women always exclaimed about the damask curtains, the carved and gilded furniture, and the grotesquerie of the little dancing figures which made a frescoed cornice around the walls. He liked better the bathroom with its sunken tub of pale green marble and the dressing room with the stiff yellow skirts of the table repeated endlessly in the surrounding mirrors. His own image multiplied in the same manner and it was this sight of himself that drove him away suddenly. Remembering the old prospecting days, lean and hard, it was difficult to identify himself with the swollen body on the long legs, like a crane at a stand in good fishing waters. Like the bird, all the lines of his face dropped down to a long nose and a long, fleshy chin. It was a red face, moist and shining.

Gains called him away to the telephone. A man's voice clear and strong with youth said over the wire: "Mr. Leggett? . . . Hello, Uncle John! This is David."

"That's not David Ryder," said Leggett. "You're away off at sea on a steamer, David."

"There was a handy little dirigible going across and I shifted to another fellow's ticket," said David Ryder. "Can I see you? I'll be at the hotel. . . ."

"You'll be here!" shouted Leggett. Something stopped his voice. He controlled himself. Then he added: "Come right out. Having a dinner tonight. Rush along so you'll have time to change."

He sent for Martin and said: "My nephew is arriving. I don't know when he'll leave. He takes the guest suite."

"Yes, sir. The *suite?*" repeated Martin.

"I said the suite. And until he gets a valet for himself, you'll more or less forget me to take charge of him. Though he may not have many clothes to take care of. Not to begin with," added Leggett.

"More or less forget you; yes, sir," said the valet.

Leggett grinned at him.

"You're a cruel, hard, cold sort of a devil, aren't you, Martin?" he asked.

"As you please, sir," said Martin, with none of the French sour going out of his face.

"When you take care of David Ryder, you damned thief," said Leggett, "you'll walk on eggs and break none of 'em!"

"Certainly, sir," said Martin.

"WAIT a minute," commanded Leggett. "I want to say something."

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"What am I going to talk to you about now?"

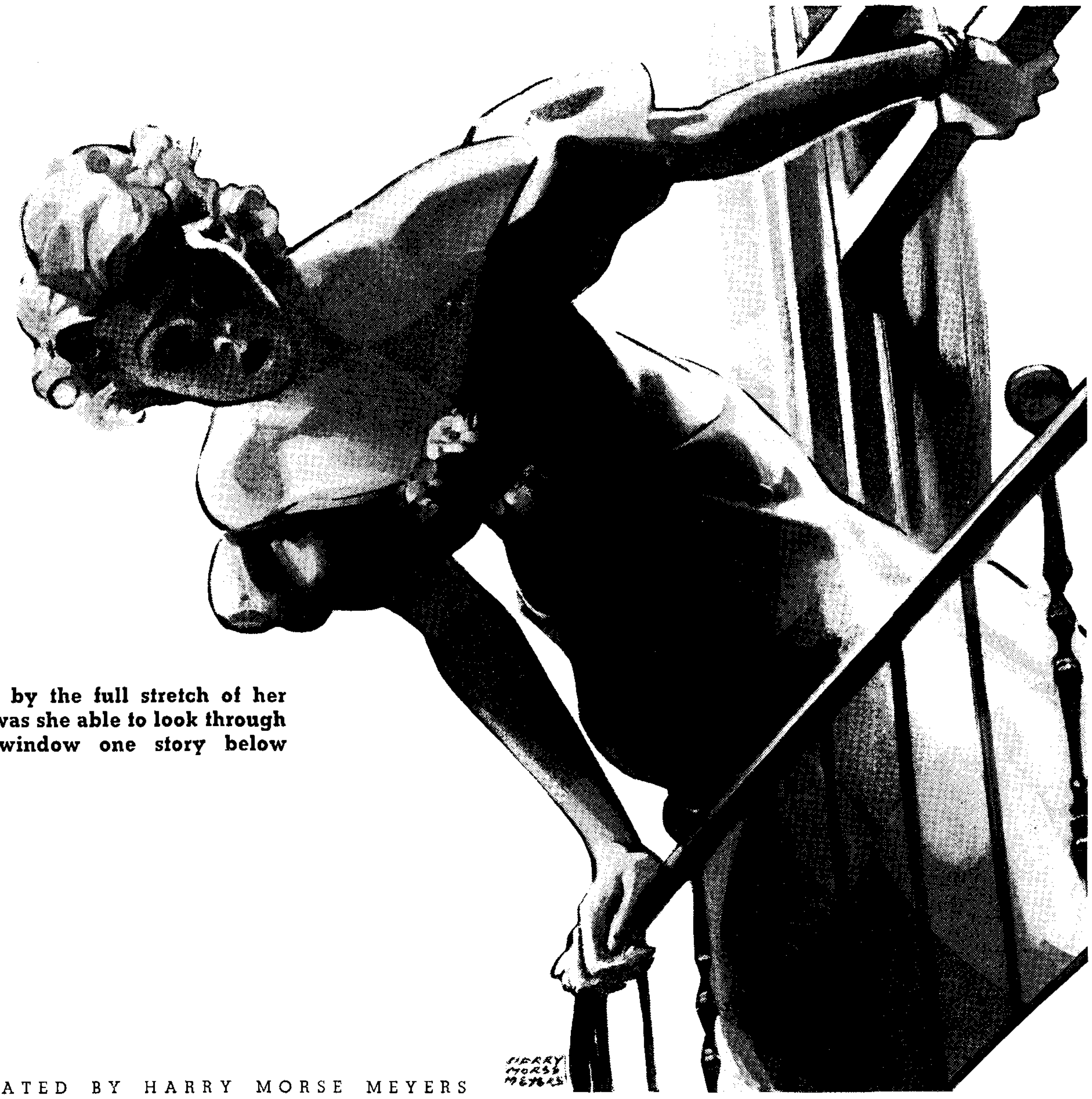
"Something very intimate, sir."

"Why should I be intimate with you?"

"Because you could send me up the river for twenty years by lifting your finger, sir."

"You know, Martin, sometimes I think I ought to have nobody about me except ex-convicts."

"Besides me, you have Gains, sir," said Martin.



Only by the full stretch of her arm was she able to look through the window one story below

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"What! Gains, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Leggett.

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"You hired Gains for me yourself," said Leggett.

"I wanted to share my good fortune . . . with a friend, sir."

"You think you can trust Gains, eh?"

A very faint smile twisted the mouth of Martin.

"As long as I live, sir; yes."

Leggett regarded him for a moment with a sinister pleasure.

"Why do I enjoy you so much, Martin?" he asked.

"Because you like to own your people body and soul, sir," said Martin.

"That's good. That's damned good because it's true," said Leggett. "The point at hand, Martin, is that the arrival of my nephew unbalances my dinner table tonight. I have to have a sixth woman. . . . Is there anything in the world that I haven't talked to you about?"

Martin lifted his green eyes to the ceiling.

"No, sir. Nothing," he said.

Leggett laughed a little but kept watching the face of Martin with cautious attention to overlook no shades of meaning.

"How do I seem to you just now?" he asked.

"I think you find this is a very special day, sir."

"I expect it to be a special *night*," said Leggett. "You think that this fellow Daley really knows something?"

"I am sure of it, sir."

"About one of my guests of tonight?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder which one it could be?" murmured Leggett. "Tell me the exact words that Daley used."

"He said: 'I'm bringing the dope in pictures and writing. What I bring is going to blow that party all to hell. After Mr. Leggett's had a chance to look over my stuff and check it, he can pay what he thinks it's worth.'"

"We'll find out what he has when the time comes. Let's get back to the last topic. Every one of the five women who are coming tonight has sold her soul to the devil; do you know that?"

"Certainly, sir," said Martin.

"YOU'RE a complacent sort of a scoundrel," said Leggett. "Do you even know their names?"

"The Countess Lalo, Miss Leslie Carton, Mrs. Eric Claussen . . ."

"How do you know all this?"

"You sent each of the ladies flowers, sir, and the florist confused the addresses and telephoned to straighten them out."

"I think I'll check that with the florist," said Leggett. "Shall I?"

"I hope not, sir," said Martin.

"Then you're a confounded eavesdropper, are you?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Let it go for the moment. Pay attention to this: My nephew has been educated for twelve years by my money and now that he's through with the Sorbonne he ought to be in line for a good opening in international law."

"Certainly, sir."

"But he's not going to do international law. He deserves something better. For twelve years I've given him just enough money to keep body and soul together. I haven't even smiled on him. I haven't seen him five times in the twelve years. Results? Why, he's managed like a Spartan. He's had enough for tuition and bread and water, so to speak, but he's taken nothing but top marks and honors everywhere. . . . Now he's going to have his reward. . . . He's going to have his reward!"

"Exactly, sir."

"I know he's the true steel," said Leggett, "but I want to find out if a dash of

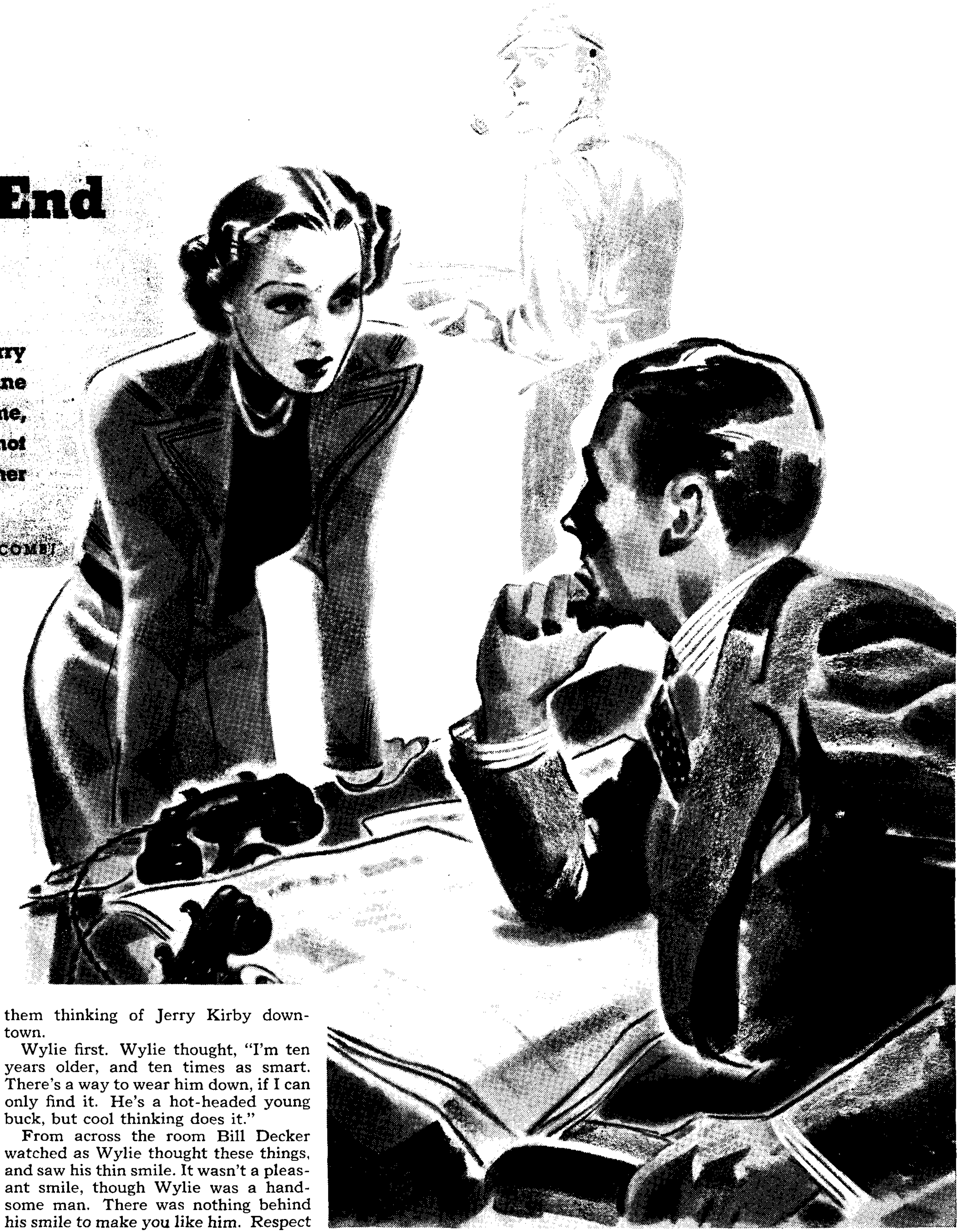
(Continued on page 27)

Loser's End

By Matt Taylor

The story of young Jerry Kirby, whose rare fortune it was to discover, in time, that one mistake is not to be righted by another

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



"You know everything," she said. "I've given myself away before"

IT STARTS with Jerry Kirby, a good-enough newspaperman, sitting with four others on hard chairs outside the commissioner's office, waiting for a statement that may come in an hour or may come in two. It is a harsh and unfriendly room, and overhead lights glare down, for it is late in a dreary afternoon at the tail end of winter. Jerry Kirby lights his last cigarette and his hand goes back to his overcoat pocket to press damply against a cold, hard object which, of all odd things to carry, is that old revolver he has kept in a drawer for years.

He had taken it from the drawer this morning to get rid of it. He had held it in the palm of his hand, and his hand had trembled a little, and he had said, "I'll hock it. I'll get rid of the damn' thing." After all, he hadn't any use for it. Why have it around? So he had slipped it into his pocket, and just before he left for the office he had gone back to look at his wife, Claire, who still slept. Her cheeks were flushed with sleep, her blond hair brushed the pillow like shimmering gold, her mouth looked red and, somehow, oddly childish. He had stood there a moment, his face dark and sullen, his lips tight, and stared blankly, as though he were thinking of nothing at all. Then he had felt the thing in his pocket and said again, "I'll get rid of it today."

This was at nine in the morning. And *now, at five-thirty, his hand still touched* it. All day long he had had the feel of it, and once, taking it out carefully beneath his desk, he had looked at it a long time, fascinated, as though he had never seen anything like it before.

"Tomorrow," he says to himself. "Tomorrow, I'll pawn it, or lose it, or give it away." He says this, but he wonders.

THE city room uptown was a less dreary place; its very mess and untidiness at the end of the day was an invitation to loaf and take your ease. The hubbub and clatter had died, and the final edition was spread all over, giving off faintly the hot inky smell of the pressroom downstairs.

There were only three people still around. First, Wylie, the city editor, spic and span as usual despite the hard day. Then Bill Decker, an experienced man and one of the best, with his vest hanging open and his pipe dead in his mouth. And last, Janie Carrol, chin cupped in hands, elbows on desk, pretending to read. These three, and all of them thinking of Jerry Kirby downtown.

Wylie first. Wylie thought, "I'm ten years older, and ten times as smart. There's a way to wear him down, if I can only find it. He's a hot-headed young buck, but cool thinking does it."

From across the room Bill Decker watched as Wylie thought these things, and saw his thin smile. It wasn't a pleasant smile, though Wylie was a handsome man. There was nothing behind *his smile to make you like him.* Respect for his cleverness was the best you could do—he was as right as a news ticker and just about as human. But the best city editor in town. Perhaps the best in the East. He was brainy, quick, shrewd—yes, that was it. Shrewd. Wylie couldn't keep the shrewdness out of his face. There it was—something about the lines of his mouth and the way his eyes never changed when he smiled. Didn't women see it when they looked at him? Or didn't they care? It didn't make sense, the way Wylie went over with women. Not with the women who worked for him, but the others. Women like the blond Claire Fennell, who wasn't Claire Fennell any more, but Mrs. Gerald Kirby. Decker had been Jerry Kirby's best man a year ago and had stood close by and heard Claire whisper, "Till death do us part."

Bill Decker turned and looked at Janie Carrol. Oh, that blue-ribbon sap! he thought, not of Janie, but of Jerry Kirby. Jerry, who couldn't see a girl like Janie, who had to fall for a girl like Claire. Fall for her, and marry her, and try to hold her, and be ready to fight for her. A bit of glamor fresh out of a school of journalism. A bit of fluff in the Nell Brinkley manner. And here was Janie, sitting after hours, smoking her head off, worried, scared, miserable because Jerry was miserable, or soon would be.

And finally, Janie. She straightened suddenly in her chair, as a person does when he's through with thinking and ready to act. She couldn't put it off any longer. She had to try, for Jerry's sake, whether it did any good or not.

SHE saw Wylie watching her as she crossed the room. But not until she reached his raised desk did she meet his eyes. "I've been waiting around," she said coldly. "I want to talk."

"Something important, Janie?"

"I'd call it that. After you hear it you'll thank me or fire me. I don't know which. I don't care."

"Wouldn't fire you, Janie. You're too good and you know it. Go ahead and talk. But maybe I know."

She nodded bitterly. "You're clever. You know everything." She paused, her lips pressed tight. "It's Jerry Kirby," she said.

His brows went up in too obvious surprise. "Kirby? What about Kirby?"

"You know what I mean. Some day he's going to find out—if he hasn't already."

"Find out what?"

"What everyone knows. This about Claire. Oh, can't you see what's coming? Jerry's different. He's a crazy, clumsy, stubborn, quick-tempered kid. He isn't going to sit back and—"

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There's Many a Slip

By Frederick J. Perry with Allison Danzig

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE HURRELL

Fred Perry (shown above with Mrs. Perry) dealt a blow to Great Britain's 1937 Davis Cup hopes by turning pro. But he disagrees with authorities who say England cannot retain the cup

WHO will win the Davis Cup in 1937? Last October a certain player who henceforth will be nameless in these international tennis competitions decided that he had squared his debt to amateur tennis and that it was time that he applied himself to making provision for debts that must be paid off in something more negotiable than silver amphorae and titles. By the mere act of putting his name to a piece of paper, so it was said, this player changed the balance of power in amateur tennis and dealt an irreparable blow to Great Britain's hope of keeping the cup for a fifth year.

It was all very flattering and at the same time all very sad to the young man in question. He could not escape the conclusion that he must have been a very important fellow, if his defection from the amateur ranks could cause such an upheaval and end a dynasty on the courts, and he resolved that he must get to know himself better.

By the same token he decided that he must be a heartless ingrate without patriotic feeling to have let his country down so. For it was said over and over again on all sides that England was now left without a ghost of a chance of winning the Davis Cup in 1937.

But I wonder. Isn't it possible that all this crape is a bit premature, like the report of Mark Twain's demise? Upsets do happen in tennis, as in all other sports, and I beg to differ with all these ante-mortems.

According to all seasoned opinion, there are just three countries that are in the running for the cup this year—the United States, Australia and Germany. To these three I make bold to add Great Britain, and I do so not merely out of loyalty to the country that did so much for me and gave me the chance to gain honors and a bank balance that otherwise would probably have been beyond my reach.

I bracket all four of these countries as having a chance to come through in 1937. Do not ask me to put them down in the order of my preference. So much can happen between now and late July to change the status quo and put a different complexion upon the outlook that even by the time these lines see print the stock of the various teams may have taken a marked rise or fall. I have no desire to side-step. My intent is to present the facts as I see them.

First of all, there can be no questioning that the holding nation has the advantage. Football teams are usually hardest to beat on their own fields. The same holds true in baseball to a lesser extent. There is all the more reason why it should be the rule in tennis. Players are affected more by the conditions in tennis than in any other game I know of. The competition for the Davis Cup is world-wide. That means that the player has to do more traveling in tennis than he does in any other athletic event. It means that he has to adjust and adapt himself to strange surroundings and conditions, not only once but perhaps two or three times in the course of a campaign.

He has to get used to the food, the water, the climate. He must adapt his game to the difference in the texture of the turf, if the matches are played on turf, and to the switch from hard courts to grass courts. The ball presents a problem in that it will react differently according to the climatic conditions and the quality of the turf, and that is no small consideration. The stringing of his rackets to his exact requirements and feel is often a trying problem abroad.

Then there is the difference between playing before a "home" crowd that is sympathetic and inspiring and one that is for the other fellow, perhaps to the extent of being unfair in its manifestations. I can tell you that counts for something and so can some of America's best players.

Also, the holding nation does not have to select its team until two months after the twenty or more challenging countries have swung into action. It has more time in which to choose the strongest combination possible.

It so happens that with an important replacement to be made in 1937 and the Number Two singles berth wide open (at least it was at this writing), England's privilege of delaying its nominations as the champion nation is a comfort to her. If she had to name the team in May she might make a costly mistake. It is quite possible that by July the rivalry for the vacated berth will have come to an end, with one man standing forth as the unchallenged candidate for the job.

Miracles do not happen in tennis. A dub does not become a champion overnight, even if it does happen in the movies. But it does happen occasionally that a player of experience who, for a period of years, has been overlooked or has escaped more than passing notice in the crowd suddenly crosses the borderline that separates the first-class player from the good player.

If I may be permitted to cite my own example, I was just another player lost in the shuffle in 1930 and then, with the mastery of the rising ball and the coming of confidence (Remember the day the knack of balancing yourself on a bicycle stole up on you?), success and fame were mine. Nothing to make Cochet or Tilden take to the

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Cincinnati's Dyke

By Walter Davenport

The Ohio River flood met the City Manager of Cincinnati and was licked. Mr. Clarence Addison Dykstra, unemotional, unspectacular, academic in background and wholly interested in efficiency, has rid the city of political misrule and made its tax rate lower than that of any other American city of equal size. After that, the flood was comparatively easy

IN THE days when they built Cincinnati's City Hall no quarter was shown architects whose plans allowed for ventilation and sunshine. It will not be necessary for you to go to Cincinnati to verify this; your own city hall probably will furnish all the horrible example you're entitled to. It was, as it ever shall be, a political postulate that dark deeds were better done in dank places. There was meritorious reasoning behind the theory that city government factories should be made and kept as miasmal as possible: if the political Capones to whom punch-drunk publics turn over the administering of our splendid liberties were to make these underworlds of Democracy habitable to the more sensitive, the wrong kind of people might conceivably invade the place. Like most of the gilt and granite swamps from which our municipalities are governed, Cincinnati's was designed to be the jungle of poolroom patriots (known in Cincinnati as Bolivars) to whom daylight and fresh air were distasteful and even untrustworthy. As such, it turned out to be a work of art.

As far as the cheerless building itself is concerned, City Hall in Cincinnati is in no degree less dismal than it ever was. However, they've washed the windows, and even opened a number of them. Today the place is almost odorless. Certainly it has lost that peculiarly City Hall smell—a gaseous nonpartisan compound of dead tobacco, flat beer, paving contracts and fat job-holders. There is something almost brisk about the place.

Having a little time to fritter away before keeping our appointment, we loafed into two or three of the departmental offices. In each we were addressed almost immediately by a cheerful young woman who asked us whom we wished to see, why we wanted to see him, and our name. Of course we had to explain that we were just loafing around a bit. Whereat we were informed—just as cheerfully but with unmistakable finality—that loafing around there was not regarded as desirable and would we mind if we didn't? Even in the police court, where several gentlemen were trying to explain to an apparently interested judge why they had bitten a night watchman, an attendant took us in charge, showing us to a most unsatisfactory seat from which we could see exactly nothing. When we left that seat to seek another the attendant seemed hurt.

"Have you business with the court?" he asked—politely enough.

No Refuge for Hooligans

We hadn't, of course. Whereat the attendant informed us mildly that in such event we really didn't need a better seat, did we? Also he made it quite clear that the court could function perfectly well if we, determined not to occupy that distant seat, departed. We didn't have time to look into it but we shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that Cincinnati's police court is a pretty well-conducted establishment.

Leaving was ridiculously easy. There was no mob of doped witnesses, bail-bond mobsters, barbered shysters, judge signalers and fix-it hooligans to struggle through at the risk of your wallet. The immediate environs were as deserted as if the court had hung out a smallpox sign. The only evidence of life we saw was furnished at some distance by a furtive gentleman, apparently a lawyer, who was admonishing two skeptical colored boys to say that all they knew was what they'd read in the newspapers.

"Which way to the City Manager's office?" we asked the court attendant.

"All the way around to the left," said he. "And you can't loaf around his office either."

The fellow was telling the truth. The moment we entered the outer office of Mr. Clarence Addison Dykstra, City Manager of Cincinnati, proof confronted us. Our first impression was that everybody had gone for the day. There were a number of chairs at the end of the long waiting room, all except one unoccupied. And that one contained nothing but an overcoat and a hat. This in itself was sufficient warning that conditions were not normal. Never before had we been in a city hall waiting room where one might leave one's coat and hat unguarded like that. You kept your clothes on, securely buttoned and clamped down—and your hands in your pockets, too.

The depopulated scene increased our apprehensions. Not only had everybody gone home but we were probably in the wrong office. But we weren't. An impersonal young woman appeared to tell us

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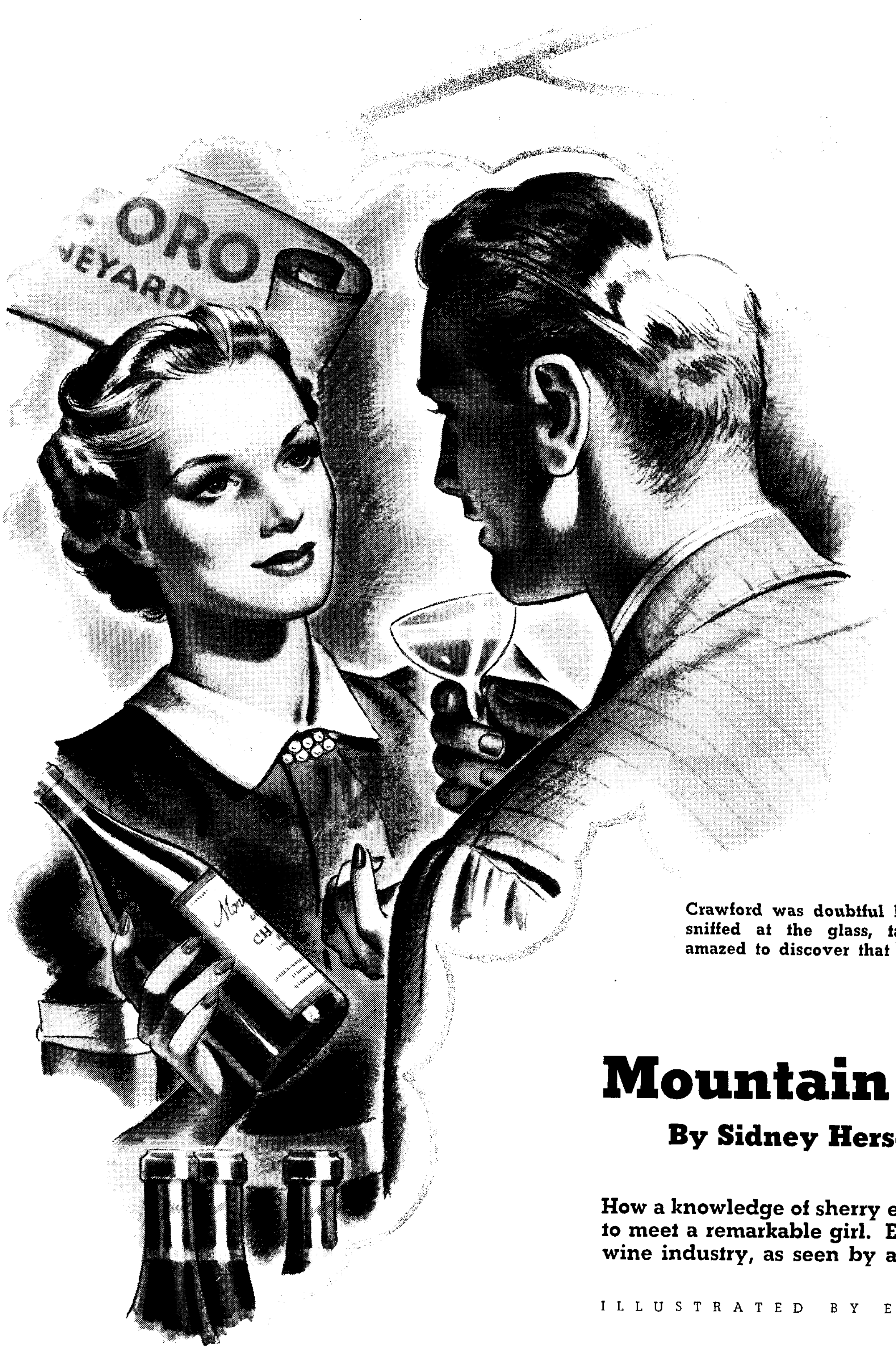
Aftermath of Cincinnati's flood: A boat used in the rescue work was found in a midtown park about a mile from the river's normal course when the flood waters receded. Above: The man who licked the flood in Cincinnati—City Manager Clarence Addison Dykstra, whose businesslike direction of emergency relief work checked the possibility of panic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Crawford was doubtful but he dutifully sniffed at the glass, tasted, and was amazed to discover that it was delicious

Mountain of Gold

By Sidney Herschel Small

How a knowledge of sherry enabled Bill Crawford to meet a remarkable girl. Enlightenment on the wine industry, as seen by a young man in love

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

THERE was brilliant sunlight pictured in the mural behind the hotel bar, and a blazing cloudless sky up to which parched California hills rolled. A vineyard was in the foreground, the leaves burned from serpent-green to vermilion, maroon, sienna; sweating naked Indians filled baskets with grapes, purple globes burnished with hot coppery-red bloom. One Indian girl stood erect in the sun. One padre, cowl closely drawn, directed the workers.

William Crawford put one elbow on the bar, one foot on the rail, and contemplated the portrayal of labor and heat with enjoyment. It had been a long day in the bank. The city, outside, was stifling. Here it was cool; in a moment he'd have his drink. His throat tightened at the thought of cool liquid.

The bartender said, "You look hot, Mr. Crawford. The usual?"

"Please," said Bill. "And no argument."

Reaching for a glass, dropping ice into it, and swirling it about, all with almost the same motion, the bartender said, "Sherry oughtn't to be chilled. No, sir. Not that I argue with customers."

"For the last time," said Crawford, grinning, "I'll explain that sherry is flat when warm, and chilling freshens it." The ice sound made him swallow. "A nice cold London drawing room has the proper temperature for sherry, and this, Henry, isn't London."

"No, sir. You're right that far. This ain't London."

As the bartender selected a cooled bottle from beneath the counter, Bill said, "Anyhow, let's give thanks for ice," and watched the sherry being poured.

THERE'D been no ice, Bill knew, in the days shown in the mural, when Amasa Crawford had founded the bank by keeping a tin box of gold pieces under his pillow. The Crawford Bank. Where young William listened and learned, behind an enormous desk which frightened him a little. Some day he'd have the decisions to make, and that frightened him also. He often wondered if old Amasa had felt that way, when only a few gold coins rattled in the tin box which now stood on the directors' table; when the "Hounds," under the cloak of patriotism, put a gun at Amasa's head, and a saloonkeeper—Henry's grandfather—knocked it down. . . . It had been a serious business in those days, particularly for a little bank clerk with a few coins and many visions.

It was still a serious business. Bill knew that he had to take his fun from simple things, like holding a glass to the light and admiring the color, like comparing the pioneer days with the present, like tasting one glass of superfine sherry and then having dinner.

The wine was exactly cooled, but, on tasting, Bill looked up abruptly.

Henry, now, was talking quickly and nervously. "Some drinks," he said, as if continuing the discussion, "got to be warm, Mr. Crawford. Yes, sir. Absolutely. But you take a good honest claret or a sound Burgundy—"

"You take 'em," said Bill. "What's happened to my *Fino,* and where'd this hogwash come from?"

Henry reached hastily for a different bottle, filled another chilled glass. He coughed, cleared his throat, and then leaned across the bar: "I told her," he said, "that it wouldn't work. I said, 'Maybe you can fool Mr. Crawford with a red wine at dinner, but you can't fool him with local sherry.' That's what I said."

"It does you credit," grinned Bill. "Who'd you say it to?"

Henry blinked. "Mr. Crawford," he said earnestly, "her father never forgot the boys behind the bar. No, sir. Once when I was in a tough spot—anyhow, it's no game for a girl, trying to compete in the wine business. She's got the best vineyard in the state, too."

"And this wine's a sample?" asked Crawford. "Getting back to this plot, Henry; the idea was yours. Must've been the native son in you. You said to her, 'This Bill Crawford doesn't know sherry except when he hears it. He drinks it chilled. So we'll give him some from your winery, and you can tell everyone that an expert didn't know the difference between it and Manzanilla.' "

The bartender filled another order, and then returned, "She's up against a racket," he insisted. "Times have changed since your father brought you here for a grenadine-and-Shasta. It's a different gang, sir. Out for the money. They laugh at a girl trying to turn fine grapes into honest wine." He leaned across the bar. "Think what you could do for her, Mr. Crawford," he coaxed.

BILL thought of flippant answers, but, seeing the other man's earnestness, said, "What? And why should I? Is there any reason?"

"Her father," said Henry, "did business with the Crawford Bank. I dunno why he quit. He was a fine man, Mr. Erdring. Yes, sir. You could advise the girl. Only she's stubborn. Just like you, sir."

"Not me," Bill protested. "You're the pigheaded fellow and you come from a stubborn family. Why, after your grandfather stopped the 'Hounds' from knocking mine on the head, he could've been a partner. But he preferred his own business; said he understood that one. He must've been a fine man. The old boys were. According to what I've heard, he was a good friend to a good many people."

"So was your grandfather, sir. They were friends in a tough time. Now, about this girl. Her father—you see, sir, he was a friend of mine."

"Was he?" said Bill. A statement, not a question; an agreement. "That puts a different light on the matter."

"Yes, sir. If you'll go down the main corridor, sir, you'll find the girl at the Wine Tasters' Convention. Right here in the hotel."

Crawford stared at the older man. "We could use you in our new-business department," he grinned. "Strike while the iron's hot. Sure, I'll see what I can do."

"Yes, sir," said Henry. "And she's very attractive, too, sir."

The ballroom was decorated with vines, from which hung bunches of grapes in loose purple-black clusters. There was an arbor where musicians sat, men dressed in Italian, not Spanish, costume. The constant undercurrent of gay voices was Latin.

Groups stood in front of tables ranged around the entire room, where the wines produced at the various vineyards were displayed and served. These tables were covered with glasses, into which wines were being poured, to be tasted, and, if satisfactory after comparison with other brands, ordered in quantity.

A cork popped as locally produced champagne was opened, and the musicians, as if that were a signal, began to play. Bill had a feeling that it would be *O sole mio,* and not some breath-taking Spanish song of impulsive rhythm, and he was not mistaken. At once someone who had done more than mere tasting began to sing.

THE girl's table, when Bill saw it, was behind a corner pillar, in the worst possible position. One man stood in front of it, talking, and not sipping; a short fellow with curly black hair.

Bill, walking across the room, was able to see her clearly. Bright hair, curiously lovely gray eyes, in a face which was tanned and, visible nevertheless, also flushed and hot as she listened.

"Good evening," Crawford broke in. "May I try your—Chablis?"

She looked at him, and, Bill decided, very nearly sighed with relief. As she poured pale iced wine from a green bottle, she said automatically, "The vines which produced this wine were grown from cuttings from Lower Burgundy. Observe the color, the true flinty taste. I hope you like it."

The sherry he'd tried earlier made Crawford doubtful, but he dutifully sniffed at the glass, tasted slowly, and was amazed to discover that the straw-colored liquid was delicate, fragrant, and delicious. True, it was an imitation of the wine of France, produced there in a district less than a mile long; just the same, it was excellent, with the subtle differences caused by red soil, a hotter sun, and fragrant rains. It was surprising to Crawford that more people weren't sampling it. The wine was excellent, and he said as much.

Some of the girl's misery left her face. "I'm glad you like it," she said. A minute wrinkle appeared between her eyes as she added, "Do you know wines?"

Bill said, feeling that Henry's word "attractive" hadn't covered the ground at all, "I know sherry," and, because that was a nasty one, continued, smiling, "I know that a magnum is two quarts, and a quart isn't even one, unless it's marked Imperial, and claret is for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes."

The short dark man spoke before the girl; he said, "I go for red wine, myself. Chianti. I like wine with a bite."

"Wine bites man," said Bill. "Does that make a story? Or is it the other way about? I've heard of wine tasters, but never wine biters. Tell me how you do it." The man was staring at him. He went on blithely, "So you're going for Chianti. I envy you. The ocean voyage will be pleasant. When do you leave? Right away?"

"I'll come back," the man said to the girl, "when he beats it."

CYNTHIANA ERDRING said, when the man walked away, "Thank you. That was the eleventh invitation to dinner and the most difficult to refuse."

"The twelfth," said Bill. "And please don't refuse this one. Dinner's the proper place to talk things over, and Henry made it very clear that a bit of talking is in order. I'm William Crawford, Miss Erdring."

Cynthiana said, "Oh" shortly, and then, "How do you do?" She half turned, removed a partially emptied bottle from ice, replaced it with another, and all Bill could see was a determined little chin.

"With light white wines such as these," said Bill, "I don't see why you bother with sherry."

"There isn't—there wasn't—any sherry like ours," the girl said in a steady voice. "Ours was blended from Palomino, Mourisco Preto, a dozen other grapes. It's always been delicate, amber, dry. But now—I'm sorry, Mr. Crawford, that Henry thought you might not know the difference."

Bill said, "I wasn't asking you to explain, you know."

"And our red wines," Cynthiana said, "are worse. All of a sudden, it seems. Something's happened to them, too. Everyone's laughing at me, at my vineyard. I don't know what's done it. I—it's sweet of you to offer, Mr. Crawford, but there's nothing you can do."

"I can stand around and keep that pest away," said Bill. "And, if you'd come to dinner with me, when you can, we could talk it all over." Then, without any warning, he saw that the girl was crying, silently, but with her head high for all the pain there must have been in her throat. "Good lord, girl," he said, "don't. Have I said anything—"

A HAND was on Bill's shoulder. He turned quickly, facing a man little older than himself, a man well, carefully dressed, staid, conservative, and frowning heavily.

"You've probably said plenty," the newcomer snapped. He spoke, then, past Crawford and to the girl, "I warned you, Cynthy. I told you how it would be. Get your hat at once and come away."

Crawford had his choice; he could become very dignified, introduce himself, explain that nothing, actually, had been said which should have caused distress, or, with the background of laughter, music, wine-sipping, he could deliberately goad a person who, Bill thought, really had a nasty mind. So he said to the girl, "Here's number thirteen, and he isn't much of an improvement. I hate to insult anyone, but hanged if he doesn't look like a banker."

"The North-Sierra," said George Preston.

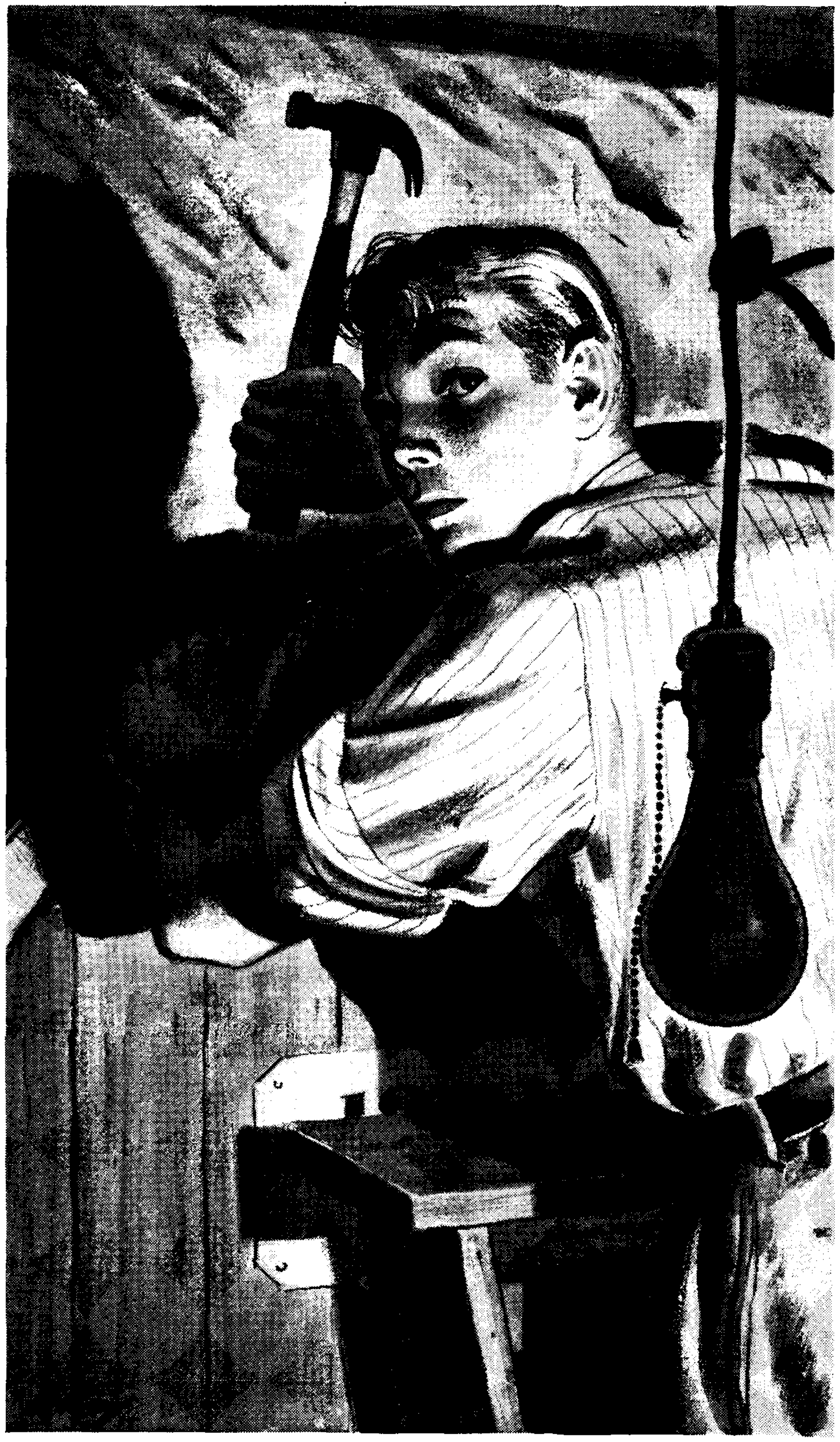
"Cashier?" asked Bill. "Or perhaps even president?" The man inclined his head. "And so young," Crawford went on. "But, Mr. President, I'll bet your board of directors wouldn't like you associating with all this liquor."

"If it is any of your business, my bank is interested in the Monte de Oro vineyard," Preston said. He put a hand on the girl's arm. "Hurry, Cynthy."

Bill didn't like the man at all.

"Cynthy," he said, "let's get every-

(Continued on page 72)

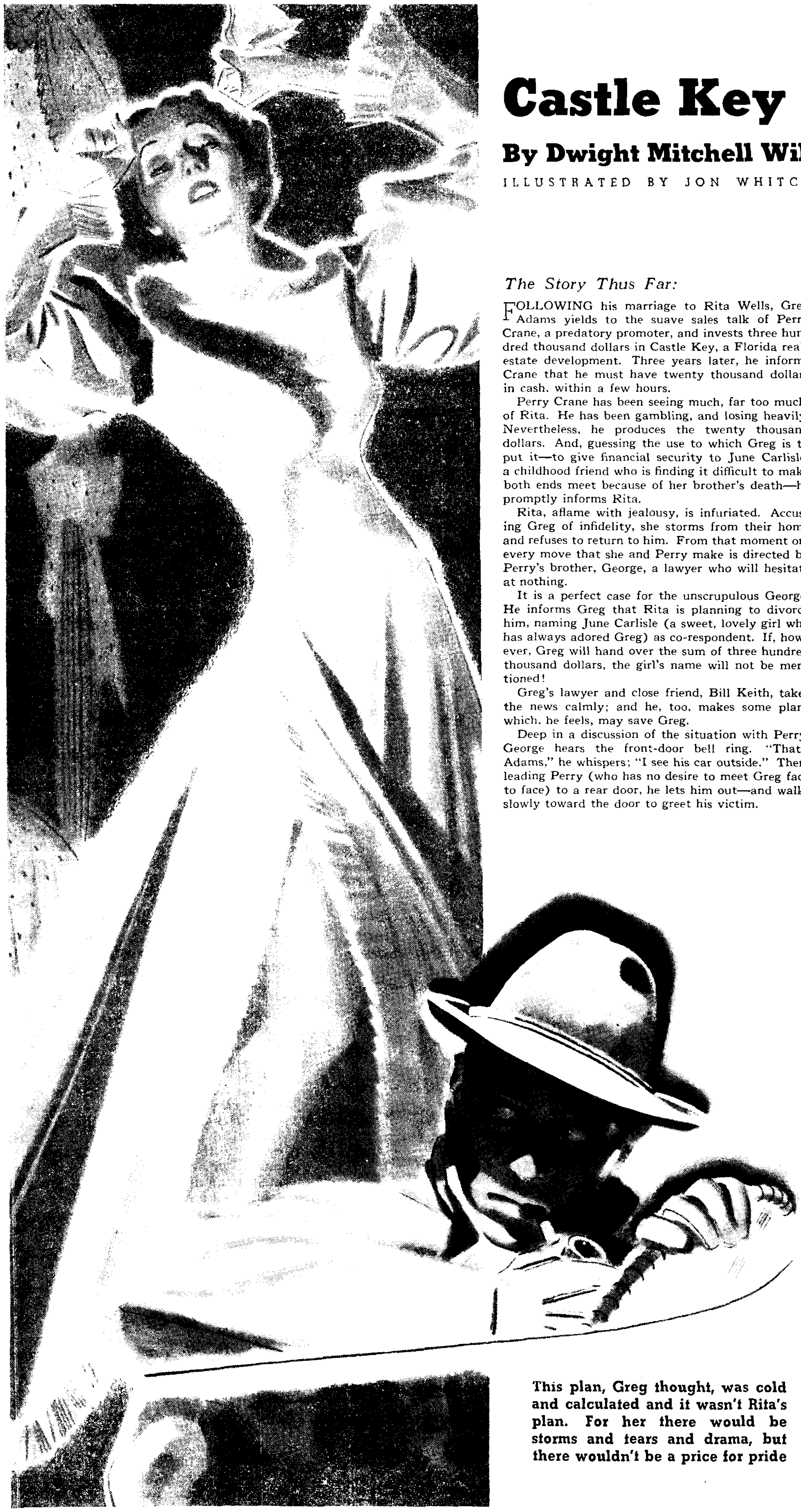


"I'm an expert," said Bill. "I'm looking for something"

Castle Key

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



This plan, Greg thought, was cold and calculated and it wasn't Rita's plan. For her there would be storms and tears and drama, but there wouldn't be a price for pride

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING his marriage to Rita Wells, Greg Adams yields to the suave sales talk of Perry Crane, a predatory promoter, and invests three hundred thousand dollars in Castle Key, a Florida real-estate development. Three years later, he informs Crane that he must have twenty thousand dollars in cash, within a few hours.

Perry Crane has been seeing much, far too much, of Rita. He has been gambling, and losing heavily. Nevertheless, he produces the twenty thousand dollars. And, guessing the use to which Greg is to put it—to give financial security to June Carlisle, a childhood friend who is finding it difficult to make both ends meet because of her brother's death—he promptly informs Rita.

Rita, aflame with jealousy, is infuriated. Accusing Greg of infidelity, she storms from their home and refuses to return to him. From that moment on, every move that she and Perry make is directed by Perry's brother, George, a lawyer who will hesitate at nothing.

It is a perfect case for the unscrupulous George. He informs Greg that Rita is planning to divorce him, naming June Carlisle (a sweet, lovely girl who has always adored Greg) as co-respondent. If, however, Greg will hand over the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, the girl's name will not be mentioned!

Greg's lawyer and close friend, Bill Keith, takes the news calmly; and he, too, makes some plans which, he feels, may save Greg.

Deep in a discussion of the situation with Perry, George hears the front-door bell ring. "That's Adams," he whispers; "I see his car outside." Then, leading Perry (who has no desire to meet Greg face to face) to a rear door, he lets him out—and walks slowly toward the door to greet his victim.

VII

GREG rang the bell again. This was the second time that he had stood before this door and ached to smash it down. Its smooth, blank, polished surface seemed symbolic of the mental barrier his mind had beaten against these past days; a barrier of smooth evasions, glib urbanities, too-polished explanations that had been erected, something deep within him told himself, to bar him from some desperately important truth. Behind it, as behind this door, if once his mind could smash it down or mold a key to open it, he'd find this truth and it would call for action. Action! All this time, through all these tense held-in emotions, all these complicated thoughts and words and talk, talk, talk, his need for action, for some physical solution, had been mounting with the urgency of thirst. He wanted, almost uncontrollably, to smash his hands against that door; smash Perry, George Crane, smash even Bill or anybody; get smashed back, give pain, feel pain, yell—

Beside him Bill was talking, talking; he'd been talking low and fast and urgently and for every second since he'd met Greg downstairs, at the door of Perry Crane's apartment house. Greg thought: "You can stand just so much of this, so many thoughts, so many words, and then you can't stand any more."

Bill's hand was on Greg's arm, hard. Greg could feel his muscles crawl and Bill gripped harder, till it hurt, but not enough. Greg turned. Bill's eyes were on him, hard: his voice was low and swift and steady. He was saying: "You have got to hold it, Greg. You hear? If you blow up and beat him up, we're licked. You've got to think of June, Greg: June's the one. If you let Perry know that we followed him, if you let Perry know that we suspect, we're licked. You beat him up and he'll make Rita start that suit tomorrow and we've got to stall for time."

For time. For time for words; more words. The whole thing came to words. June was a word and Rita just a word; and love and marriage and disgrace and honor all were stifling, complicated words that choked your mind and stifled you and tried to hold your body, even, in a terrible and tangled net.

GREG reached out for the bell again. Bill grabbed him by the wrist and turned him, hard. Bill's eyes were close and hot. He said: "You've got to think of June, you louse. She loves you, damn you. Do you hear? She loves you."

Then Bill dropped his hand and took his eyes away and there were no more words and everything seemed oddly quiet. For a strange, suspended moment all the tumult of Greg's nerves and in his mind seemed stopped, too. It was as if some unexpected button had been pushed that stilled, together and at once, the clamorous machines, the pressing voices, all the unaccustomed and unbearable confusion, din, of some great factory in which, inexplicably, you had been caught, without escape, for days and nights and days.

Through this strange hush Greg could hear footsteps, coming toward the door and they seemed, for this moment, queerly unimportant, undisturbing. When the footsteps reached the door, when it was opened, that would be the signal for the clamor to

(Continued on page 57)

The Chinese are patient, but Chinese reformers aren't. The New Lifers have decided to remodel four hundred million people overnight. Women in Western dress are conspicuously labeled and held up to scorn. Boy Scouts run about correcting manners and straightening hats. Tradition is being chucked overboard. Maybe they're not one hundred per cent effective, these New Lifers, but under Madame Chiang they're making a determined try

China's Girl Boss

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

AMERICANS who were sitting at breakfast in the ultramodern hotel in Nanking the other morning displayed mild surprise when a squad of coppers, bristling with automatics, marched in. They were trailed by a nervous little manager. The cops proceeded to inspect the dining room and the Americans. They peered behind drapes, looked into sugar bowls, poked about in corners and occasionally listened intently. Then they prowled through all the hotel rooms. Finally, a shot rang out from the third floor.

A fly had been discovered and executed forthwith. The manager quivered. The cops reholstered their gats. Somebody called a plasterer.

This was all the result of a Central Government order, issued at the request of China's New Life Movement, that all flies in the country were to be abolished within three days. When the Chinese, after four thousand years of intense lassitude about flies, got around to doing something, they wanted it done right away. Then they could all go back to cultivating their talent for complete apathy, which they practice with more verve than any other race on earth, not excluding WPA workers.

Practically every vice and nuisance in China has been officially banished within the past three years. Squeeze, graft, opium, foreign clothes, waitresses, public smoking, singsong girls, no plumbing, tilted hats, slit skirts, coatless coolies, expensive weddings, untidy hair and the playing of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" at funeral orgies—they've all been abolished.

Or practically so, according to the triumphant yells of the press agents for the Movement. Of course, not entirely, you understand. But still . . .

Almost unheard of in America amid the din of our New Deal, China's attempt to reform her millions and bring herself suddenly up to date makes our own crusade look like small potatoes. If you figure our New Deal is maybe trying to move a hundred million people from 1900 up to 1940, then China's New Life Movement is trying to lift four times that number from late B. C. and early A. D. up to 1937.

It's turning out to be quite a job, and, as you might suspect, it is more or less an American invention for the benefit of the Chinese—like chop suey.

The idea was born in the summer of 1933, when

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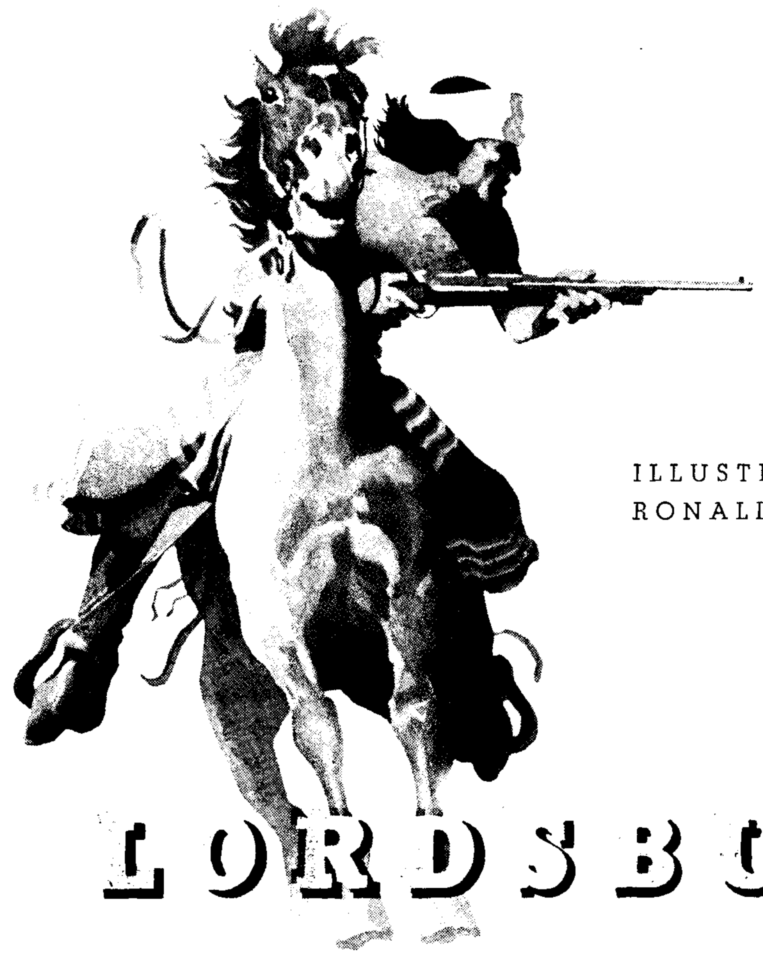
Chinese bathing beauties may go near the water but had better stay away from the cops, who, all in the interests of Chinese unification, will rubber-stamp them in convenient places with symbols meaning "Queer Clothes." Inset: Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Movement, and her famed husband

STAGE TO LORDSBURG

By Ernest Haycox

Where life ended for some, and began for others. The cleaning of the slate by the man known as Malpais Bill, and some new and more enduring writing upon it by the same gentleman



ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD

THIS was one of those years in the Territory when Apache smoke signals spiraled up from the stony mountain summits and many a ranch house lay as a square of blackened ashes on the ground and the departure of a stage from Tonto was the beginning of an adventure that had no certain happy ending. . . .

The stage and its six horses waited in front of Weilner's store on the north side of Tonto's square. Happy Stuart was on the box, the ribbons between his fingers and one foot teetering on the brake; and John Strang rode shotgun guard, and an escort of ten cavalrymen waited behind the coach, half asleep in their saddles.

At four-thirty in the morning this high air was quite cold, though the sun had begun to flush the sky eastward. A small crowd stood in the square, presenting their final messages to the passengers now entering the coach. There was a girl going down to marry an infantry officer, a whisky drummer from Kansas City, an Englishman all length and bony corners and bearing with him an enormous sporting rifle, a gambler, a solid-shouldered cattleman on his way to New Mexico and a slim blond man upon whom both Happy Stuart and the shotgun guard placed a narrow-eyed interest.

This seemed all until the blond man drew back from the coach door; and then a girl known commonly throughout the Territory as Henriette came quietly from the crowd. She was small and quiet, with a touch of paleness in her cheeks, and her dark eyes lifted at the blond man's unexpected courtesy, showing him a faint surprise. There was this small moment of delay and then the girl caught up her dress and stepped into the coach.

Men in the crowd were smiling but the blond one turned, his motion like the swift cut of a knife, and his sharp attention covered that group until the smiling quit. He was tall, lean-flanked, and definitely stamped by the guns slung low on his hips. But it wasn't the guns alone; something in his face, so watchful and so smooth, showed his trade. Afterward he got into the coach and slammed the door.

Happy Stuart kicked off the brakes and yelled, "Hi!" Tonto's people were calling out their last farewells and the six horses broke into a trot and the stage lunged on its fore-and-aft springs and rolled from town with dust dripping off its wheels like water, the cavalrymen trotting briskly behind. So they tipped down the long grade, bound on a journey no stage had attempted during the last forty-five days. Out below in the desert's distance stood the relay stations they hoped to reach and pass. Between lay a country swept empty by the quick raids of Geronimo's men.

The Englishman, the gambler and the blond man sat jammed together in the forward seat, riding backward to the course of the stage. The drummer and the cattleman occupied the uncomfortable middle bench; the two women shared the rear seat. The cattleman faced Henriette, his knees almost touching her. He had one arm hooked over the door's window sill to steady himself. A huge gold nugget slid gently back and forth along the watch chain slung across his wide chest, and a chunk of black hair lay below his hat. His eyes considered Henriette, reading something in the girl that caused him to show her a deliberate smile. Henriette dropped her glance to the gloved tips of her fingers, cheeks unstirred.

THEY were all strangers packed closely together, with nothing in common save a destination. Yet the cattleman's smile and the boldness of his eyes were something as audible as speech, noted by everyone except the Englishman, who sat bolt upright in his corner, covered by a stony indifference. The army girl, tall and calmly pretty, threw a quick side glance at Henriette and afterward looked away with a touch of color. The gambler saw this interchange of glances and showed the cattleman an irritated attention. The whisky drummer's eyes narrowed a little and some inward cynicism made a faint change on his lips. He removed his hat to show a bald head already beginning to sweat; his cigar smoke turned the coach cloudy and ashes kept dropping on his vest.

The blond man had observed Henriette's glance drop from the cattleman, and something bright disturbed his observant eyes; he tipped his hat well over his face and watched her—not boldly, but as though he were puzzled. Once her glance lifted and touched him. But he had been on guard against that, and was quick to look away.

The army girl coughed gently behind her hand, whereupon the gambler tapped the whisky drummer on the shoulder. "Get rid of that." The drummer appeared startled. He grumbled, "Beg pardon," and tossed the cigar through the window.

All this while the coach went tearing down the ceaseless turns of the mountain road, its heavy wheels slamming through the road ruts, whining at the turns, rocking interminably on its fore-and-aft springs. Occasionally the strident yell of Happy Stuart washed back: "Hi, Nellie! Hi, yi!" The whisky drummer braced himself against the door and closed his eyes.

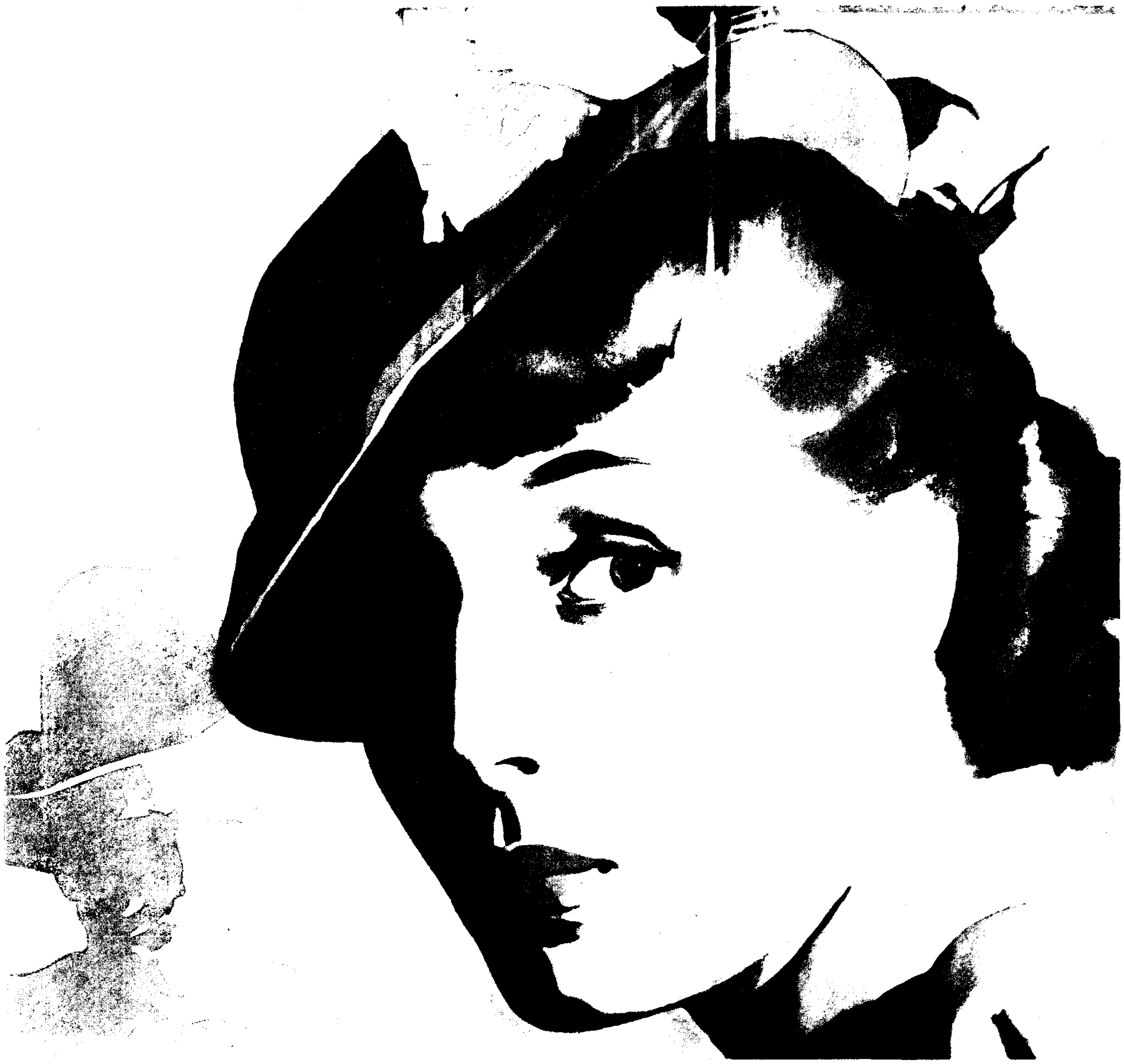
Three hours from Tonto the road, making a last round sweep, let them down into the flat desert. Here the stage stopped and the men got out to stretch. The gambler spoke to the army girl, gently: "Perhaps you would find my seat more comfortable." The army girl said, "Thank you," and changed over. The cavalry sergeant rode up to the stage, speaking to Happy Stuart. "We'll be goin' back now—and good luck to ye."

The men piled in, the gambler taking the place beside Henriette. The blond man drew his long legs together to give the army girl more room, and watched Henriette's face. A hard sun beat fully on the coach and dust began to whip up like fire smoke. Without escort they rolled across a flat earth broken only by cacti standing against a dazzling light. In the far distance, behind a blue heat haze, lay the faint suggestion of mountains.

The cattleman reached up and tugged at the ends of his mustache and smiled again at Henriette. The army girl spoke to the blond man: "How far is it to the noon station?" The blond man said courteously: "Twenty miles." The gambler watched the army girl, something somber on his thin face, as though the run of her voice reminded him of things long forgotten.

THE miles fell behind and the smell of alkali dust got thicker. Henriette rested against the corner of the coach, her eyes dropped to the tips of her gloves. She made an enigmatic, disinterested shape there; she seemed past stirring, beyond laughter. She was young, yet she had a knowledge that placed the cattleman and the gambler and the drummer and the army girl in their exact places; and she knew why the gambler had offered the army girl his seat. The army girl was in one world and she was in another, as everyone in the coach understood. It had no effect on her, for this was a distinction she had learned long ago. Only the blond man broke through her indifference. His name was Malpais Bill, and she could see the wildness in the corners of his eyes and in the long crease of his lips; it was a stamp that would never come off. Yet something flowed out of him toward her that was different than the predatory curiosity of other men; something gallant, something gentle.

Up on the box Happy Stuart pointed to the hazy outline two miles away. "Injuns ain't burned that anyhow." The sun was directly overhead, turning the



"No," she said. "I am known all through the Territory. But I can remember that you asked me"

light of the world a cruel brass-yellow. The crooked crack of a dry wash opened across the two deep ruts that made this road. Johnny Strang shifted the gun in his lap. "What's Malpais Bill ridin' with us for?"

"I guess I wouldn't ask him," returned Happy Stuart and studied the wash with a quick eye. The road fell into it roughly and he got a tighter grip on the reins and yelled: "Hang on! Hi, Nelly! Hi!" The six horses plunged down the rough side of the wash and for a moment the coach stood alone, high and lonely on the break, and then went reeling over the rim. It struck the gravel with a roar, the front wheels bouncing and the back wheels skewing around. The horses faltered but Happy Stuart cursed at his leaders and got them into a run again. The horses lunged up the far side of the wash two and two, their muscles bunching and the soft dirt flying in yellow clouds. The front wheels struck solidly and something cracked like a pistol shot as the stage rose out of the wash, teetered crosswise and then fell ponderously on its side, splintering the coach panels.

Johnny Strang jumped clear. Happy Stuart hung to the handrail with one hand and hauled on the reins with the other, and stood up while the passengers crawled through the upper door. All the men, except the whisky drummer, put their shoulders to the coach and heaved it upright again. The whisky drummer stood strangely in the bright sunlight, shaking his head dumbly while the others climbed back in. Happy Stuart said, "All right, brother, git aboard."

THE drummer climbed in slowly and the stage ran on. There was a low, gray 'dobe relay station squatted on the desert dead ahead with a scatter of corrals about it and a flag hanging limp on a crooked pole. Men came out of the 'dobe's dark interior and stood in the shade of the porch gallery. Happy Stuart rolled up and stopped. He said to a lanky man: "Hi, Mack. Where's the Injuns?"

The passengers were filing into the 'dobe's dining room. The lanky one drawled: "You'll see 'em before tomorrow night." Hostlers came up to change horses.

The little dining room was cool after the coach, cool and still. A fat Mexican woman ran in and out with the food platters. Happy Stuart said, "Ten minutes," and brushed the alkali dust from his mouth and fell to eating.

The long-jawed Mack said: "Catlin's ranch burned last night. Was a troop of cavalry around here yesterday. Came and went. You'll git to the Gap tonight, all right, but I don' know about the mountains beyond. A little trouble?"

"A little," said Happy briefly, and rose. This was the end of rest. The passengers followed, with the whisky drummer straggling at the rear, reaching deeply for wind. The coach rolled away again, Mack's voice pursuing them: "Hit it a lick, Happy, if you see any dust rollin' out of the east."

Heat had condensed in the coach and the little wind fanned up by the run of the horses was stifling to the lungs; the desert floor projected its white glitter endlessly away until lost in the smoky haze. The cattleman's knees bumped Henriette gently and he kept watching her, a celluloid toothpick drooped between his lips. Happy Stuart's voice ran back, profane and urgent, keeping the speed of the coach constant through the ruts. The whisky drummer's eyes were round and strained and his mouth was open and all the color had gone out of his face. The gambler observed this without expression and without care; and once the cattleman, feeling the sag of the whisky drummer's shoulder, shoved him away. The Englishman sat bolt upright, staring at the passing desert unemotionally. The army girl spoke to Malpais Bill: "What is the next stop?"

"Gap Creek."

"Will we meet soldiers there?"

He said: "I expect we'll have an escort over the hills into Lordsburg."

And at four o'clock of this furnace-hot afternoon the whisky drummer made a feeble gesture with one hand and fell forward into the gambler's lap.

The cattleman shrugged his shoulders and put a head through the window, calling up to Happy Stuart: "Wait a minute." When the stage stopped everybody climbed out and the blond man helped the gambler lay the whisky drummer in the sweltering patch of shade created by the coach. Neither Happy Stuart nor the shotgun guard bothered to get down. The whisky drummer's lips moved a little but nobody said anything and nobody knew what to do—until Henriette stepped forward.

SHE dropped to the ground, lifting the whisky drummer's shoulders and head against her breast. He opened his eyes and there was something in them that they all could see, like relief and ease, like gratefulness. She murmured: "You are all right," gently, and her smile was soft and pleasant, turning her lips maternal. There was this wisdom in her, this knowledge of the fears that men concealed behind their manners, the deep hungers that rode them so savagely, and the loneliness that drove them to women of her kind. She repeated, "You are all right," and watched this whisky drummer's eyes lose the wildness of what he knew.

The army girl's face showed shock. The gambler and the cattleman looked down at the whisky drummer quite impersonally. The blond man watched Henriette through lids half closed, but the bright flare of a powerful interest broke the severe lines of his cheeks. He held a cigarette between his fingers; he had forgotten it.

Happy Stuart said: "We can't stay here."

The gambler bent down to catch the whisky drummer under the arms. Henriette rose and said, "Bring him to me," and got into the coach. The blond man and the gambler lifted the drummer through the door so that he was lying down along the back seat, cushioned on Henriette's lap. They all got in and the coach rolled on. The drummer groaned a little, whispering: "Thanks—thanks." And the blond man, searching Henriette's face for every shred of expression, drew a gusty breath.

They went on like this, the big wheels pounding the ruts of the road while a lowering sun blazed through the coach windows. The mountain bulwarks began to march nearer, more definite in the blue fog. The cattleman's eyes were small and brilliant and touched Henriette personally, but the gambler bent toward Henriette to say: "If you are tired—"

"No," she said. "No. He's dead."

The army girl stifled a small cry. The gambler bent nearer the whisky drummer, and then they were all looking at Henriette; even the Englishman stared at her for a moment, faint curiosity in his eyes. She was remotely smiling, her lips broad and soft. She held the drummer's head with both her hands and continued to hold him like that until, at the swift fall of dusk, they rolled across the last of the desert floor and drew up before Gap Station.

The cattleman kicked open the door and stepped out, grunting as his stiff legs touched the ground. The gambler pulled the drummer up so that Henriette could leave. They all came out, their bones tired from the shaking. Happy Stuart climbed from the box, his face a gray mask of alkali and his eyes bloodshot. He said, "Who's dead?" and looked into the coach. People sauntered from the station yard, walking with the indolence of twilight. Happy Stuart said, "Well, he won't worry about tomorrow," and turned away.

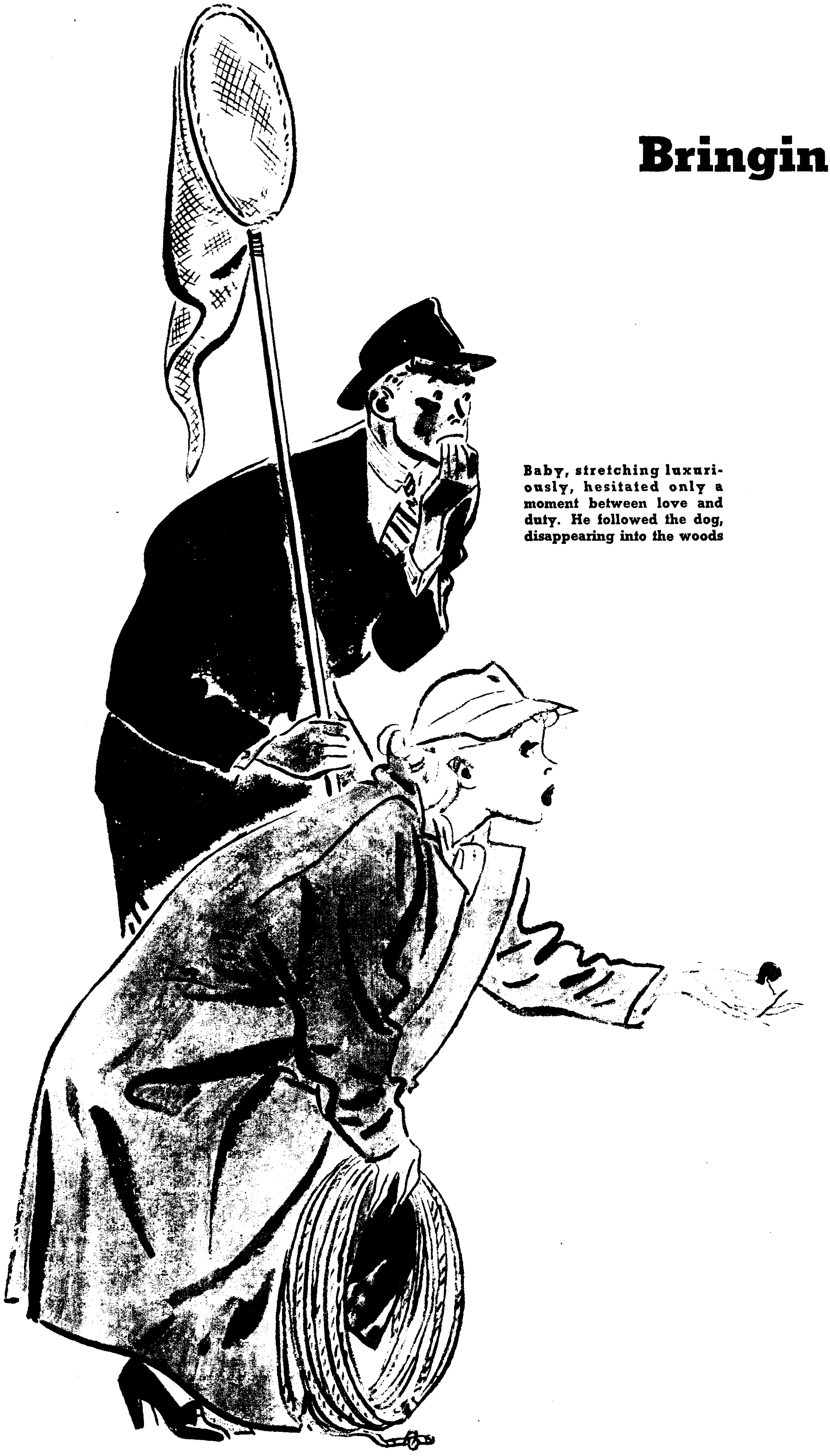
A SHORT man with a tremendous stomach shuffled through the dusk. He said: "Wasn't sure you'd try to git through yet, Happy."

"Where's the soldiers for tomorrow?"

"Other side of the mountains. Everybody's chased out. What ain't forted up here was sent into Lordsburg. You men will bunk in the barn. I'll make out for the ladies somehow." He looked at the army girl and appraised Henriette instantly. His eyes slid on to Malpais Bill standing in the background and recognition stirred him then and made his voice careful: "Hello, Bill. Whut brings you this way?"

Malpais Bill's cigarette glowed in the gathering dusk and Henriette caught the brief image of his face, serene and watchful. Malpais Bill's tone was easy; it was soft: "Just the trip."

(Continued on page 68)



Baby, stretching luxuriously, hesitated only a moment between love and duty. He followed the dog, disappearing into the woods

Bringing Up Baby

BY HAGAR WILDE

With a great deal of pleasure we give you Baby, the only panther in the history of music with a critical ear

DAVID was surprised when Suzan's call was announced. They'd had a row the night before and it was Suzan's custom to punish the people who quarreled with her by making them call first, thereby placing them at a disadvantage. David reflected that Suzan must want something. For a brief moment he considered having Ching tell her that he had gone out with a "velly plitty lady" but Suzan was smart and she'd know that he was skulking there listening to every word. No, the thing to do was take this call and make Suzan feel that she'd been something of a weakling to ring him up.

He said, "Hello, Suzan." In brighter moments she was Suzy.

Suzan's voice was vague and far away as though she were lighting a cigarette, which she was. "Do you want a panther?"

"Do I want a *panther?*" David said. He untwisted the telephone cord, a futile gesture, but instinctive. "I can't hear you very well. Come closer to the transmitter."

Her voice came, cupped and resounding, even scratching a little along the sides of the wires. "I said, do you want a panther?"

"No," David said. "Why should I?"

"Well, for that matter," Suzan said peevishly, "why should I? But I've got one."

"Where would you get a panther?"

"Mark."

Mark was her brother. He'd been away for two months, nobody knew quite where except that he was below the equator. An important point presented itself to David. "How big?" he said.

"Big," said Suzan. "He just fits into the bathroom. Aunt Elizabeth is coming and I have to farm the beast out somewhere."

"Suzan Vance, you get right out of that apartment."

"Nonsense," said Suzan. "I have a lease. Maybe Tommy—"

"Tommy's out of town."

"Rats," Suzan said.

SUZAN'S maid had taken her stand in the corridor but she had retained a key. This she delivered to David, who arrived breathless, with an oration. "It's not me that's putting any wild beast into any bathroom. If she wants it in the bathroom she can put it in the bathroom and I wish her good luck."

At this point, Suzan, a bit disheveled, popped her head out at them. "You can come in now, lionheart. I've stowed him away. Oh, hello, David."

David followed her inside. His hands were a bit clammy and perspiration was starting around his hairline. "Suzan," he said, "I will not allow—"

"Don't stand there yapping about what you'll allow. Try to think of some nice, responsible person you know who likes panthers."

"No responsible person likes panthers!" David yelled.

A familiar gleam entered Suzan's eye. "My brother Mark likes panthers and you wouldn't tell Mark to his face that he wasn't responsible."

David kept his temper because losing it never got him anywhere. "Darling—"

She said sharply, "Don't wheedle. If you're going to try and get your own way come out in the open and fight like a man."

"I was about to say, we'll get somebody from a zoo to—"

Suzan said stubbornly, "Mark says I'm to keep him, so I'm going to keep him." It had a note of finality. "I've other things on my mind. Listen." Producing two documents from a pile of mail on the table, she waved them at him and then read the first, prefacing the reading by saying, "From Mark. From Brazil":

"Dear Suzy:

"I'm sending you Baby, a panther I picked up. He's three years old, gentle as a kitten and he likes dogs."

Suzan paused, frowned a little and then smiled apologetically. "I don't know whether Mark means he eats dogs or is fond of them," she said. "Mark's so vague at times." She continued reading:

"He also likes music, particularly that song, 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby.' It may be because his name is in the lyric but, anyway, it enchants him. Try getting records with the word baby in them. That shouldn't be hard if music is what it was when I left. Guard him with your life. I am leaving Brazil tomorrow. Will communicate with you from the next port. Don't feed Baby potatoes. He gets sick as a dog."

"I wish he'd get sick as a panther and die," said David.

"Don't interrupt. Mark adds a postscript. Wouldn't Mark put a thing like this in a postscript! 'Aunt Elizabeth's changed her will in our favor again. Give the old girl my love when she arrives.' " Suzan put the letter down and stared at it angrily. "When she arrives! As though he didn't know that I never open Aunt Elizabeth's letters except on the first of the month!"

"I don't follow you," David said.

"Mark's probably known for weeks that she was coming, but I didn't. She writes four times a month, once with a check and three times with lectures, so naturally I skip the lectures. Fortunately I save them in neat little piles. Here's her last. I opened it after I read Mark's. Aunt Elizabeth says in it that she is arriving in America on the twelfth."

"That's tomorrow," said David.

"I know it," Suzan said, glaring. She went on reading:

"Why have you not replied to my last letter? I intend leaving my erstwhile friend Drusilla Maretti for good this time. Nobody could get on with her, what with her overweaning conceit about a voice that might have been good once but certainly is nothing to listen to now and that moth-eaten cheetah she's always lugging about. I am thoroughly out of patience.

"I will expect you to move out to the Connecticut house for the length of my stay.

"I understand that you are engaged. You might have apprised me of this fact but I suppose I can expect very little from you and Mark in the way of acting like human beings. However, I want your fiancé to come to Connecticut with us. It's a good idea, in the country, to have a man in the house.

"Drusilla and I, at the moment, are not speaking. It makes things very difficult, living in the same house. I look forward, in America, to peace and quiet.

"Your affectionate aunt,
"ELIZABETH REARDON."

SUZAN stared into space, two frown wrinkles deeply embedded over her nose.

"So she comes to America to get away from a cheetah," she said, "and runs smack into a panther. Just after she's changed her will. It doesn't make sense."

"Drusilla Maretti's the opera singer, isn't she?"

"The ex-opera singer. They've lived together for years. They should both be packed away in woollies, knitting. But, no, they give the most ghastly dinner parties and wear feathers in their hair and serve champagne and Drusilla sings after dinner and Aunt Elizabeth sits in the corner and sneers."

"I've always wanted to make faces back at singers, too," said David.

"Then one of them packs up in a huff and makes a dramatic exit, saying she hopes she'll never set eyes on the other again. Two months later they're back together again, thick as thieves. Well, anyway—" Suzan sat briskly erect. This meant that she was now prepared to deal with the matter in hand. "Aunt Elizabeth can't know that we have Baby."

"Can Baby know that we have Aunt Elizabeth?"

"Don't be tiresome. We'll take him up to Connecticut in the station wagon. Two of the tenant houses are empty. We'll tie him in one and sneak food out to him nights."

"You mean I'll sneak food out to him nights," said David.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think it's lousy," David said, his head in his hands, "but I don't suppose that makes any difference."

"How would you like me not to have any money if I ever decide to marry you?" Suzan demanded.

"I shouldn't like it. I've only got just enough to live on in luxury and entertain you. I certainly can't keep you."

"Precisely. So you help or I won't marry you."

"You broke our engagement last night," David said.

"Oh, that," said Suzan airily.

HAULING a panther seventy miles in a station wagon without bars between you and the panther is no joke. Suzan kept referring to Baby as a lamb because he was quiet but David was aware at all moments during the drive that Baby was no lamb. Those few hours marked a turning point in David's life. He realized that life was not all fun and that it might end in death by drowning or perhaps, through no fault of your own, by having a panther who was in a position of advantage take a dislike to you. He marveled at Suzan, who seemed perfectly cool and unaware of the fact that chance plays such an important part in whether one lives or dies and the manner of the latter.

He was still regarding Suzan with wonder at three o'clock the following afternoon. They sat in the drawing room of the Connecticut house. Suzan was pensively staring at the arrangement of a bowl of heather as though she hadn't another care in the world. She in no way resembled the girl who had pushed Baby into a deserted house a stone's throw away and secured him with what she optimistically called a sailor's knot.

She looked like a normal, exceptionally pretty girl of twenty-two, wearing a most attractive print dress and awaiting an aunt who was, if not beloved, at least highly respected. But there was an expression about her mouth that David had come to know. She wore it when she'd outwitted somebody.

Elizabeth Reardon was the biggest woman David had ever seen outside a circus tent. She was accompanied by a personal maid named Marie, a chauffeur named Anthony and a fox terrier named George.

When Suzan said, "I'm glad to see you, Aunt Elizabeth," she replied, "I've always said you'd grow up to be an accomplished liar." Then she looked at David. "Is this the man you're going to marry?" She implied that if Suzan had been a better specimen she might have expected better luck.

George, the fox terrier, and Aunt Elizabeth had lived together so long that each knew, without consulting the other, what had to be done first. Their first duty was an inspection of the premises.

An awkward moment arose when Aunt Elizabeth came face to face with Baby's rations. As David pointed out later, one look at Aunt Elizabeth should have told them that she'd go straight as a homing pigeon to the source of life. She yanked open the refrigerator door and there reposed what in its most elegant terminology could only be called a hunk of meat.

"What," said Aunt Elizabeth with loathing, "is that?"

Suzan stammered, "Meat."

"For what?" said her aunt.

David jumped into the breach with, "For George."

"George doesn't eat muck like that. Throw it away."

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

Under her and George's eagle eyes they chucked it into a garbage receptacle.

Then Aunt Elizabeth unpacked.

The day wore on. It wore on everybody. When Aunt Elizabeth retired at nine o'clock Suzan and David dived quietly out the back door and rummaged for Baby's supper. "Got it," said Suzan finally and inelegantly.

Baby was pathetically glad to see them. Not only had he been feeling the pangs of the inner panther but he'd been lonely. He rolled over on his back and Suzan scratched his stomach. "Cute," Suzan said.

"Very cute," said David at a safe distance.

Suddenly Suzan jumped, listened and came over to clutch his arm, hissing, "What was that?" Baby had pricked up his ears and abandoned his supper momentarily.

What she'd heard was a sniffing sound. It grew in volume. It finally stood in the doorway. It was George, spying as usual.

"Grab him," said Suzan.

"You grab him," said David. "You know him better."

"That's why I won't grab him," Suzan said, dancing agitatedly.

David advanced, saying, "Nice George." George growled.

"He knows better than that," Suzan said, still dancing.

She panted, as they plunged toward the house with George in David's arms. "He must like you. He hasn't growled once since you picked him up."

"He can't," David said bitterly. "His mouth is full of my hand."

They persuaded George to relinquish David's hand and shut him up in Suzan's bedroom.

THE following morning at ten o'clock a great uproar started, made its way down the corridor and turned out to be Aunt Elizabeth rousing the house. She stood in Suzan's doorway and said, "Get up."

Suzan stirred sleepily and sat up. She hadn't had much sleep.

"What's George doing under your bed?"

"Growling the first part of the night and snoring the last," said Suzan.

"Well, get up. Get that young man—what's his name?—David. Get him up, too."

Suzan sighed.

Suzan's devotion to George that day was a thing of beauty. The fact that it awoke in George no answering loyalty proved rather conclusively that he had a nasty character.

Suzan took him into the kitchen and gave him his breakfast with her own hands, standing guard while he ate it. When he went outside for his morning constitutional, Suzan was at his heels. George was all for heading straight toward the tenant cottage but at the risk of life and limb Suzan carried him in the other direction. She did everything but follow him into a hollow tree. After maneuvering him back into the house she sank exhausted upon the divan, her eyes glued upon his hideous form.

George stretched out on the drawing-room threshold and snoozed peacefully, his snores mounting in volume as he drew farther and farther away from a waking world. Suzan began to understand the principle of hypnotism. The object held in front of the eyes needn't be bright. It can be just a dog who is intent upon visiting a panther against your wishes.

David came in and found her, fast asleep, her arm tucked under her head. He joined Aunt Elizabeth in a game of double solitaire in the sunroom.

At three o'clock Suzan started up like a frightened doe. Asleep at the switch. Asleep on sentry duty. George was gone. Suzan started a systematic search of the house. She ended up in the sunroom gesturing wildly behind her aunt's back, making a pretense of barking and pointing toward the tenant cottage. David stared. "George is such a *nice* dog," Suzan said desperately.

"Nonsense," Aunt Elizabeth said, without turning, "George is a fiend and you very well know it."

"He's gone for a walk *all by himself,*" said Suzan.

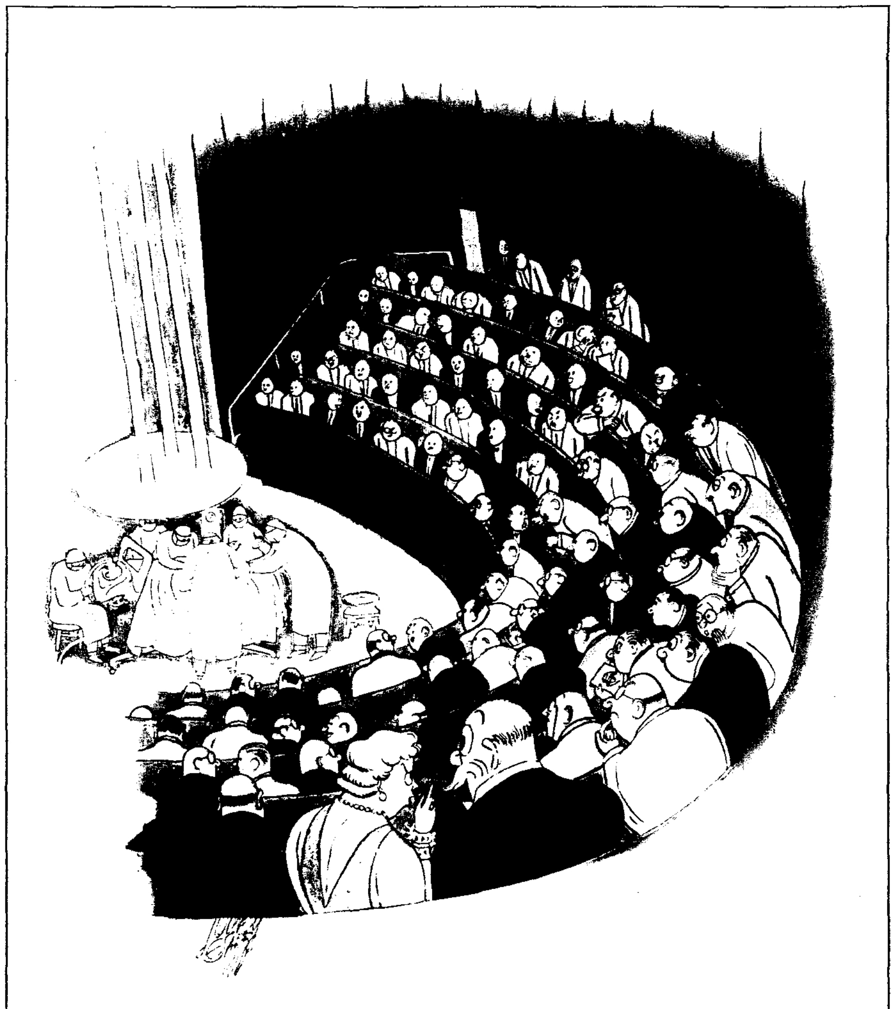
"That's because nobody with any sense would go with him," her aunt said.

David said, rising, "Excuse me, I just thought of something."

"Finish the hand," barked Aunt Elizabeth.

Suzan snatched David's cards. "I'll finish it."

She finished it and then she, too, bolted. Aunt Elizabeth could hear her little rubber heels thudding down the front steps at a terrific rate.



"I told you, time and again, not to buy tickets from a speculator!"

RODNEY DE SARRO

"Mad," said the old lady. "Balmy, the lot of them." She went on playing.

Suzan lunged around the corner of the tenant cottage. David was sitting on the top step. Suzan stood, quivering like an anguished pointer. "Were you in time?"

"Oh, plenty," said David. He displayed a frayed end of rope.

SUZAN gasped and sank weakly beside him. "What do we do now?"

"I wonder," David said, "how one goes about telling people there's a panther at large without telling how he got at large."

"They j-just say they s-saw a panther."

"We might try it," David said.

Suzan didn't reply.

David made his plan on the way back. "I'll just call a zoo and tell them I've seen a panther. Then they'll come and catch him."

"It's too simple," said Suzan.

Aunt Elizabeth was still engrossed in her solitaire when Suzan came in. She slipped a ten into a king space and said, "Where's David?"

"Telephoning a friend," said Suzan.

David's opponent on the telephone was saying, "Yeah, I heard you. You saw a panther. In Connecticut."

"Well, aren't you going to do something about it?"

"You do something about it. You had the fun. Go to bed and sleep it off."

DAVID clutched the instrument desperately and sank his mouth into the transmitter. "I tell you this is a bona fide *panther!*"

"Listen, I know every species of panther and that isn't one of them."

"He must be having a fight with his friend," said Aunt Elizabeth, slipping a queen into a king space.

The doorbell rang. Suzan went to answer it. Aunt Elizabeth took advantage of her absence to cheat on a large scale. She'd practically run her cards out when Suzan returned, flourishing a cablegram.

Aunt Elizabeth opened it, saying, "It's from Mark," and then, sharply, "Don't play until I've read it. It's not fair."

Upstairs, David was saying despairingly, "Let me talk to the man in charge. The man in charge of *everything.*"

Aunt Elizabeth adjusted her spectacles and read in a monotone, "Welcome America are you pleased with Baby Love Mark."

She put the cablegram down and stared at it. "Baby?"

"He means me," Suzan bleated.

"You're no baby," said Aunt Elizabeth, "and he doesn't say a word about my panther. You might know. Mark's always been highly unreliable. Cable him at once and say I want to know whether he's going to keep his promise."

Suzan had risen, disarranging her cards by clutching motions. "Panther?" said Suzan. "Promise?"

"Mark promised me a panther and I mean to get it. I'm not going to have Drusilla Maretti lording it over me any longer with her cheetah. I've given that young scoundrel enough money to run the White House—I've changed my will in his favor—and yours, I might add, though why I don't know—and all I asked was a panther. Then he cables me asking if I'm pleased with you. That's the way Mark does things."

"Excuse me," Suzan said faintly.

As she staggered from the room she heard her aunt booming, "I'll get a panther if I have to rob a zoo! Why I should have to pay a stranger to go out and hunt for me when I have a nephew—"

Suzan skidded across the waxed floors of the bedroom and landed at David's feet, saying, "Don't call the zoo! That Mark! He couldn't tell me! Don't call the zoo, David!"

David hung up. "I've called the zoo. It's all fixed."

"Call them back and unfix it. Don't ask questions. Call them back."

"I will not," David said indignantly. "I offered the man two hundred dollars and the panther, if he'd come over. And he's coming, with some helpers."

"You gave him Baby!" she raged. "You gave away my life's happiness, my brother's trust in me, my brother's inheritance—"

"Stop flinging your arms about," said David. "Explain."

Suzan explained but when David called back the zoo somebody said that everybody except himself and the night watchman had gone hunting a panther that was loose.

Suzan drew a deep, determined breath. "Then there's only one hope left. We must find him before they do. Have you any idea how to catch a panther?"

"No," said David simply.

"Start thinking about it," said Suzan. "If those men from the zoo ring the doorbell one of us must answer it and get rid of them."

"How?" David said, but she was already on her way downstairs. He followed.

WHILE they were at dinner there was a loud and insistent pealing of the doorbell.

Suzan drifted from the room and flew down the corridor. Opening the door a crack she slid out, closing it behind her. The man who stood outside was rubbing his chin as though by so doing he could free it of a two days' growth of beard. "You the party that called us about a panther?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said Suzan.

"Man live around here by the name of Melton?"

"Never heard of him," said Suzan.

"I've asked everybody on this road so far."

"Well, there are still five miles of this road. If you're going west, that is. Seven, if you're going east."

He hesitated, looking east. "Better lock up your chickens tonight, lady. There's a panther loose around somewhere."

"Haven't got any chickens," Suzan said, as though she'd just played an ace on his king. She went back to her dinner.

Seeing the expression around her mouth, David knew that she had been successful. He envisioned all the men from the zoo locked in the back of their truck with the ignition torn out.

Aunt Elizabeth, as was her custom, retired at nine. Suzan and David crept down the back stairs to confer in the basement. "Now," Suzan said in a hoarse whisper, "we must be methodical about this. Before we act we must think."

"You think," said David. "I'll just sit here and recover from the thinking I was doing at dinner."

"What would be the most logical thing to take on a *panther hunt?*"

"A bigger panther," David said.

(Continued on page 70)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY J. W. MC MANIGAL

CLEVER people, those Chinese!

When Henry Wallace, our unabashed Secretary of Agriculture, delivered the crop insurance bill now under consideration by a plainly puzzled Congress, it was generally assumed to be another of those highly original ideas that New Deal minds spawn with all the ease of a Columbia River salmon. How can a grower of wheat or corn or cotton be insured against loss? Just another crazy scheme for the waste of millions in taxpayers' money!

As a matter of fact, never was any idea less original, for the Chinese had a plan of crop insurance as far back as 54 B. C. A certain Han Hsuan Ti, ruling at the time, faced an agrarian problem almost as acute as that which has bedeviled American Presidents for the last quarter of a century. When the harvest god blessed China with bumper crops, a surplus depressed prices below the cost of production, ruining the farmer, while in years of drought, prices to the unhappy consumer shot sky-high.

As the Emperor brooded over this very unhappy state of affairs, the doorbell rang and in crawled an elder statesman by the name of Keng Shou-Ch'ang, proudly lugging a thought that he called "The Constantly Normal Granary." As he explained it, the first step was the establishment of a *normal* price for agricultural products based on a year when crops were just average, neither very good nor very bad.

"So what?" grunted Han Hsuan Ti.

Whereupon Keng Shou-Ch'ang explained that when overproduction glutted the market, dropping prices, the government would purchase all of the surplus grain at the normal price, storing it in granaries built for that purpose. In a year of poor harvests, when prices rose, the process would be reversed, the government releasing its stored reserves at the normal price. The Emperor approved the plan, and when it gave the Celestial Kingdom a happy medium between feast and famine, Keng Shou-Ch'ang was honored with a yellow jacket and peacock feather.

The Incas and the Aztecs also evolved a system somewhat similar to that of the Chinese, storing grain in fat years to take care of the lean, but it was not until several centuries later that the idea reached the United States. In 1922, Henry Wallace, then editing a farm paper in Iowa, ran across the plan in the course of his voracious reading, and began to preach the gospel of the "ever-normal granary," coupling it with crop insurance, a conception of his own. Senator Sheppard of Texas waxed enthusiastic, as did several others in Congress, but eventually the crusade fell flat, for harvests were good and a brisk export trade took care of the surplus.

The passing years, however, worked a tragic change. The three dread D's—depression, drought and dust storms—fell on the land even as Pharaoh's plague, and only a lavish outpouring of government aid saved the farmers of the nation from bankruptcy and despair.

In 1933 alone the government made corn loans in the amount of $120,000,000 at 45 cents a bushel, an emergency measure that enabled farmers to store their surplus instead of dumping it on a glutted market at 25 cents a bushel. As it happened, production control assured a rising market, and the drought of 1934 gave corn prices an additional boost, but what if there had been no production control, and what if there had been no drought? The government might well have lost seventy-five or a hundred millions, a sum that even Harry Hopkins would not consider "chicken feed."

Agriculture, a Hazardous Business

Such loans were obviously a gamble of magnitude, even as seed and feed loans and relief grants constituted a steady drain on the nation's purse. For the ten-year period ending June 30, 1936, by way of illustration, federal expenditures for agricultural relief totaled $615,937,000. Henry Wallace, no longer a mere editor but now Secretary of Agriculture, viewed these figures dolefully, and realized that some more permanent solution of the problem than just giving and lending must be discovered. As a result, he bobbed up last September with his old plan for an "ever normal granary" and crop insurance. The idea appealed to President Roosevelt as a "natural," and with his usual enthusiasm, he ordered instant action.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the matter held so many complications that even the New Deal's most confirmed optimists confessed unwillingness to draw up a bill overnight. Agriculture, for one thing, is essentially a hazardous business, due to the handicaps of uncertain weather and uncertain markets. When a farmer plants in the spring he neither knows how good his crop will be nor what he will be able to sell it for. To make matters worse, each region has its own peculiar conditions.

Now the Department of Agriculture has many experts, but when it comes to agricultural economics, one A. G. Black is generally regarded as a wizard. Forage and fertilizers excite him just as a sunset thrilled Tennyson. Borrowed from Iowa State College in 1933 to serve as head of the corn and hog division of the AAA, the eminent doctor stayed on as a sort of all-round authority. Only forty, yet when he bends his bulging brow over a problem, his gray eyes

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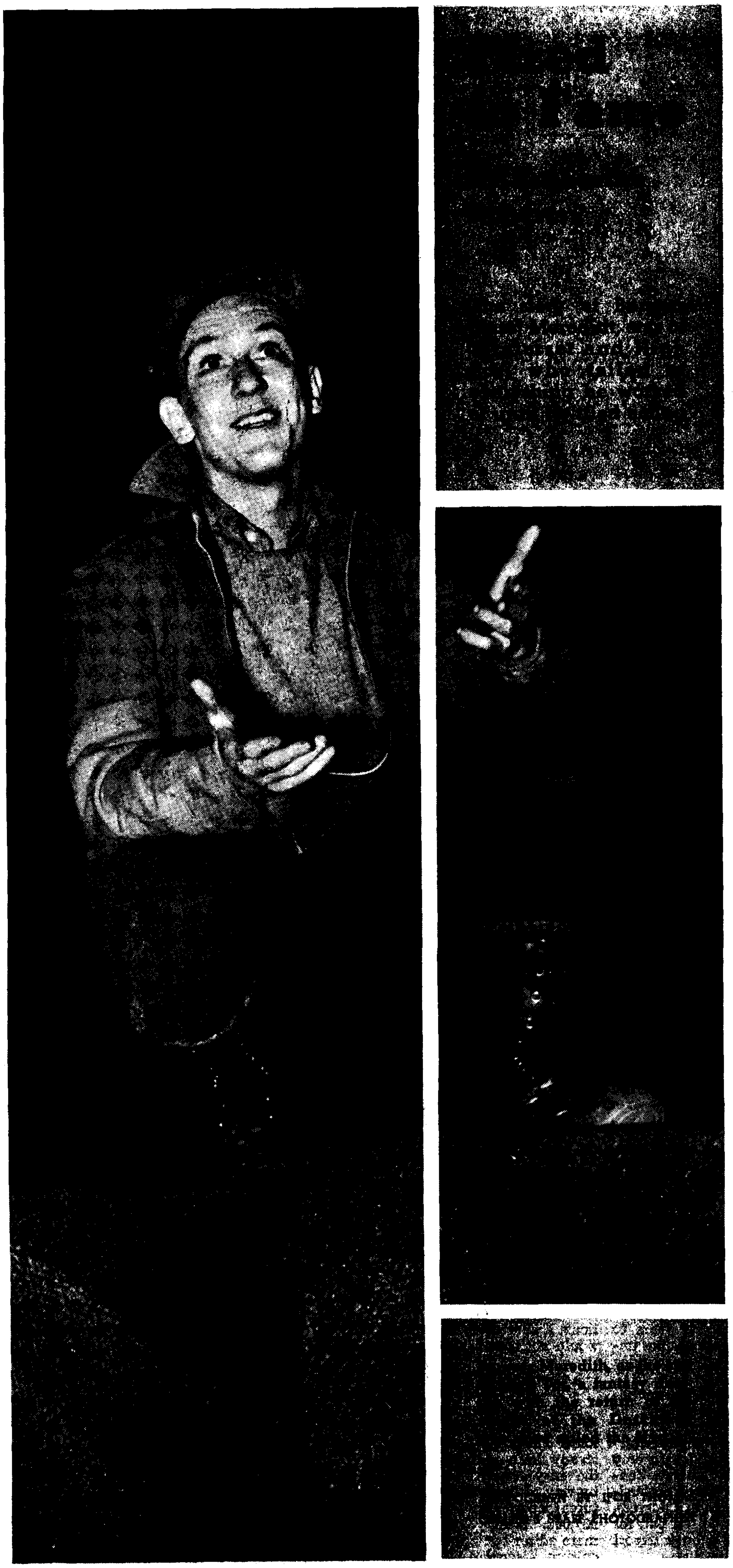

THE California climate, gay parties, swimming pools filled with actresses in evening clothes, and other phenomena customarily associated with Hollywood are still a mystery to Burgess Meredith, although his plane and railroad tickets and other sources of information assure him that he spent nearly three months there making the film of Winterset before he returned to New York with a dog named High Tor, to his home near High Tor and to a Broadway play called High Tor. Fortunately his wife's name is Margaret, and so far he has never called her High Tor. Most people call her Margaret Perry. She was making a picture on another lot at the same time he was making Winterset, and he saw almost as little of her as he did of Hollywood.

When he arrived there, he was very curious about what was going to happen, for, though the star of the film, he had never before made a picture.

Upon reporting for work, he was given a mysterious suit of rubber underwear. To this was added a golden brown make-up and, donning the costume he had worn in the stage version of the play, he arrived at the Brooklyn Bridge set, wondering a little about the rubber outfit. He was immediately seized and put under some water pipes which gave him a thorough drenching while a man with something like a garden spray squirted mineral oil in his face.

"So," thought Meredith, baling a handful of oil from each eye and shivering within his rubber suit, "this is pictures! Well, well!"

From then on this happened every day for a little over ten weeks, since the whole of Winterset was made in pouring rain and driving fog—artificial rain, but just as wet as though it came from the skies; artificial fog, but it tickled the tonsils realistically. This began at seven in the morning and continued till seven at night. He went to bed at ten-thirty. California weather? He wouldn't know much about that. His weather came not from Heaven, but from the prop men.

It is true that, on one of the three or four evenings he had free, Burgess Meredith and his wife went to the Trocadero, haunt of the film-famous. "But the headwaiter didn't know us," he says, "so we had to sit in the bar." He also saw one swimming pool. It belonged to Mischa Auer. It had no water in it. On another evening, he was invited to a party where a fortuneteller, who used handwriting to aid her psychic powers and who was making a terrific stir in Hollywood, was to plumb the guests for hidden truths. When the time for his handwriting came, he wrote:

"Hello, M—! Haven't seen you since Tenth Street."

And the oracle cried, "Buzz! What are you doing out here?"

These incandescent moments make practically the sum total of his social life in the cinema capital. But the star of Winterset and at present of High Tor is a hopeful young man. When early summer comes and he has finished his stage engagement and when Katharine Hepburn has also ended her tour in Jane Eyre for the Theater Guild, they are going to make a picture of the play Stage Door. He thinks that perhaps then he will get a wider view of the general Hollywood mise en scène. He is still curious. It is one of his characteristics.

Mrs. Meredith Takes No Chances

He was a churchly child. But he came by his later trouping proclivities honestly. His father was a doctor, but his Grandfather Burgess was a wandering evangelist who traveled, preaching hell-fire and damnation for the wicked, till he settled down in Cleveland where he built up a congregation which, in turn, built him a church. The First Methodist. For a long time, Burgess Meredith thought that the only member of his family who had ever been in the theater was his uncle, Jay Burgess, who ran away from home and was known far and wide, when vaudeville was in its prime, as Danny Mann. Not till after his mother's death did young Buzz discover an old scrapbook which proved that she had run away at the same time as her brother and had got some excellent notices in the ten months before her horrified preacher-father had been able to persuade her to come home. She never told her children of the escapade.

When Burgess was a small boy, he piped a sweet soprano and, in 1918, the Paulist Choristers, picking one child from each part of the country, selected little Burgess, age eight, as tops from the Middle West. Why his mother put him into the contest at all, or let him go to New York with the choir, he does not know, for she suddenly appeared, withdrew him, and sent him instead to the Choir School of St. John the Divine. He sang and studied there for three years, then moved to the Hoosac School, where he spent four more years of a psalm-singing youth.

"If you caddy long enough, you take up golf," says Meredith. "Seven years in such churchly surroundings made me think I'd go into the ministry, but, fortunately for the church perhaps, I picked on liberal Amherst as a college."

Here a sort of Horatio Alger period began, and abruptly ended. It was agreed that he'd foot his own bills. He washed dishes and waited on table for his meals and got his room by tending furnace for Mrs. Esther Thompson, a lovely old lady of eighty-six. He got high grades and was a model young man—for a very short time. Then came plutocracy and his downfall. One of the masters, who had also known him in Choir

(Continued on page 62)

FIRST SHOWING New INTERNATIONALS

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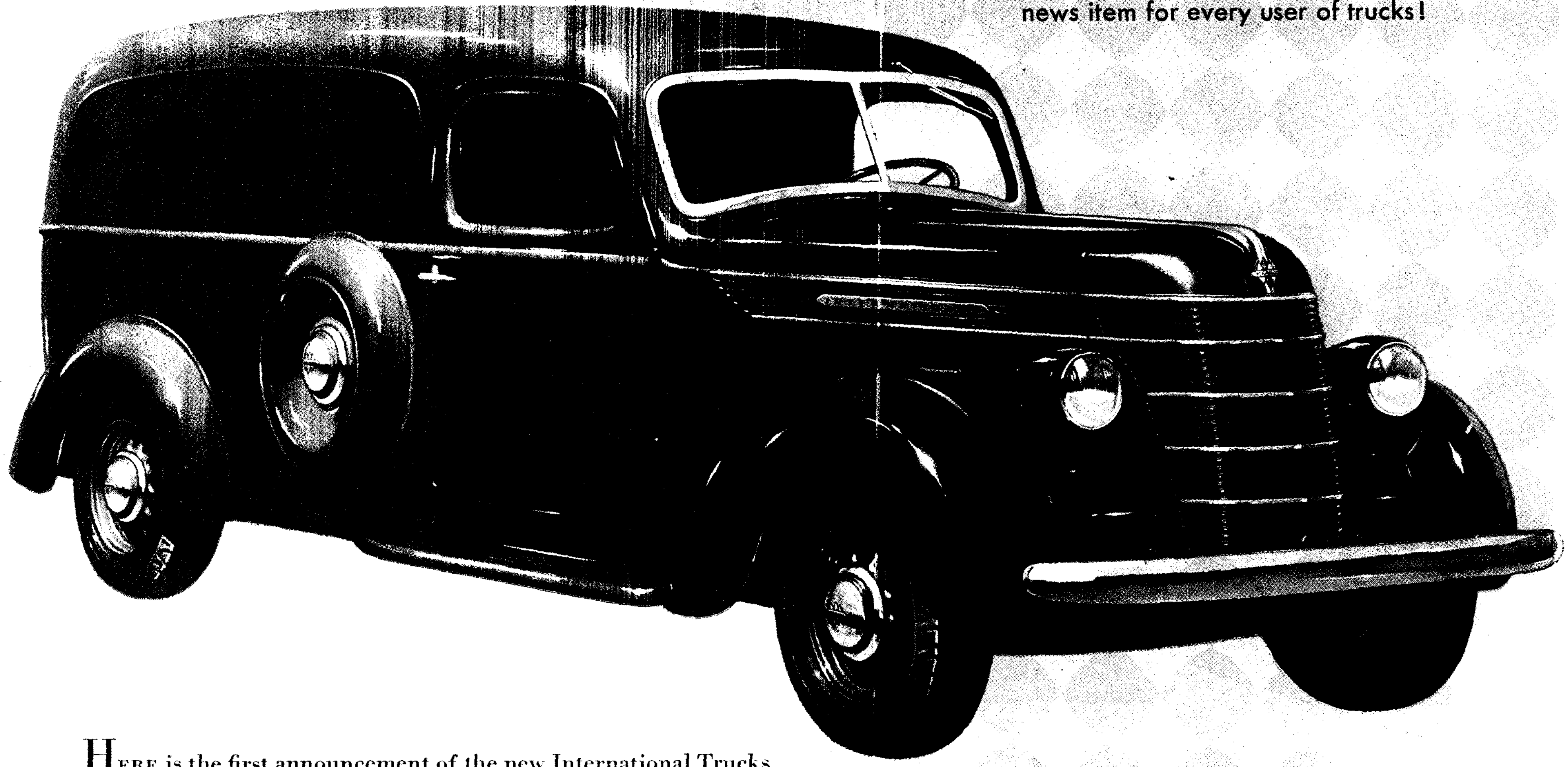

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

TIME TO CHANGE–

Summer motor oil needed NOW

Approximately ¾ of your engine's wear is caused by starting, say automotive engineers.

So, when you change to summer oil, change to the new Golden Shell . . . it's made especially for stop-and-go driving.

FAST-FLOWING, it bathes every moving part in your engine the instant you step on your starter . . . puts a wear-reducing oil cushion between closely fitting metal surfaces.

TOUGH BODIED, it stands the high temperatures of steady running . . . resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

Have your crankcase flushed and refilled now with the correct summer grade of Golden Shell Motor Oil. At the same time ask about Shellubrication.

SHELL

SUMMER *Golden Shell* MOTOR OIL

Six Golden Angels

Continued from page 10

wine and a pretty face will upset him. These sheltered students—you never can tell what the world will do to 'em, Martin."

"Certainly not, sir."

"So I want to ask you, of all the young women who have been guests here recently, which is the best? Understand? I want to sit her down at the table with those other five females and see if David Ryder has brains and instinct enough to pick her out of the lot. If he can do that I'll know better how far I can trust him in the world. Because there are going to be five temptations here tonight, Martin, that would snatch Saint Anthony out of his lion's skin. Now the point is—what girl do I know?"

Martin lifted his green eyes again to the ceiling.

"Well, say something. Make a choice," said Leggett.

"I am trying sir," said Martin.

"You impudent rat!" exclaimed Leggett. Then he added: "Wait a minute! . . . That young girl who's studying singing. That . . . what's her name?"

"Miss Eileen Durante is the young lady you mean, sir."

"Well, tell me: isn't she the pure quill? Even New York soot can't settle on her."

MARTIN studied the emptiness of space before he shifted his glance to Leggett and answered, solemnly: "I think you are right, sir."

Leggett smiled at his valet's doubt. "I'll get her if I can," he said. "And here's the extraordinary oddity of it: If she'll come, there'll be six girls with golden hair at my table!"

He went to the telephone and got Michael Ravenna.

"Ah! It is John!" said the Italian. "You interrupt me at my collar button, John. I am too fat. I shall have to get a valet like the rich Mr. Leggett to squeeze me into my clothes."

"Mike, you know that girl who's studying singing. Eileen Durante. Can you get her to come here tonight? Not to sing. As a guest."

"Ah, but John! I know the other women who are coming. And Eileen is a little different."

"Damn the difference. I mean, the difference is what I want. Will you get her for me?"

"But she lives like a poor little nun in this city, John. Perhaps she won't want to come. She is nothing but work and starvation; and that poor, gentle, sweet, small voice that never will fill a concert hall!"

"Tell her that I want to help her," said Leggett. "Tell her that I want to see her again because I'm thinking of helping her. As a matter of fact, tonight she may pick up the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

"I'll get her," said Ravenna, "but what rainbow? What pot?"

"You'll see one day, perhaps. . . . Goodby."

For just then a servant came in to murmur: "Mr. David Ryder, sir."

He had shoulders capable of swinging an oar in a college crew and yet he was light enough to ride a middleweight hunter. He wore his gray flannels like an Englishman whose breeding is high enough to permit him to be careless. He had a large head and a face so thin in flesh that one could study the bones and the brain beneath it.

"Hurry now," said Leggett, shaking hands. "You've got barely time to change. Dinner jacket in those bags?"

"Yes, or a white tie if you prefer," answered Ryder, glancing at the tails which Leggett was wearing.

"Snatch the tails and press it," said Leggett to Martin, when they reached the rooms and the bags were opened.

"All this space just for me?" said David Ryder, looking about him at the suite.

"Well, you have to sit, and you have to study, and bathe, and dress and sleep, and it's better to have a special room for each," answered Leggett. "Like this layout?"

"I like it," said Ryder. "It looks rather Louis Quinze, but cleaner."

"Yeah, you've used your eyes," said Leggett. "Hate to see a young fool shut out the world with a book. By the way, how could you afford to come over on the airship?"

Ryder was stripping. He paused to reach into an open bag and pull out a pair of dice. He rattled them on the table. "Just a bit of luck," he said.

Leggett picked up the dice and looked at them as though he never had seen the spots before. He did not lift his head from the study.

"Luck, did you say?" he asked. "Handmade luck?"

The rustling of clothes stopped and the silence lasted long enough to make Leggett look up.

"Luck, I said," remarked Ryder.

He pulled off the rest of his clothes. The muscles of a very strong man garnished the flat of his stomach and clasped his shoulders with long fingers.

"How much do you owe?" asked Leggett.

"I thought this was in the way of being a party and a homecoming and all that," answered Ryder, scorning the idea with his own smile.

He went into the bathroom; the shower began to roar. Leggett followed him.

Ryder stepped out of the shower and began to towel himself.

"Where did you get that scar over the eye?" asked Leggett.

"Some of those French fellows are pretty tough," answered Ryder.

"Street fight?" asked Leggett.

"No. Five-ounce gloves. Sports promoter used to put me on now and then. I wasn't a headliner but I made quite a bit betting on myself."

He was rubbing himself powerfully, the pink coming out through the thick of the tan. Leggett lighted a cigarette.

"Ah, well," he said, "I was thinking you might be all Ryder, meek and mild. I forget about the Leggett blood in you. . . . Come here, Martin!"

Martin came in with his eyes on the floor.

"Look at him," said Leggett, "and tell me if he's a good fellow."

"I can see that he is your nephew, sir," said Martin.

"I'll be damned if that's not a recommendation," growled Leggett. "Listen to me, Martin. I changed my will today when Chisholm came to see me. I have about thirty millions. I left the whole kaboodle to a good, pure-minded, quiet, gentle student named David Ryder. Aside from some little bits for devoted servants like Martin, of course. Was I a fool when I did that?"

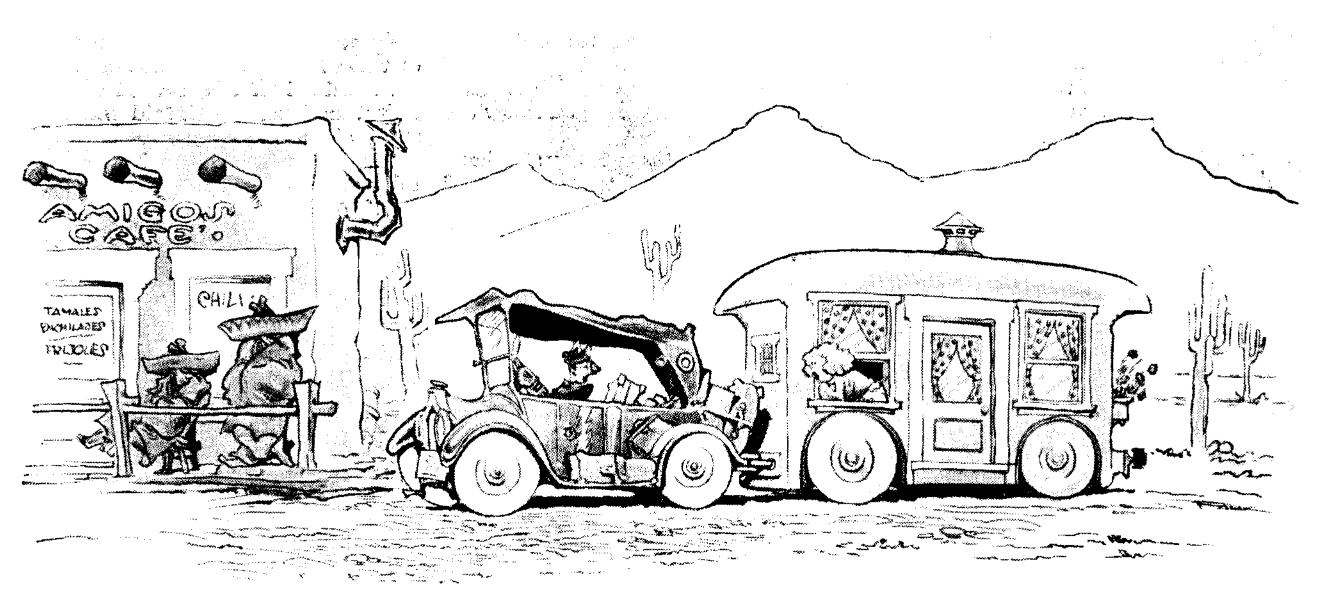
DAVID RYDER, his heel on the edge of the bathtub, lifted his head and looked at Martin with gray-green eyes, as he dried his toes. And Martin looked back at him.

"Mr. Ryder and I hope that you will live for many years, sir," he said.

"Don't switch to *him* all at once, Martin," said Leggett. "I may change my mind."

They went into the dressing room and Ryder slid into the clothes that Martin held for him. Gains rapped on the door to announce that Mr. Ravenna and Mr. Porter Brant and Miss Sydney Galloway and the Countess Lalo had arrived.

"Let's go down and meet these peo-

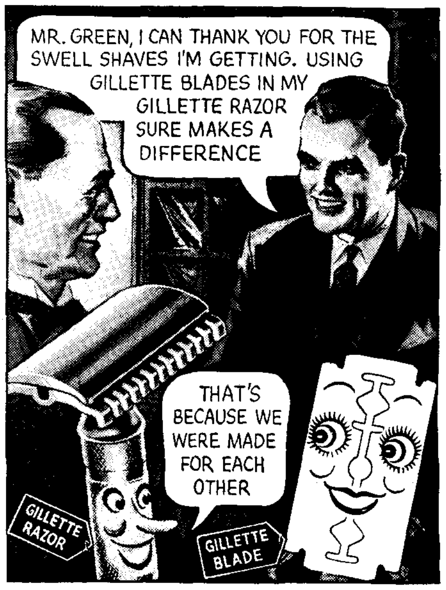


"Gimme that road map again, Rose Marie, this can't be Utica!"

JACK FARR

ROOM CLERK
WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO SHAVE SO OFTEN, MR. GREEN—MY FACE IS ALWAYS SORE
WHY DON'T YOU USE GILLETTE BLADES—THEY'RE THE RIGHT BLADES FOR YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR

A FEW DAYS LATER


MR. GREEN, I CAN THANK YOU FOR THE SWELL SHAVES I'M GETTING. USING GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR SURE MAKES A DIFFERENCE
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

Your Face Feels and Looks Swell

—when razor and blade match

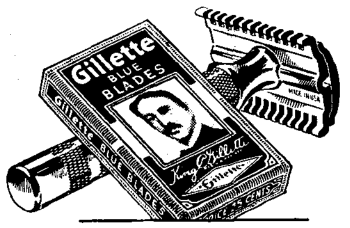
MEN, it's just as important to have your face *feel* well as *look* well. That's why the cool, smooth shaves you get with a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor are what you need to keep your face feeling fresh and fit through the day.

This teamwork of razor and blade is the *real* secret of the marvelous shaves you get with the Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade. These two are made for each other. Designed to function as a unit, they should never be separated if you want the best in shaving comfort.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades from your dealer today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning and enjoy one of the finest shaves you've ever had. See why millions of men will use no other blade in their Gillette Razor!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



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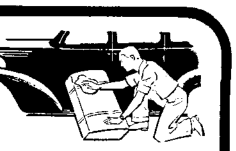

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You've seen how well these famous Mobil Specialties work on cars—how they keep them clean and shining. They'll do just as good jobs around the house, on furniture and appliances. They'll save you time and work. Try them. Keep them handy.

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Use it in the home—it's well known to car owners. Removes spots and dirt from clothes and fabrics. Leaves no ring when used as directed.

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Use these wax-filled pads for polishing and waxing dining-room tables and other furniture. Clean first with a good polish, preferably Mobilgloss.

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Lubricates all electric appliances, sewing machines, washing machines, bicycles and toys—keeps them running like new. Just the thing for many automobile uses. Also prevents rusting. Free wall clip with every can.

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BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

ple," said Leggett. "Old friends of mine. Almost too friendly, considering how young a lot of 'em are."

As they went down the stairs a guitar started thrumming and a strong bass voice, sometimes husky, sometimes a little oily and bubbling, began an Italian song.

"That's Mike Ravenna," said Leggett.

They went on into the library.

Mike Ravenna, as the center of the picture with half a dozen extremely pretty women around him, leaned back in a deep chair with his legs thrust out before him, his coat off, and the guitar resting on the huge, rolling shelf of his stomach. Three other men, overshadowed by his singing, were hardly noticeable on the margin of the group.

THE song ended as Leggett came in. He said: "I want everybody to know my nephew, David Ryder. David, the fat man is Ravenna. He knows all the meat in New York's political stew. Here's Jimmy Hickey, the famous columnist and scandal-breeder. Now, Jimmy, take hold of David and tell him all the dirt about everybody in the room. When he knows what he's meeting, you can introduce him."

Wrinkled and gray before his time, with a thin, ratty face, Jimmy Hickey took Ryder by the arm and led him aside. A tall, handsome girl came up to them and shook hands with Ryder. She said: "If you put your snake's tongue on *my* reputation, Jimmy, I'll smack you down. Mr. Ryder, I'm Eric Claussen's wife. He's the tall, dark fellow over there. You're surprised to see him here because of his clean look. No matter what Hickey says about me, he's talking through his hat."

"You'd rather be talked about through a hat than a loud-speaker," said Hickey. "Run along, Elspeth; it's wonderful how you keep your face, win or lose."

The girl smiled at Ryder and moved away.

"She's quite a nice person, at that," said Hickey. "All that keeps Elspeth from the domestic virtues is about five thousand a year—which is not enough. . . . That's Marene Sutherland, over there. She's just a shady bit older than the rest of them. Your uncle can tell you more about her than I can and, as for the details of her private life, just now, that lies between J. J. Leggett and J. J. Leggett. Or do I see a question in your eye?"

"Not about her; but that very beautiful girl—who is she?" asked Ryder.

"I intended to crown the glory with her," said Hickey, "but no one is speaking out of turn in mentioning Leslie Carton. I suppose you recognize her?"

"Recognize her? No."

"You *have* been away from the States," said Hickey. "Just now she's better known from the tips of her toes to the shine of her hair than anything this side of Hollywood. One of the smart magazines printed a picture of her that's been copied in every rag in the country. Haven't you really seen it? Look here!"

He drew out his cigarette case. His thumb held, behind the platinum, a picture of a girl in a bathing suit.

"Walking the waters," said Hickey, chuckling.

In fact, the girl seemed to be springing over the face of the sea and the speed of her running pressed back her hair as with two hands.

"She's more dressed in light than in clothes," said Jimmy Hickey. "The silk of a swimming suit doesn't matter, once it's drenched. You see, she was aquaplaning and the plane jumped sidewise from under her feet; at that lucky instant when her foot touched the water, the camera got her."

"And the person who took the picture sold it to a magazine?" asked Ryder coldly.

"Art for art's sake, and a few dollars added," said Hickey. "But a light like Leslie's shouldn't be hidden under a bushel. A year ago she had never seen New York; now most of New York has seen her. She has a liberal nature; at least I don't know of anyone who has had to pay for her so far."

"You don't mean that, I think," said Ryder, with disgust.

"Oh, I've only been giving you the headlines, but if you want facts, I can give you a lot of news, also."

"I'd better take that for granted," said Ryder.

"The fellow with the magnificent forehead is Porter Brant, the great producer and fathead. He wouldn't be here; he wouldn't be anywhere except for Sydney Galloway. She's that perfect profile, over there. The dark, sleek fellow who's trying to make love to her is Eric Claussen, but his wife pointed him out before. He knows enough about horses to make money at the races; some people say that that's too much knowledge for an honest man to have, but I've cashed in on some of his tips so I still speak to him. There, just sitting down on the arm of Ravenna's chair is Millicent, the Countess Lalo. She's every man's little girl and she'll ask your advice before the evening's over. She's one of those clinging vines that cost you your skin before you can tear the tendrils loose. And I guess that's everybody except the little singer, over there, Eileen Durante. The quiet girl. Studying singing. Has a sweet voice about as big as a minute. A sweet nature, too. I don't know why Leggett should bring her in among all these roisterers except that he's so crazy about old gold. Notice that? All six of them have golden hair. . . . Now, do you remember anything I've told you?"

"I forget easily," said Ryder.

"Good fellow!" answered Jimmy Hickey. "I knew I wasn't wasting my time on you! Come along while I introduce you . . . bring your drink."

HE TOOK Ryder to Leslie Carton last of all and said: "He picked you right out of the whole ruck, Leslie, just on your face. Be kind to him. He's a swift and bitter fellow; the type that loves once and loves forever."

"Don't let Jimmy Hickey bother you," said Leslie Carton. "The difference between Jimmy and a rattlesnake is that he doesn't give any warning before he strikes."

He looked after the departing figure of Hickey, who walked with a sort of sidelong aggressiveness, as though he were thrusting through a crowd.

"The little rat was showing me that picture of you," said Ryder.

"I knew he was doing that," she answered, and though her eyes had seemed bright enough before, a shadow withdrew from them now and seemed to give him a deeper entrance.

"There's this advantage," she said. "After Jimmy has talked, you know the worst."

Claussen joined them to say: "What's happened to John Leggett tonight? There's more fire in the eye than I've seen in him since Dorrie disappeared."

"I didn't know you all in Dorrie's time," said Leslie Carton, "but John looks to me like a small boy with a secret."

Ravenna said in his great, booming, gonglike voice, as he got into his coat and picked up a glass: "All my friends—before we go into dinner, let's drink to the other girl. Someone has just spoken her name. God be kind to her wherever she is. . . . To Dorrie!"

They all drank.

"Who is Dorrie?" asked Ryder.

"A girl who disappeared a year ago," said Leslie Carton. She had stopped smiling and looked down studiously at her cocktail. "Simply dropped out of sight. I never saw her but they all adored her."

They were going into the dining room now.

"Her name is the only thing in the world that can sadden them," said Leslie. "She must have been quite a darling. I've seen tears in the eyes of Jimmy Hickey, even, because of Dorrie. It's the only reputation in the world that he doesn't poison."

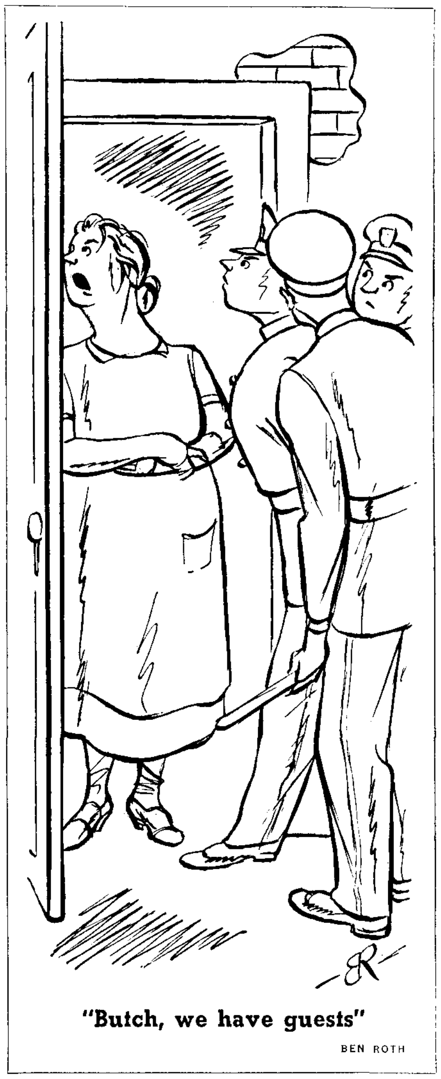
"Why do you have him about, then?" asked Ryder.

"Because it's fun to play with fire," laughed Leslie Carton, but her laughter broke on an uncertain note. He had an impression that she alone of the entire group was profoundly ill at ease.

When people found their places, Ryder was sitting with Eileen Durante on his right and Leslie Carton on his left.

"Look! Look!" cried the hearty voice of Mrs. Eric Claussen. "Everybody see my favor!"

"We all have the same thing!" exclaimed Sydney Galloway, and all six of them held up little golden angels an inch and a half tall, carved with grave Egyptian faces and inlaid wings rising stiffly above their heads.



"Butch, we have guests"

BEN ROTH

"Are they really favors? Do we really take them?" asked Elspeth Claussen.

"You really do," said Leggett. "Because this is an evening I want you to remember."

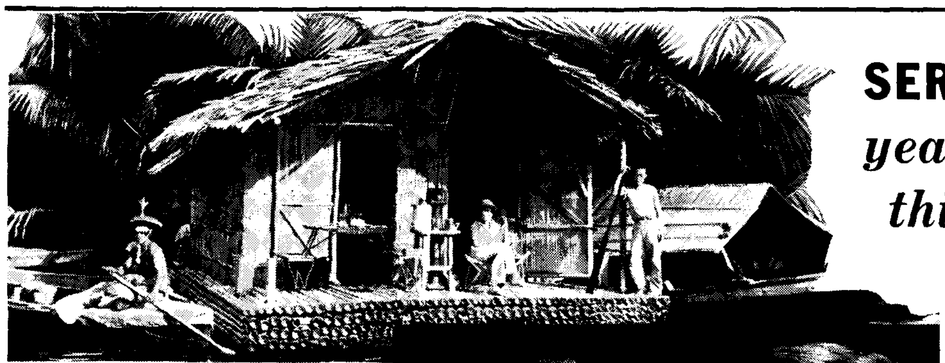
"BUT why is everything so perfect?" boomed the resonant voice of Mike Ravenna. "All this polish hurts our eyes, John."

"I wanted this dinner to be perfect," said Leggett, "because it's the last time that I'll see you all together."

"The last?" chorused many voices.

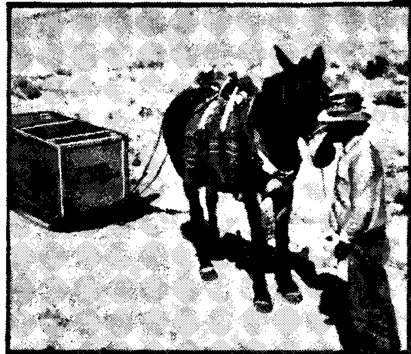
"The last time that we'll all be together," said Leggett. "There's going to be an absentee the next time. I have a messenger on the way now, bringing me the proof in pictures and in writing that one of you good friends of mine has stabbed me in the back. Don't let me

"ITS SILENCE MEANS SAVINGS" SAY FAMILIES EVERYWHERE



"TROUBLE-FREE IN SPITE OF JUNGLE HEAT"—When Mrs. Martin Johnson, noted explorer, travelled a year ago to the jungles of Borneo, she took with her two Servel Electrolux. She reports that in spite of the intense heat and humidity, the refrigerators were "free from trouble and worked fine!" Kerosene replaced gas as fuel in these Servel Electrolux which guarded the food and photographic supplies of the expedition.

"IT ACTUALLY PAYS FOR ITSELF WITH SAVINGS" report women from homes the country over. They've found that the simpler, noise-free operation of Servel Electrolux means savings on running cost, upkeep and food bills that are important enough to pay for this remarkable refrigerator in an unusually short time... savings that continue year after year.



WHITE MAN'S MAGIC GUARDS RED MAN'S FOOD—Deep in the recesses of Arizona's Grand Canyon lives a tribe of Havasoupis Indians. To reach their reservation, a Servel Electrolux had to be transported by means of a crude sled from the rim of the canyon down a twisting, tortuous trail to the bottom.

9 YEARS' SILENCE AND ECONOMY—"Nine years ago, I purchased my Servel Electrolux Refrigerator. Today, it's still as silent and economical as the day I bought it," writes George J. Nelson, of 34-15 Ninety-Seventh Street, Corona, New York.

SILENT REFRIGERATION FOR A "TALKIE" STAR—Like so many other famous Hollywood players, lovely Una Merkel, popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, chose a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator for her home. She likes the comfort of its silence for herself and for her guests. And being a woman, she likes a bargain. The greater savings offered by the gas refrigerator make it a real bargain for any home. Today, nearly a million modern families enjoy the exclusive advantages of this amazing refrigerator that has no moving parts in its freezing system.

10 YEARS OF EFFICIENT SERVICE IN WASHINGTON APARTMENTS

"We have roughly more than 600 Servel Electrolux in our properties, bought during the last ten years," write David Baer and Robert Scholz, well-known builders, of Washington, D. C. "Today, the 235 units we installed in our Alban Apartments back in 1926 are doing just as good and silent a job as our most recent purchases." Simplicity of operation accounts for this lasting efficiency.

SERVEL ELECTROLUX *owners enjoy more years of low-cost food protection with this amazing modern refrigerator that*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS

Read why its noiseless, different operation saves you money throughout its long life

WHAT FAMILY wouldn't enjoy the *comfort* of permanent silence in a refrigerator? Yet even after you've considered *this* advantage of Servel Electrolux's silence, you've only begun to appreciate its real importance. Actually, it's your assurance of lasting, money-saving service, too!

That's because the *reason* for this noiseless operation is a basically different refrigerating system that has no moving parts! A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant that produces steady food-preserving cold and cubes of ice. There are no moving parts to wear, none to become inefficient and increase the cost of operation!

This matchless simplicity quickly sets Servel Electrolux *apart* from every other refrigerator. And because of it, you enjoy longer, more satisfying performance—continued savings on food bills and leftovers—the same amazingly low running cost year after year.

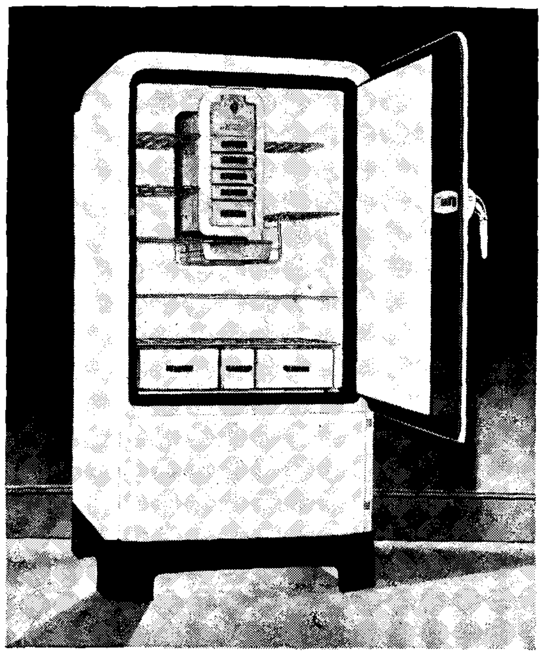
But examine the new 1937 models at any gas company or dealer showroom. Discover why nearly a million families are so enthusiastic about the *gas* refrigerator. Be sure to ask about the easy purchase plan. Remember, the great American gas industry has thoroughly tested Servel Electrolux and recommends it to you. Your local gas company offers prompt and willing service, should it ever be needed.

For farm and country homes, it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

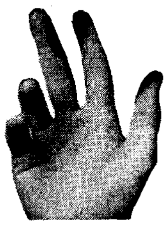
Though you live miles from the gas mains, you can *still* enjoy the same modern refrigeration that Servel Electrolux brings to city homes. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana. (Servel Electrolux is sold in Canada as well as in Central and South America.)

SERVEL ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



THE EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK . .



NO MORE INK-STAINED FINGERS!

● *Once you cap this pen,* no ink *can leak from the barrel onto the finger-rest. When you uncap it, you find your Eversharp* clean—*no ink stains when you use it or lay it down.*

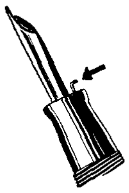
IT CROSSES INK STAINS OFF YOUR LIST OF TROUBLES!

"THERE!" you may say, capping your fountain pen with all your vigor, "that pen can't leak now!"

But, if it's an ordinary fountain pen, it *can* leak—for there's nothing to prevent it. Ink can leak from the barrel into the cap—and then you discover ink on the finger-rest. And—on your fingers, clothing or gloves.

Eversharp ends ink stains!

Screw the cap on an Eversharp—and it won't, *can't* leak—because its Safety Ink Shut-Off* locks the ink in the barrel.



Screw the cap firmly into place, and it closes this little valve, sealing the ink in the pen-barrel as tightly as a cork seals a bottle.

Upside down, right-side up, on its side—in your pocket, brief case or desk—your Eversharp stays clean. *It can't leak,* thanks to its Safety Ink Shut-Off—a feature that *only* Eversharp has!

And only *Eversharp offers you your choice of* a regular point *or the* Adjustable Point—*the point that any one can change or "tailor" to fit his own writing style—an important thing to remember when you're giving a fountain pen!*

You can not only get Eversharp pens of pyralin, in the beautiful Doric design illustrated, but also in gold! See this new gold-filled Eversharp—sold at stationery, jewelry, department and drug stores.

Test Eversharp's writing smoothness, note its greater ink capacity and visible ink supply.

Guaranteed-for-life Eversharp Gold Seal pens, $7.50 to $10.50—unconditionally guaranteed during the life of the owner, except against loss or wilful damage, and subject only to a 50c servicing charge to cover handling costs, postage and insurance. Other models, $2.75 and up. Pencils to match, $1.25 to $5. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.

Eversharp *Square Lead* fits all makes of mechanical pencils—and fits them so much tighter that it can't slip, twist or turn in the barrel. It's stronger—writes smoother, blacker, and holds a keener point. Ask for the genuine Square Lead in the Eversharp "Red Top" package.

*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF upset the rest of you. The guilty one will do the suffering. After dinner, I hope that I'll be able to give you the name along with the cognac."

There was a quick, whispering intake of breath all around the table. A tremor of light on the glass which Leslie Carton was fingering made Ryder glance at her. Every other face was grave but she still forced her lips to smile.

THAT brutal announcement by Leggett would have ruined almost any party and probably the good humor in this one could not have survived except for Mike Ravenna exclaiming: "Perhaps John is thinking of *my* sins. I've got enough of 'em. But my heart is floating right among the terrapin. Leslie, say something to cheer us up."

"Maybe nobody's head will go off except Jimmy's," said Leslie Carton.

The people laughed at this, except John Leggett, who kept looking straight before him at his nephew and seeing nobody. Eileen Durante lifted her big eyes at Ryder and said: "It's all just a joke, isn't it? Nothing will really happen, will there?"

"Of course it's just a joke," answered Ryder, but he felt a gathering suspense.

There was plenty of wine, particularly a priceless Romanee with a bright jewel in the heart of it. Most of the people drank a good deal and presently Ryder managed to make out the insidious voice of Jimmy Hickey saying to Marene Sutherland: "After all there *ought* to be a good party when the fatted calf comes home."

"Don't be nasty about him," said Marene Sutherland. "David seems nice."

"That's one of your pleasant maternal attributes, Marene," murmured Hickey, "you're so devoted to the young."

Ryder caught the rather apprehensive eye of Leslie Carton and smiled at her. "My time to burn a bit in the fire," he nodded. "Or should I trample it out?"

"That doesn't seem to do any good," she answered. "Men have hammered him to pulp before this."

"WHY does everybody seem guilty?" Ryder asked her.

"Because we haven't paid our way with John, for one thing," she answered.

"You mean that he's a great entertainer?" suggested Ryder.

"Yes," she answered.

"And so people pretend to like him a little more than they really do?"

"He wants real human beings," said the girl. She looked at Ryder and flushed, so that he suddenly realized that in this century only tennis and cocktails make girls blush. "He wants to have real people around him, but he only has a lot of bright chatter and pretty girls."

"But that big, hearty fellow, Ravenna. . . ." suggested Ryder.

"Perhaps," she agreed. "Perhaps he's different, or perhaps we're all wrong. Do I seem guilty, too?"

"I don't care whether you're guilty or not," said Ryder.

Her eyes took note of him but she said nothing more. He had to turn to Eileen Durante. In contrast with the warmth of Leslie Carton, she had the impersonal quality of a lovely child. Whenever she spoke she smiled and whenever she smiled she opened her eyes a little so that she kept shining and dimming and shining again as she talked.

"I've heard about your singing," he said.

"I sing a little," she answered. "I'd like to sing a lot but—you know, there's not a lot of me, is there? It's only a small sort of a voice but voices sometimes grow like the rest of us, don't you think so? I sing duets with Mike Ravenna and that's very nice except when he forgets and goes booming."

She laughed and shook her head.

"Did you know Dorrie?" he asked. "The air here seems to be full of her name."

"Dorrie? Oh, yes. No one in the world ever was as sweet as Dorrie. Sometimes we used to sing together but then, of course, nobody paid the least attention to me."

"She disappeared?"

"Isn't it a frightful thing? Isn't it dreadful? She was going to meet Porter Brant and some of the rest one evening after the theater and she didn't come. She just didn't come! . . . And that was all that we ever heard about her. . . . Leslie Carton lives in the same room that Dorrie used to have. Isn't that a strange coincidence?"

"That *is* strange," said Ryder to Leslie Carton. "That you should have taken the same room that Dorrie used to have. Dorrie was her name?"

"Dorrie Innis. Having her room is how I happened to meet some of these friends of hers."

Brant's voice, loud, strident, interrupted them: "I want an opinion from everybody. I've been talking with Harry Weinstock, of Weinstock, Ruhl, and Klosterberg. He's seen the picture of Leslie Carton and he says that she's a natural for any picture I want to direct her in. But when I put the thing up to Leslie, she declined. I told her the sky was the limit, but the sky seems a pretty low ceiling to her. Now I ask you all . . . what is the duty of a beautiful girl? Has she the right to keep herself from the eyes of the world?"

REFUNDS AND ADJUSTM
TODAY IS MAR 27

"I'd like to exchange these artists' materials for a good camera!"

GEORGE WOLFE

Leslie Carton smiled.

"Porter offers me a lot of Weinstock money," she said, "and practically no wardrobe at all."

The table laughed.

"I imagine he wants to put you in a South Seas story, doesn't he?" asked Ryder.

There was more laughter. Hickey said: "Look at Ryder, Leslie. He's really angry. Look out for yourself. I've an idea that he's decent enough to be dangerous."

RYDER felt her look suddenly up at him and that her color had deepened a little. The sneer of Hickey passed him by. He could have blessed the venomous little man, for it was sufficiently plain, now, that the cosmopolitan nonchalance of Leslie Carton was only assumed.

One of the servants came in and murmured at the shoulder of the host. The dinner had come well to an end and Leggett stood up.

"I have to see someone in my study," he announced, "to receive very special information about one of you."

As Leggett stood up, the others began to rise. He rested the tips of his fingers on the edge of the table, looking around the oblong of faces with a grin.

"We haven't eaten as well as we do at Mike Ravenna's house," said Leggett, "but Mike wears us out at the table and I wanted to keep some of your attention for the little story I'm going to tell you later on. The story is in my office now waiting for me in black and white that will be poison for one of you. I'll soon be able to tell you who it is. Mike, will you take charge of the men for a while; and you do the same for the ladies, Elspeth? . . . David, let me speak to you a moment."

Even when the club was flourished over the heads of the guests in this manner the second time, their chatter continued as cheerfully as ever. As Ryder went to his uncle he heard Jimmy Hickey saying: "I suppose he'll expose *me;* but what do I care about scandal? You can't kill a salamander with fire, you know!"

Then Ryder got to Leggett and found him with a wine-flush in his cheeks and a gleam of excitement deep in his eyes.

"You're finding Uncle John a darned rough fellow, even with guests in his own house, eh, David?" asked Leggett. "But before I go to see my bird of evil, tell me something: Which of your neighbors would you choose, my lad? What does the old prophetic instinct say to you about Leslie Carton or Eileen Durante?"

"I'm too young to love children," said Ryder. "But Leslie Carton is different."

"The hell she is!" exclaimed Leggett in unaffected disgust. "Well . . ."

But he turned on his heel without more words and went quickly out of the room. On the way, Claussen called after him: "No more bad news from the street, John; not that, I hope!"

Leggett disappeared without an answer and Claussen picked up Ryder to say: "He's been losing his shirt. I suppose you know that? The great open spaces are the place for your uncle, where he can dig it out of the ground."

DURING this time and the moments that followed, the tragedy happened. There was a good deal of movement through the rooms. The groups which formed dissolved again. The men went about streaking cigar smoke through the air; the women rustled upstairs and down; so that no one, afterward, was able to swear to exact times and locations.

Nobody will know if you use it—but everybody will know if you don't

Don Herold Says:

The chance you needn't take

This is written for men who don't need Mum.

They're the kind who need it.

I'm not interested in men who aren't interested in utmost personal cleanliness. I'm after the fellow who bathes scrupulously every day or so—the man who wants to be perfect—who, in fact, thinks he's so careful that he doesn't need Mum to cover up.

He's the one who needs it, and who *deserves* it.

A bath really lasts about 30 minutes when it comes to this perspiration aura business. Especially if you're the perspiration aura type. You can scrub the skin off—and still need Mum in half an hour.

I'm talking to men who would like to use it as a precaution—not as a disguise.

I mean men who'd rather use Mum every day ALL YEAR than be caught ONCE needing it. *Nobody will know if you use Mum, but everybody MAY know if you don't.*

Mum is a pleasant cream which stops perspiration odors without interfering with perspiration. Millions of MEN now use a dab under each arm every morning, and again before evenings out. It's good also for the feet, to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

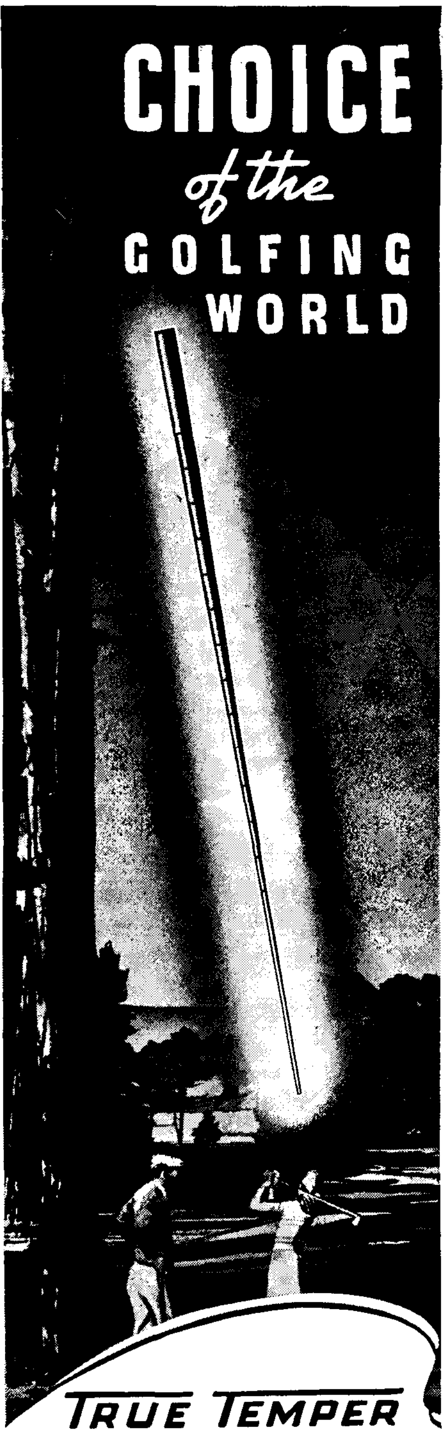
I don't need it but I play safe

It's easy to take, because it has a faint, agreeable fragrance which pleasantly invites its use.

If you're the sort I mean, you seldom "send coupons" but I hope you'll vary your custom and snip off the corner of this page and send it for a free sample of Mum, to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M-47, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



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True Temper Golf Shafts—used by the winners of every major golf tournament in 1936—used by more than 95% of all tournament golfers—used by all golf club makers on their better clubs — used by more golfers in every nation on the globe than all other makes of golf shafts combined.

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TRUE TEMPER
The Golf Shaft of Champions

Cains, during this interval, saw Leslie Carton go into the drawing room, stare for an instant at Tiepolo's picture of a gondola loaded with Venetian youth and beauty, and then hurry down the hall toward the office. He did not see her a little later when she ran up two flights of stairs and opened the door of an unlighted room. She closed it behind her without turning on the switch and felt her way through the blackness until her hands touched the soft pelt of a velvet curtain. Under it was the damp cold of the window pane. She found the catch, turned it, and pushed the window up with such care that it made not the least sound. Afterward she leaned out and looked to the left, but a row of little ornamental balconies blocked her view. She hesitated there for a moment. Then she took off her slippers and climbed out onto the narrow balcony. It had no guard rail to speak of and the wind leaned a hard shoulder against her dress, as against a sail. She had to take a grip on the partly raised sash of the window to anchor herself as she swayed far out. Only at the full stretch of her arm was she able to look through the window one story below, where the wall of the penthouse made an angle.

If the shade had been all the way up, she could have seen much more but as it was, all she could make out was half the body of a man stretched on the floor and another figure leaning over him. Instead of framing this picture, the edge of the window cut off the vital portions of it; she could not see the head or shoulders of either man. The man who lay on the floor did not move. A highlight blazed steadily on the toe of one of his patent-leather shoes. The pull on her arm made her muscles tremble and her fingers began to slip on the window sash, but she held her position long enough to see a hand slip inside the coat of the fallen figure and take out a long envelope edged with the red, white and blue checkering of the air mail. After that, she climbed back through the window, found a chair, and sat down in it while she pulled on her slippers.

SHE drew down the window, let the curtains fall together with a soft whisper, and in the black of the room retouched her hair into shape. With her memory she tried to light again the scene which she had looked down upon. It was like seeing the faces of actors without being able to hear their spoken words. The legs of the fallen man were quite long. Above the knees the flesh, pressing against the floor, filled out the trousers smoothly. He had a good deal of bulk about the waist, too, and the picture in her mind's eye was of a tall, heavy man. The figure that stooped over him was big, also, but there was a suggestion of greater youth about it. If she could have looked one foot higher into the picture she could have seen everything, but the window shade beheaded the image.

She went over the hem of her skirt to brush away any possible dust from the chiffon. Since she wore no make-up except for lipstick, she rubbed her cheeks to freshen their color before she made her way to the door and out, briskly, into the hall. All the way downstairs she walked slowly, breathing deeply to bring nerves and body under control.

David Ryder, running up the stairs with the effortless spring of a hurdler, encountered the girl at the landing. He sidestepped to let her pass, murmuring some vague greeting, and he noticed two oddities as she went by. The first was something strange about her smile. The strangeness lay in her failure to lift her eyes to his face as she smiled. Women leaving a theater are apt to talk and smile in that manner with lowered eyelids, so that their tears may not be seen. Also, the ruby pendant just below the hollow of her throat trembled into a blur of rosy light and he knew that her whole body was shaken by the wild beating of her heart. Ryder noted these symbols of emotion in the instant of passing the girl. His hand went out in a tentative gesture that stopped her.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

She shrank from his hand. As her eyes flashed up he saw the pupils dilated by fear into the true blank and mindless stare of terror.

"Nothing . . ." she started to say, and glanced up the stairs, shuddering.

"You don't mean that someone is following you?" he asked.

He put his foot on the next step but she shook her head.

"Don't talk, then," said Ryder. "Sit down here."

There was an Italian stone bench near them. When Ryder got her to the bench she slumped down on it.

"I'll get a cognac to you in ten seconds," said Ryder. "Don't move . . ."

"No . . . stay with me!" she whispered.

Her head inclined to one side with weakness and Ryder dropped to his knee beside her.

Eileen Durante, passing through the hall below, glanced up. She paused to study the two figures on the bench with those wide, clear eyes. Then she went on.

"Make me stand up," murmured Leslie Carton.

RYDER took her under the elbows and helped her to her feet. She drew in a greater breath.

"Lean on me a moment," directed Ryder. "You're better. Your color's coming back and the shudder is going out of you. . . . Can you tell me what's wrong?"

She could not speak. The lights in her eyes kept changing.

"Don't bother, then," said Ryder. "I'll ask no questions. I'll not even *think* a question."

"Thank you," said her lips, with only a ghost of a voice upon them.

She was mastering herself like a man, growing taller, and the pendant at her throat gleamed with a steady eye as her trembling stopped.

"I mustn't be gone from them long," she said. "Do I seem all right now?"

"You're better every moment. But don't go yet."

"I'll try to smile. . . . Does that cover things up a bit?"

He did not reply.

At last he said: "I'll take you down,"

"No. I'll be stronger if I go alone," she told him; and then, laying a hand on his arm, she added: "How kind you are!"

His own action surprised him. Of course he had lived in Europe so long that he had picked up some of their manners, yet he was amazed to find that he had lifted her hand to his lips.

She went down the steps and paused once, looking back with a faint smile as though already she missed the strength of his support.

Afterward he hurried on to his room but when he reached it he forgot what he had wanted. He gripped the back of a chair and leaned his weight on it and tried to think but his brain kept whirling. The very air that he breathed lacked something that was vital to his existence. After a moment he realized that it was the perfume she wore, a clean, delicate fragrance, and he knew then that he never would forget it, for the thought of her was qualifying the very breath of life.

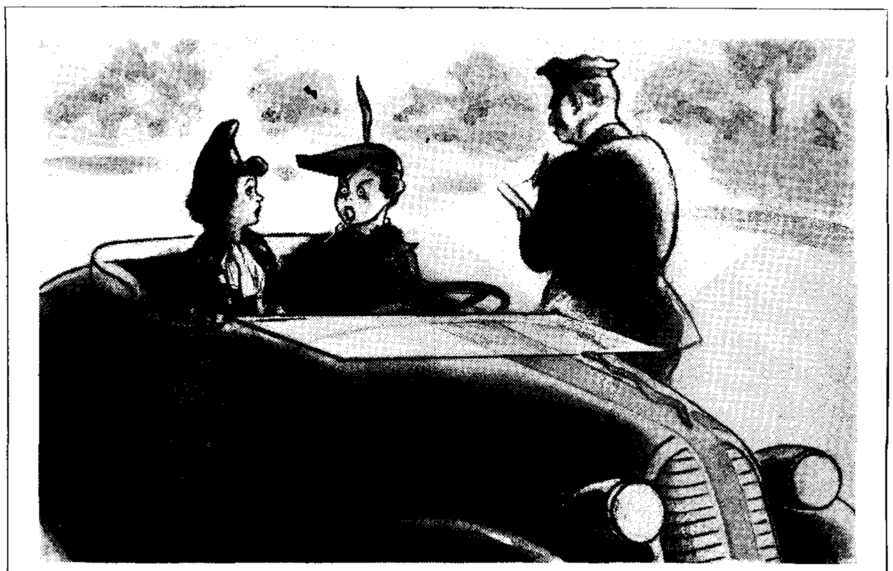
HE WENT down to the library and found that he was the last one in. They stood about in groups except for the childish figure of Eileen Durante, who was prodding the logs in the fireplace to a flame that really was not wanted for warmth. Huge Mike Ravenna stood over her with his laughter rumbling. Jimmy Hickey sat on a deep couch between Countess Lalo and Elspeth Claussen. Marene Sutherland stood by the long, ponderous Italian table talking very earnestly with Sydney Galloway, who looked pale. Eric Claussen sat by himself, with his chin on his hand, and Porter Brant was pouring the last of a powerful brandy and soda down his throat, while Leslie Carton chatted and laughed beside him. Ryder, apart, watched them all, and had one deep moment for wonder at the cheerful color in Leslie's face.

Martin came in, looking out of place in his sack suit. He went straight to Ryder, not forgetting his manners and his bows to ask pardon for the intrusion as he crossed the room. Then he was saying close to the ear of Ryder: "Will you come at once, sir? In the study . . . your uncle is . . ."

The thin, sallow lips of Martin trembled over the words. He choked, the Adam's apple working up and down in his scrawny throat. Ryder went out of the room with him instantly. In the hallway he said: "Now what's the matter, Martin?"

The valet turned his head, making a gesture with both hands that seemed to proffer an explanation, but he said nothing as he opened the door of the study. From the threshold Ryder saw John James Leggett lying on the green rug beside the desk, smiling a little with half-open eyes and a bullet hole in his temple. In his right hand he still held an automatic.

(To be continued next week)



"It must be this hat. He didn't give me a ticket when I wore that cute little turban with a veil"

NED HILTON

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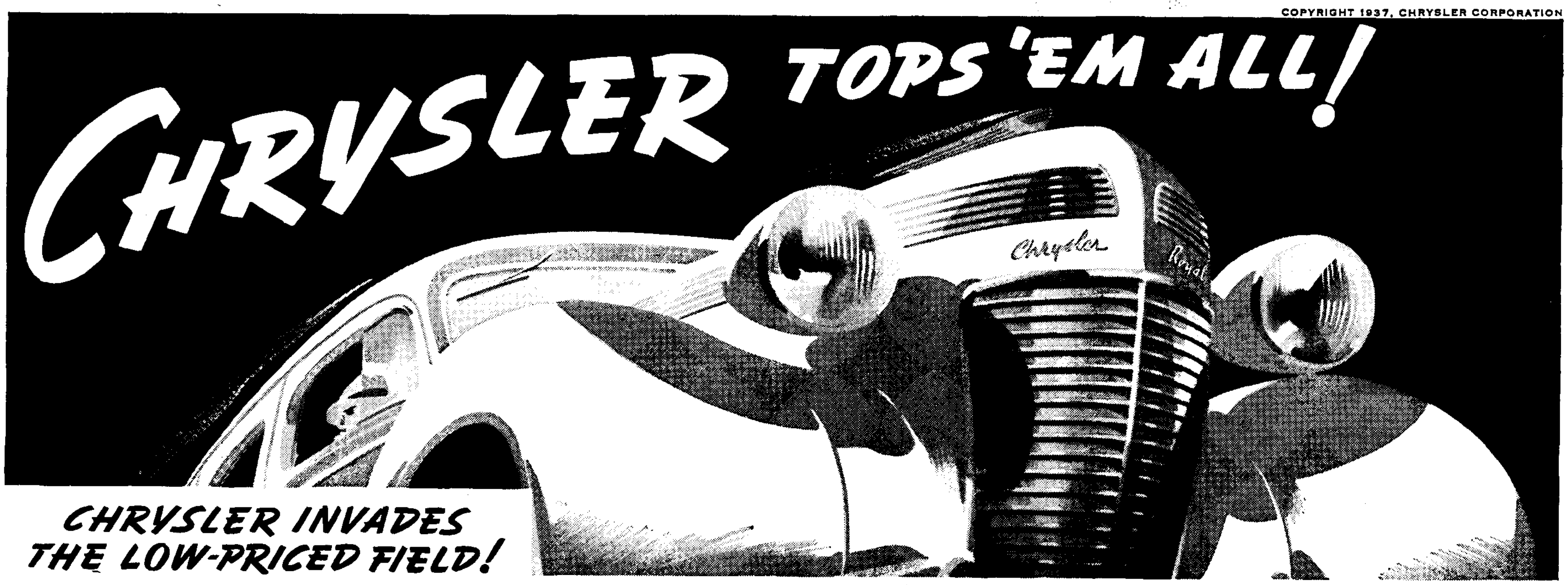
CHRYSLER TOPS 'EM ALL!



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AT LAST... REAL SPACE IN A LOW-PRICED CAR!

"FIRST CAR I've seen with room enough," says J. A. Want of Mountain Lakes, N. J. "It's great to find a really roomy car that's also outstanding in economy." "I'm a salesman," says D. L. Gilbert of Glendale, California, "and I need a lot of room in my car for samples. My new Royal certainly fills the bill. I average a thousand miles a week, and the easy riding and handling mean a lot to me." "The safety features sold me," says Dr. Nicola Gigante of Detroit. "There's nothing to compare with Chrysler's wonderful hydraulic brakes and safety all-steel body."

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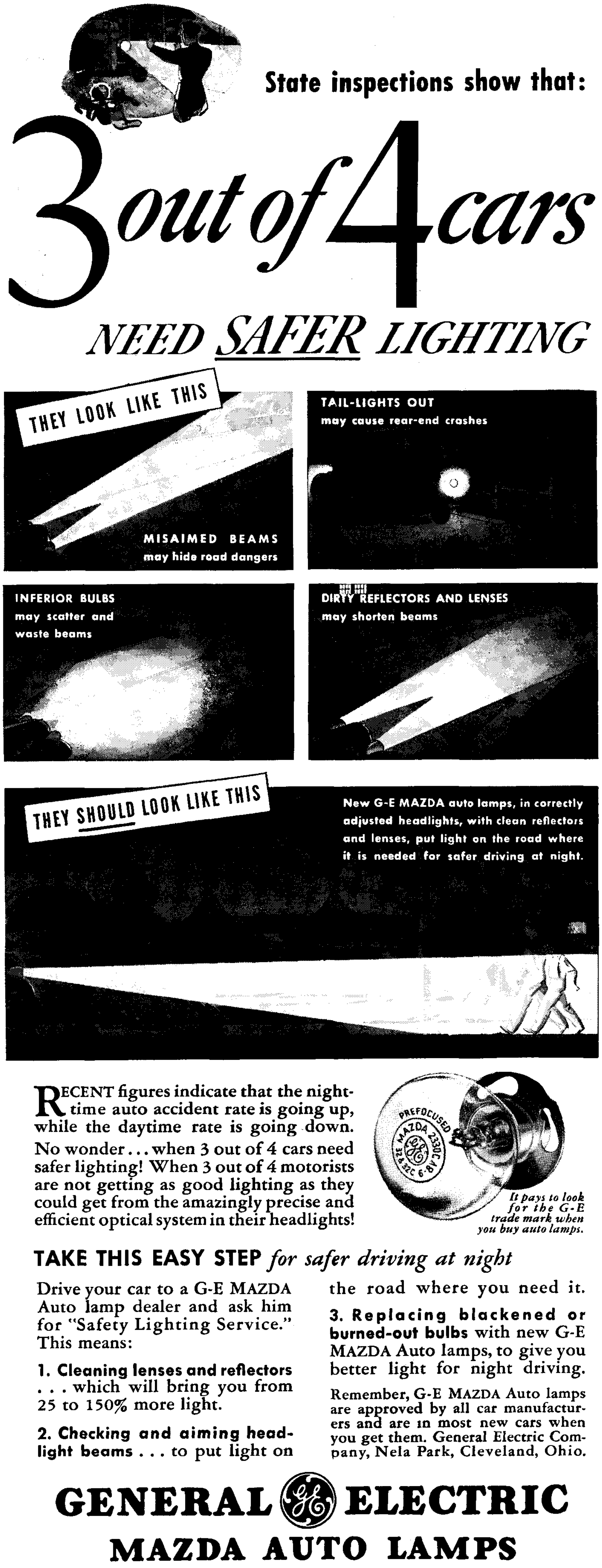
See the new Chrysler Royal and the other 1937 Chryslers today. Every Chrysler dealer also displays the brilliant 1937 Plymouth. Convenient time payments arranged to fit your purse on the official Commercial Credit Company plan.



State inspections show that:
3 out of 4 cars
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THEY LOOK LIKE THIS
MISAIMED BEAMS
may hide road dangers
TAIL-LIGHTS OUT
may cause rear-end crashes
INFERIOR BULBS
may scatter and waste beams
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may shorten beams
THEY SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS
New G-E MAZDA auto lamps, in correctly adjusted headlights, with clean reflectors and lenses, put light on the road where it is needed for safer driving at night.
PREFOCUSED
MAZDA 2330C
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It pays to look for the G-E trade mark when you buy auto lamps.

RECENT figures indicate that the nighttime auto accident rate is going up, while the daytime rate is going down. No wonder... when 3 out of 4 cars need safer lighting! When 3 out of 4 motorists are not getting as good lighting as they could get from the amazingly precise and efficient optical system in their headlights!

TAKE THIS EASY STEP *for safer driving at night*

Drive your car to a G-E MAZDA Auto lamp dealer and ask him for "Safety Lighting Service." This means:

1. **Cleaning lenses and reflectors** . . . which will bring you from 25 to 150% more light.
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Remember, G-E MAZDA Auto lamps are approved by all car manufacturers and are in most new cars when you get them. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

Fattening the Lean Years

Continued from page 23

gleaming through high-powered glasses, everybody in the Department feels that the solution is as good as found. Others equally able were Roy M. Green and W. H. Rowe, both of whom came into the government service some years ago from chairs in the Kansas State Agricultural College.

To this group of specialists, therefore, Secretary Wallace confided the job of whipping the idea into sound, sane workable shape. Naturally enough, a first step was the collection of facts and figures for a study of the experience of private companies in the field of agriculture. Investigation developed that insurance had been confined largely to damage by hail, although at four different periods were there adventures in "all risk" crop insurance. In 1889, for example, a Minneapolis company sold policies that guaranteed the farmer a return of $5 an acre from his crop at harvest time, charging a premium of 5 per cent. A poor season and low prices ended the experiment.

In 1917, two companies offered "all risk" insurance in the spring-wheat section of the Northwest. They guaranteed an income of $7 per acre and levied a ten per cent premium. Despite a vigorous attempt to insure only crop land from which a yield of $7 an acre had been obtained for the three preceding years, a season of drought forced the venture's abandonment.

In 1920 one of the large Eastern fire insurance companies went in for agricultural business, and issued an "all risk" policy with exceptions in the case of hail, tornado, fire, failure of seed to germinate and provable negligence on the part of the farmer. The farmer was guaranteed a percentage over the estimated cost of production per acre, and the premium was 5.75 per cent of the coverage. Settlement was based on the difference between the portion of the crop salvaged at market price and the face of the policy. The plan, quite obviously, involved insurance of price as well as yield, and the slump of 1920 made for heavy losses. In 1921, therefore, the company changed its policy to eliminate the factor of price fluctuations, but the terms were so restricted and the financial condition of farmers so desperate that there was no sale for the revised policy.

Approved by the Wheat Men

What seemed clear to the Black-Rowe-Green group was that private enterprise had been gambling both on the weather and on the market. Quite definitely, therefore, they rejected consideration of cash indemnities and cash premiums and, as for guarantee of income, they quickly waved away all thought of attempting to determine a production cost per acre for some thirty million farms.

The next decision that had to be made was as to the extent of the experiment. Would they take in all of the major crops or start off with three or two or one? Looking around, the experts discovered that the AAA had collected the records on corn and wheat production for a full six years, showing the exact annual yield per acre on about four million farms. Wheat growers, however, manifested the deepest interest in the plan, endorsing it by formal resolution, so it was decided that the crop insurance program should apply at first only to wheat.

Now Dr. Black and his associates called in representatives of private insurance companies, leading warehousemen and the governing groups of national farm organizations, and made them parties to all conferences and decisions. The insurance men agreed that crop insurance was a government job, and furnished their best actuaries; the warehousemen advised on storage facilities, and the farm bodies contributed the fruit of actual experience. A first decision of the assembled experts was to put aside all thought of a *normal price,* and base the system on the establishment of a *normal yield* per acre.

The reason for this is that one farmer's feast is usually another farmer's famine. In a year of drought some regions suffer a total loss while others sustain only a 25- or 50-per-cent damage. In a bumper year, one county may harvest hugely, while the next county may gather only an average crop.

The Consumer Also Benefits

Going on from there, the experts determined that the amount of insurance on any farm would be determined by the average yield per acre, and that only a percentage of the crop would be insured, say 75 per cent. Obviously it is a plan that guards against excessive insurance for the farm that has a low average yield, while permitting adequate coverage for the farm with a high average yield. If a yield is less than the specified percentage, the farmer will be indemnified for the difference between what he actually harvests and the amount of the insurance. And both premiums and indemnities will be paid in wheat.

Here is how the plan is expected to work out in actual practice: At or about the time of seeding, Farmer Jones out in Kansas or Nebraska applies to his local committee for a crop insurance policy. This committee, with the record for six years before it, both for the Jones farm and every other farm in the county, looks over the figures. First of all, the farm's average yield over the six-year period is determined. Then Farmer Jones' bad years, during which he fell under the average, will be considered. Also the loss experience of the whole county. This done, the loss is averaged for the six years, and the amount constitutes the premium that Farmer Jones will have to pay.

Let us assume that the average yield per acre is found to be sixteen bushels. Insuring up to 75 per cent, Farmer Jones will be guaranteed a yield of twelve bushels per acre. The loss experience of the farm and the county is then averaged, and one and a quarter bushels of wheat per acre is set as an annual premium. This premium will be paid by Farmer Jones in his good years, and the wheat checked, stored and sealed either on his own farm or in the nearest elevator. In bad years he will have grain returned to him up to the amount of his actual loss. If, for example, his crop is a total loss, he will be paid the full twelve bushels for which he is insured, while if he harvests four bushels, he will receive eight bushels as an indemnity. The entire transaction all in kind, no money changing hands, and best of all, a completely decentralized plan, localized and even individualized as far as possible.

It is the "constantly normal granary" of the Chinese, in fact, with crop insurance requirements serving as an automatic regulator, the fat years taking care of the lean. While storage of the year's surplus will act to prevent price declines, the release of reserves in bad years will check price leaps to the consumer.

There's Many a Slip

Continued from page 12

woods, but suddenly England discovered in 1931 that it had a singles player to pair with Bunny Austin: I had worked hard and long to gain recognition and it so happened that my game suddenly got going in a way to make it seem like a gift from Providence.

What happened in my case may happen again in 1937. America hasn't heard much about the ranking players of England save the top two, but there are others who have a lot of good tennis in them.

In the present British ranking are found G. P. Hughes, C. E. Hare, H. G. N. Lee, C. R. D. Tuckey, E. C. Peters, D. W. Butler, Nigel Sharpe and Frank Wilde. From this group will undoubtedly come the man who will stand with Austin as England's singles pair. I suspect that it will be either Hare or Wilde.

England's Chance

Here in the States they may say that Hare and Wilde, who were finalists in the Wimbledon doubles last year, are no good for Davis Cup play. But a lot of people who are rated as tennis prophets never thought Austin was much. They never saw him play at Wimbledon and judged him only by what he did in America, where the heat got him down. They know better now, and they may come to change their opinion about Hare, who was unranked for 1935 and now stands fourth.

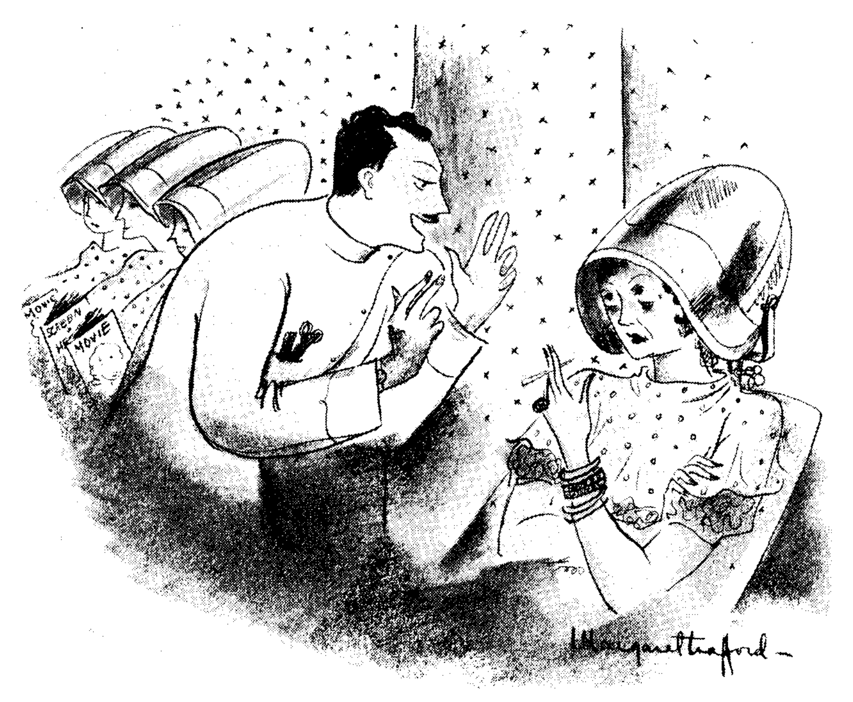
Looking at the situation as it stands now, actually England doesn't seem to have more than an outside fighting chance. That chance depends upon Austin's winning two singles and Tuckey and Hughes, Wimbledon champions, coming through in the doubles. It is possible that they might do it, but hardly probable. So Great Britain, on the hard, cold facts, doesn't look like a good bet. But remember that history may repeat itself six years after 1931, when F. J. P. jumped up to Number Two in the British ranking, and don't count England out.

The history of the Davis Cup has demonstrated that one-man teams have little chance of success. Two good singles players have been on every winning team. During America's long reign in the twenties, she had Tilden and Johnston or Tilden and Richards. Then along came France with Cochet and Lacoste and then Cochet and Borotra. England had to wait twenty-one long years to win back the cup and it was not until she had two strong singles players that she ended the blight. When Johnston and Richards dropped out, Tilden found the task of recapturing the cup beyond his great powers. As soon as Borotra, who had replaced his ailing teammate, Lacoste, retired from singles in 1933, France's reign was ended. So history is against Great Britain unless one of her lesser lights finds the spark to ignite his game and give his country a strong pair of singles players.

Of the four countries in the running for the championship this year, only Australia and Germany have a fixed team. The United States, like Great Britain, faces a problem in the choice of its Number Two man. Australia and Germany know who their Number Two is going to be and in that respect they have an advantage and are in the best position.

Australia has even three good singles players of experience—Adrian Quist, Jack Crawford and Vivian McGrath, all of whom are good enough to merit nomination. Germany has Baron Gottfried von Cramm and Henner Henkel. Henkel, of course, is not in quite the same class with von Cramm, but he is a lot better than most people in the United States suspect and it is well to recall that he beat Crawford and McGrath in the 1935 cup play in Germany. Henkel's trouble is that he cannot, or at least he usually fails to, hold a lead. He had von Cramm two sets down on three occasions on the Riviera and lost each time and he was near to victory over Bitsy Grant in the third set at Wimbledon last June, only to succumb in the fifth.

Australia and Germany both have good doubles teams. Crawford and Quist defeated Donald Budge and Gene Mako at Germantown in 1936. Von Cramm and Henkel seven times stood within a stroke of victory over Wilmer Allison and John Van Ryn in the interzone match in 1935, and last year, against the same team in the Wim-



"Shall we wash madame's sins away with a facial?"

MARGARET TRAFFORD

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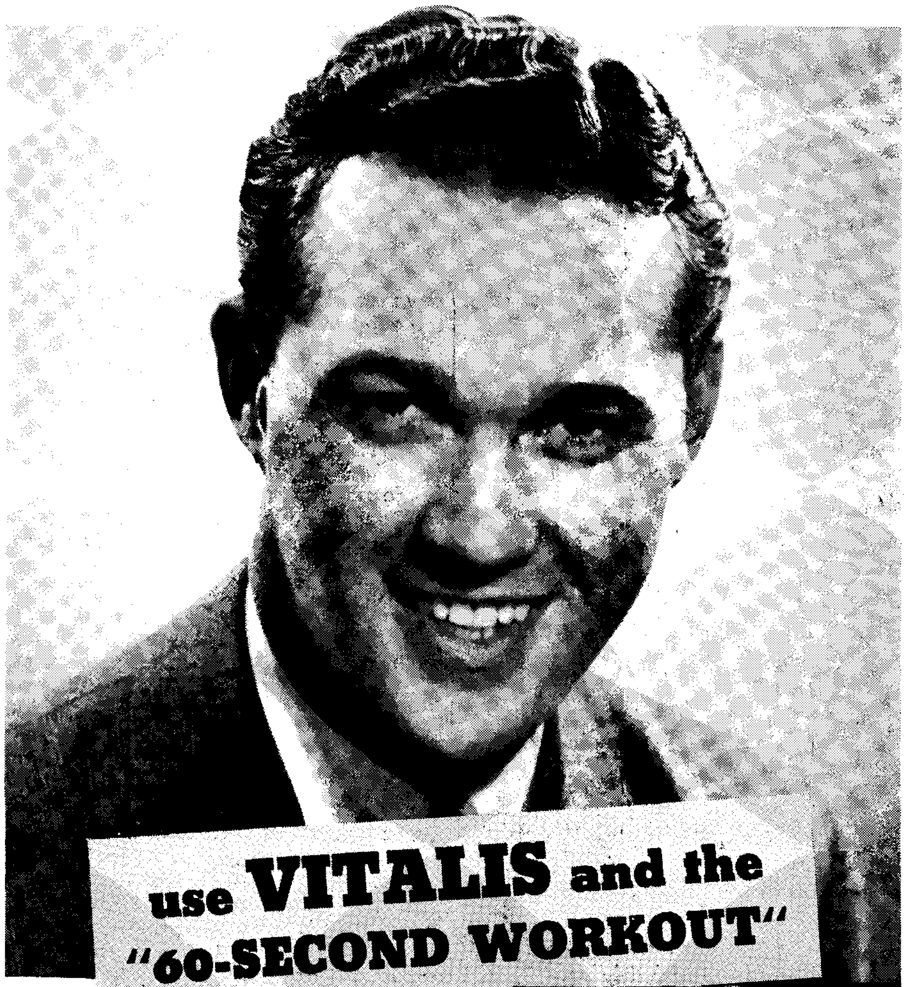
A SOCIAL "BUILD-UP" FOR ANY MAN!



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FIRST impressions are important—that's why men who are properly ambitious for social and business success are ever watchful of their looks. They know that well-groomed hair reflects a rightful pride in their appearance. And to give their hair the proper care—to keep it lustrous and neat and handsome—they use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Just rub Vitalis briskly into the scalp. Circulation speeds up—the tight, dry scalp is awakened—hair responds with a healthy good-looking lustre, but no objectionable "patent-leather" shine. The pure vegetable oil of Vitalis helps replenish needed scalp oils. Loose dandruff is routed. Vitalis and massage assists in giving you a handsome head of hair...a credit to your appearance.

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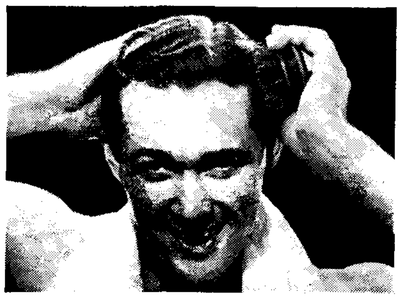

• 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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HELPS KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

ASK YOUR BARBER for genuine Vitalis in the new sanitary Single-Application Sealtube. Where you see this seal, you are assured the same genuine Vitalis you use at home.

Weather: CLOUDY
Pains: INTENSE
but now Absorbine Jr. helps relieve aches and pains

"EVERY cloudy day used to start up my muscular rheumatic aches and pain," writes C. D.* of Oakland, Cal. "But I discovered that by applying Absorbine Jr. once or twice at the first sign of mugginess in the air, much of my sharp pain is relieved."

Let Absorbine Jr. stand guard in *your* medicine cabinet as a quick relief for sprains and strains—muscular rheumatic aches and muscle soreness—as a quick destroyer of the fungus of Athlete's Foot. Many doctors, nurses, hospitals recommend it. You'll find it thrifty to use; a little goes so far. All druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

**Based on actual letter in our files*

ABSORBINE JR.
Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

bledon championships, the Germans scratched at match point in their favor to permit von Cramm to save himself for the singles. Of the two doubles teams, I consider Crawford and Quist the stronger, but von Cramm and Henkel conceivably might beat them or any other team they may come up against.

Von Cramm, whose physical condition declined late in the 1936 season, is almost certain to win one singles match against any country and he might win two, while Henkel has a chance to win one. So Germany's outlook is healthy.

Quist and Crawford will both take a lot of beating and the chances are very good that between them they will win at least two singles matches. If their doubles is up to par, the Australians, too, can see where 1937 is their year. I should say that von Cramm is more likely to win two singles than is either Crawford or Quist (or McGrath) but the Australians are more likely to win one match each than is Henkel and have the edge over Germany in the doubles. On personnel, then, Australia rates a thin edge over Germany should they meet in the interzone final at Wimbledon.

Talent at Home

We now come to the United States. In Donald Budge America has a great player with a splendid armory of strokes and an excellent temperament for the game. In Budge and Gene Mako, she has a doubles pair who are capable, at their best, of beating any team.

I do not need to sing the praises of Budge. He showed in 1936 of what he is capable. He beat both Crawford and Quist at Germantown, though Quist might have been a different proposition had not the outcome of the series already been decided, and he took over Quist again at Wimbledon a month later. He defeated me in a team match at Eastbourne. He gave me my hardest fight at Wimbledon. I shall not soon forget how near he came to beating me at Forest Hills, and at Los Angeles I came off second best against him again.

I do not hesitate to say that Budge has it in him to win both his singles matches against any team, but let me remind you that nothing is sure in tennis. I would rate Budge and Mako as fully an even proposition against any team. They lost to Crawford and Quist last year, but one stroke missed by a thin hair spelled the difference between victory and defeat, and the year of added experience should be beneficial to the young Californians. So I can see where the United States has its best chance of winning back the cup since it was lost to France in 1927, even if its Number Two singles man makes no contribution.

Who that Number Two will be I can only guess. I wouldn't say Grant, for I don't think he has the variation to his game to be quite good enough. Because of his stroke limitation, I wouldn't say Parker, in spite of his fine record for 1936, which won him the highest ranking of his career.

My guess would be either Bobby Riggs or Joe Hunt, the two fine youngsters who came along in 1936. For the long haul I should favor Hunt, though Riggs has exceptional natural ability, a pace off his backhand that I wish he would teach me, a better temperament than Hunt and may win the more matches of the two this year.

Much depends upon Budge's preparation for the international tests. I think that the biggest mistake Americans make is in playing too much serious tennis, with the result that they fail to make the most of their game when the really important matches are at hand.

I should like to cite the procedure of the British Davis Cup team. We never spent months getting ready for the challenge round, wearing each other down in hammer-and-tongs battles. A week or so before the matches, we went down to Eastbourne. It was like a holiday outing.

Austin never won Wimbledon or Forest Hills, but look at his record in the Davis Cup. He was right when he was playing for his country. So was Cochet when he was keeping the cup in France. Nothing else mattered to him. He habitually was beaten in an early round at Wimbledon, and I suspect he was glad, so he could get away to relax and prepare himself for the cup matches on the hard courts of France.

This matter of playing for your country is another point I wish to stress in making comparisons. This one may be particularly odious and I hesitate to make it, but I do not think that the members of American teams have been quite as conscious of their obligations as have been the British. It has struck me that there has been a lack of team spirit and an undercurrent of feeling between certain players and that they have lost sight of their real objective, if not sacrificed it, in their personal rivalries. This may seem highly presumptuous and out of order on my part, but I feel sure that the players will substantiate what I say, and I say it only because I am convinced that it partly explains the United States' lack of success.

I think that the officials have been partly at fault in allowing this rivalry to flourish in sending the players out on the court in so-called test matches up to within a few days of the cup matches, as was the case preparatory to the tie with Australia last year at Germantown. It may have been that the press exaggerated the importance of the tests, but there it was in the papers to add fuel to the flames and make the players all the more conscious of their rivalry. This could all have been eliminated if the team had been named well in advance, taking the pressure off the players and allowing them to relax instead of straining to beat one another and remaining in an atmosphere of tension almost up to the day of the matches.

As I see it, the whole turning point of the 1937 campaign, from the American angle, is centered in the prospective meeting between Australia and the United States. Will Budge be fit to play three hard matches in singles and doubles? Can he beat Quist and Crawford (or McGrath) in singles and turn the trick again in doubles with Mako? If he can, I should say that America will have gone a long way toward winning the cup.

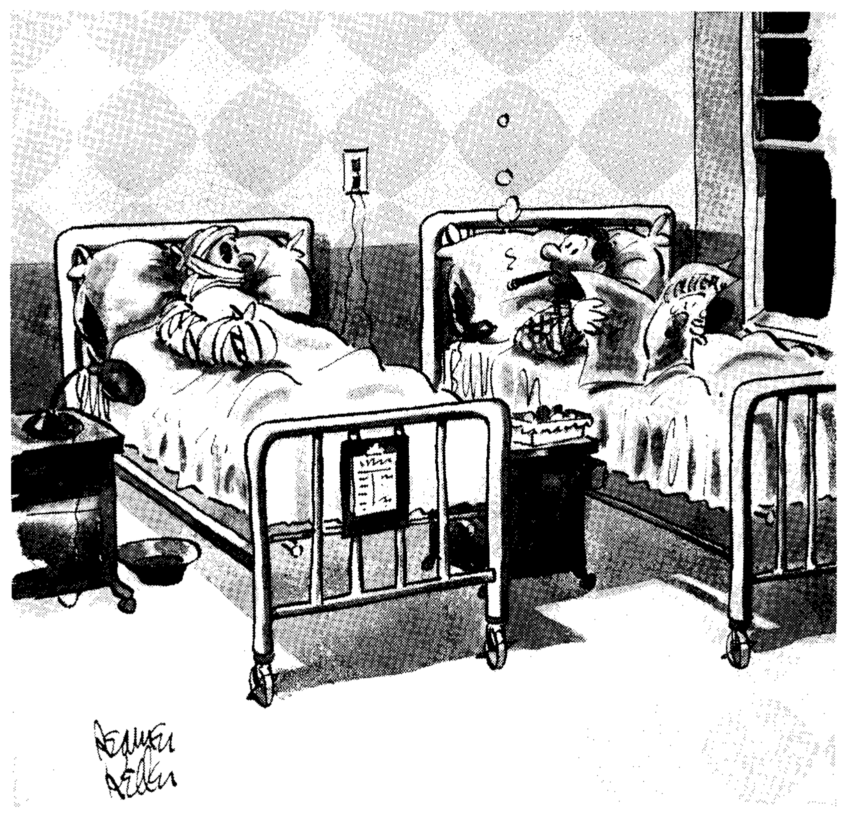
The answer to the question lies largely in Budge's physical condition. If he has not used up too much of his strength by his tournament play in California and the South during the winter and is brought along carefully in the two weeks before Australia is met, I rather think the answer will be yes. But that is an important "if" and a great responsibility for one man to carry on his shoulders.

The Internationals

Of course right now there are three great tennis classics, Wimbledon, the American Nationals at Forest Hills and the Davis Cup. I look forward in the near future to seeing a fourth added—the International Open. A tennis tournament bringing together the best amateurs and professionals in the world is a logical development which must come just as the Golf Open came.

The players themselves want it; the spectators certainly do. From a tennis viewpoint imagine the interest between a Vines-von Cramm match or a Budge-Tilden contest. The gate receipts would help the amateur tennis organization to develop young players, to build more public courts and to encourage tennis not primarily as a tournament game but as a grand and healthy pastime.

There are hundreds of really fine players in the country who just can't afford to travel around playing in tournaments. Professional tennis is no longer an experiment. It's on its way to becoming an important institution. Eventually those fine players who can't play now in tournaments will be entering professional tournaments. Criticism which is now often leveled at young players who spend all of their time traveling from tournament to tournament will be stilled because by then professional tennis will be a career in itself—an honorable and possibly lucrative career.



"I wasn't satisfied to hit the truck. I had to hit the driver"

REAMER KELLER

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No Bite!
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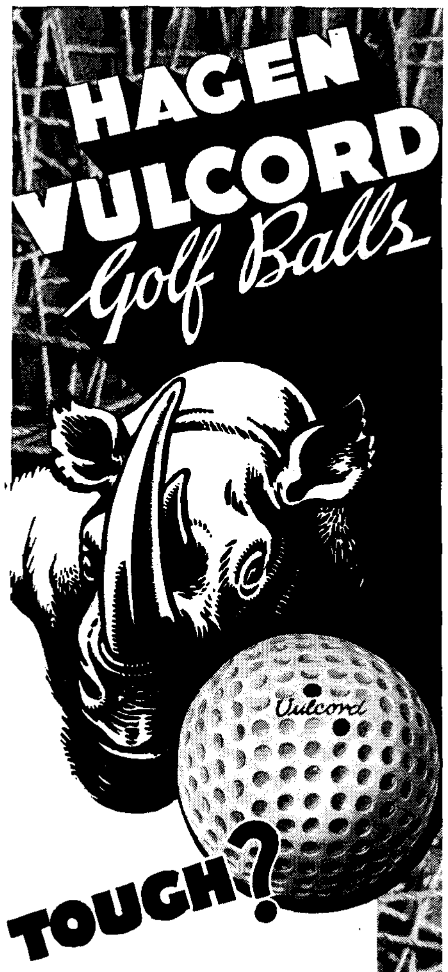
Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.



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A continuous toughening cord is embedded in the vulcanized cover. No other ball like it! The same principle as the modern automobile cord tire. And you know how tough and lasting that is.

Here is a ball as tough as sole leather yet it possesses all the distance-getting qualities for which Hagen is famous.

It goes out there . . . way out there . . . with just that sweet feel and perfect click off the club head. Almost impossible to cut through.

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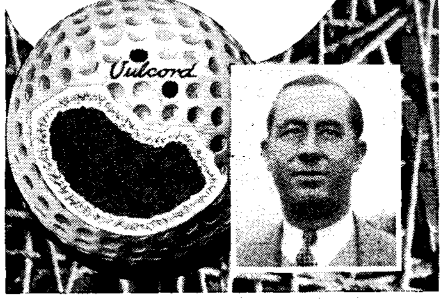
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Laundry for 300 students is part of the work assignment of these Blackburn College girls

No Checks from Home

At Blackburn College they have a new idea—don't make the students work their way through college; let them run the place. From building to ironing, it's all done by undergraduates, and they can tell from the ache of their muscles just what an education is worth. And what's more, they like it

By Quentin Reynolds

"WHAT? Why, that's a mangle," the tall, blue-eyed girl said just a bit disdainfully. Imagine anyone not recognizing a mangle!

"But what," I asked humbly, "is a mangle?"

She sighed and shook her head pityingly. Very attractive she was, too.

"A mangle," she explained slowly in a tone that one might use to a backward child, "is what we use for pressing large pieces such as sheets and tablecloths. It would take too long to press them by hand. After they have been through the washing machine and the drier we put them through the mangle."

I understood a bit but I was still bewildered. I had been bewildered ever since I had stepped upon the campus of Blackburn College, which is in Carlinville, Illinois, and which is unlike any other college in the country. Take this college laundry, for instance. Here were three laughing-eyed girls having a lot of fun doing laundry work, oblivious to the lure of a soft breeze that swept through the open windows.

There was another weird-looking affair which was being attended to by another student.

"This," she explained, "is also a mangle but a smaller one. This is used for pressing handkerchiefs and napkins and things like that."

"This is a fine laundry," I suggested. "The machines do all the work for you. You don't have to iron by hand at all."

The girls looked at one another and one of them pointed to several conventional ironing boards in one corner of the room.

"You can't iron men's shirts, and dresses and—and other things in a mangle," she explained. What she meant was, "Don't you know anything?" Then she added, "You know we do the laundry for the whole student body in here."

Everything But Money

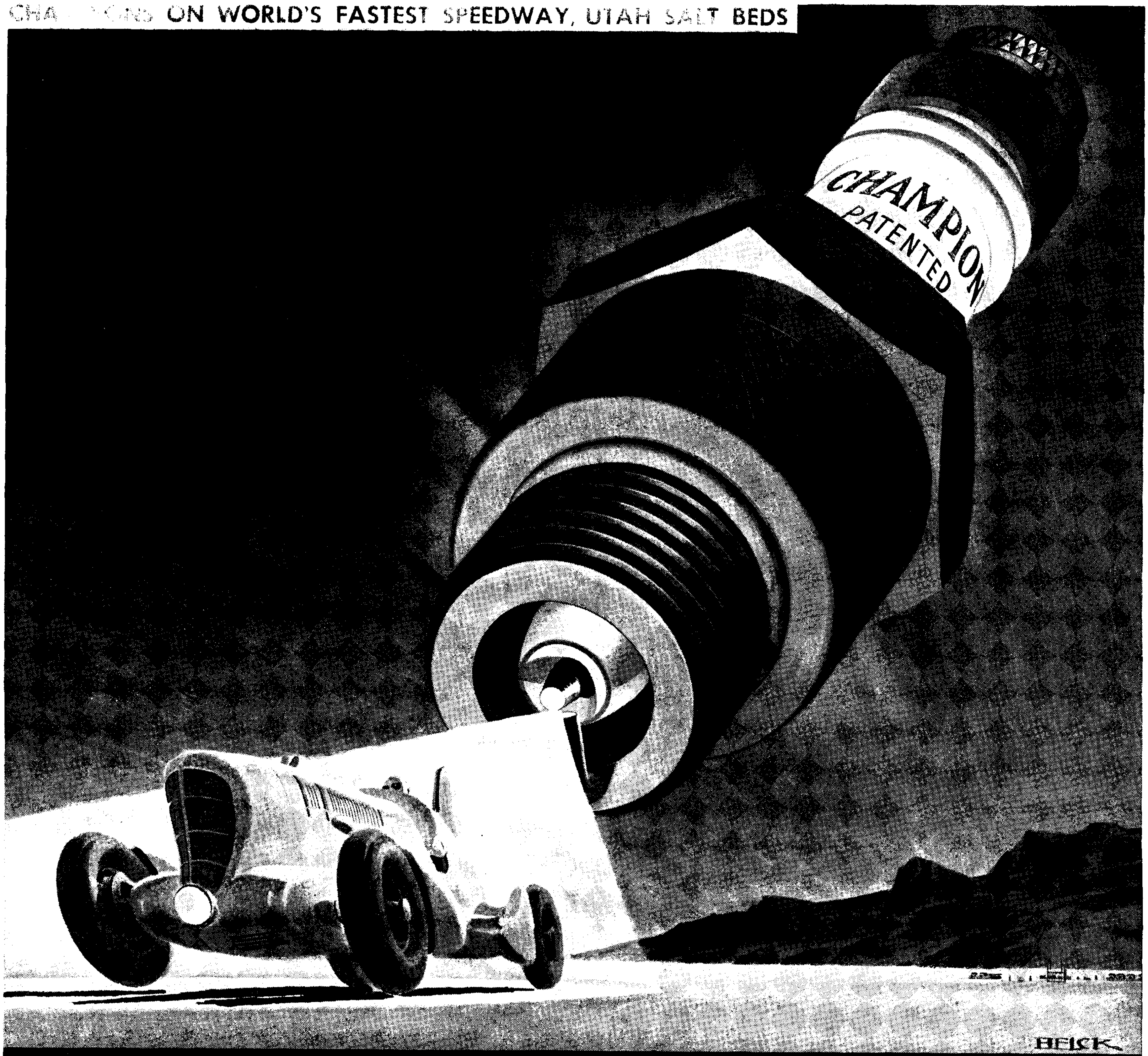
Now this is but one of the features of this very unusual college, a college which has three hundred students, of whom half are girls, and a faculty of twenty-one but which has no employees. The college hires no janitors, no clerks, no engineers or firemen, no cooks or waiters, no night watchmen, or maids to make beds. The students do all of this, for Blackburn College is a "self-help" institution dedicated to young people who have everything but money.

Each student pays $225 when he enters college and this is his or her total expense for one year. It includes room, board and tuition. But, in addition, each student must work fifteen hours a week. He (or she) may work in the laundry or in the fields or at clerking or in the kitchen or in the dining room or in the boiler room or on construction work, but each must work and work hard for fifteen hours each week. In the main, students are allowed to pick the jobs they want and they hold these jobs as long as they show that they are proficient. Otherwise, they are transferred to something they can do better.

Before dropping into the bakery to look at students baking bread and pies; before we talk to the girls who plan and cook the meals and wait on table; before dropping into the agricultural laboratory—before we do these and other things, suppose we consider for a moment the history of this, the most unusual college in the country, for only by looking at the pages of the past can we understand the story of the present. Only then will we be able to appreciate fully this truly noble experiment in higher education, an experiment which has gone far beyond the laboratory stage and which has aroused interest in countries as far away as Turkey.

(Continued on page 54)

CHAMPIONS ON WORLD'S FASTEST SPEEDWAY, UTAH SALT BEDS



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The difference in performance between inefficient or inferior quality spark plugs and new Champions is so marked as to be inescapable. This is established by the world-wide preference for Champions by racing champions, engineers, and the motoring public at large.

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● Your car, your pocketbook, and your own enthusiasm for motoring will all benefit enormously by changing to new Champion Spark Plugs now, and at regular intervals, hereafter. Insist on Champions because you can depend on them.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS

THE
SPARK PLUG
CHAMPIONS
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CHAMPION
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GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
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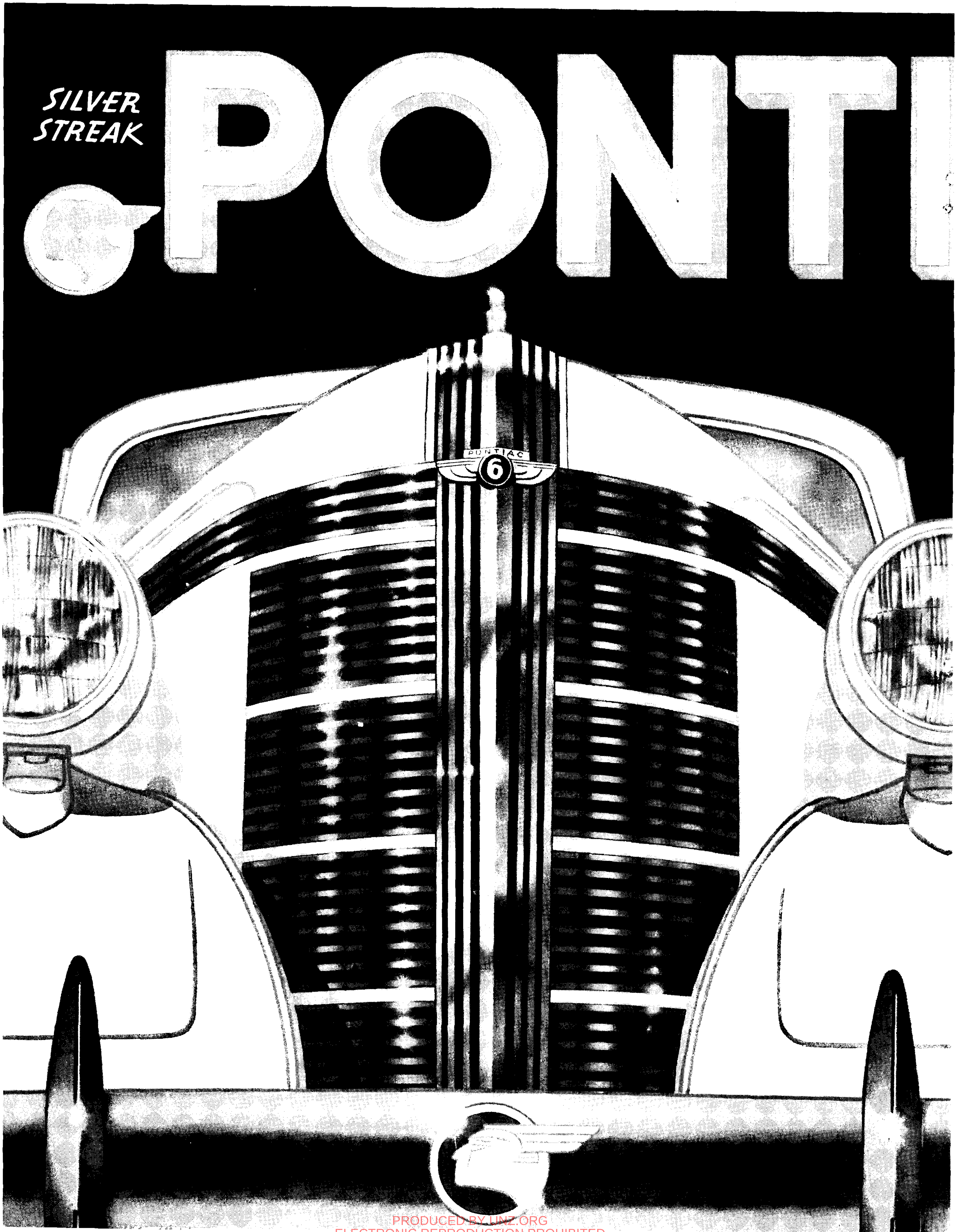
CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL


SILVER STREAK
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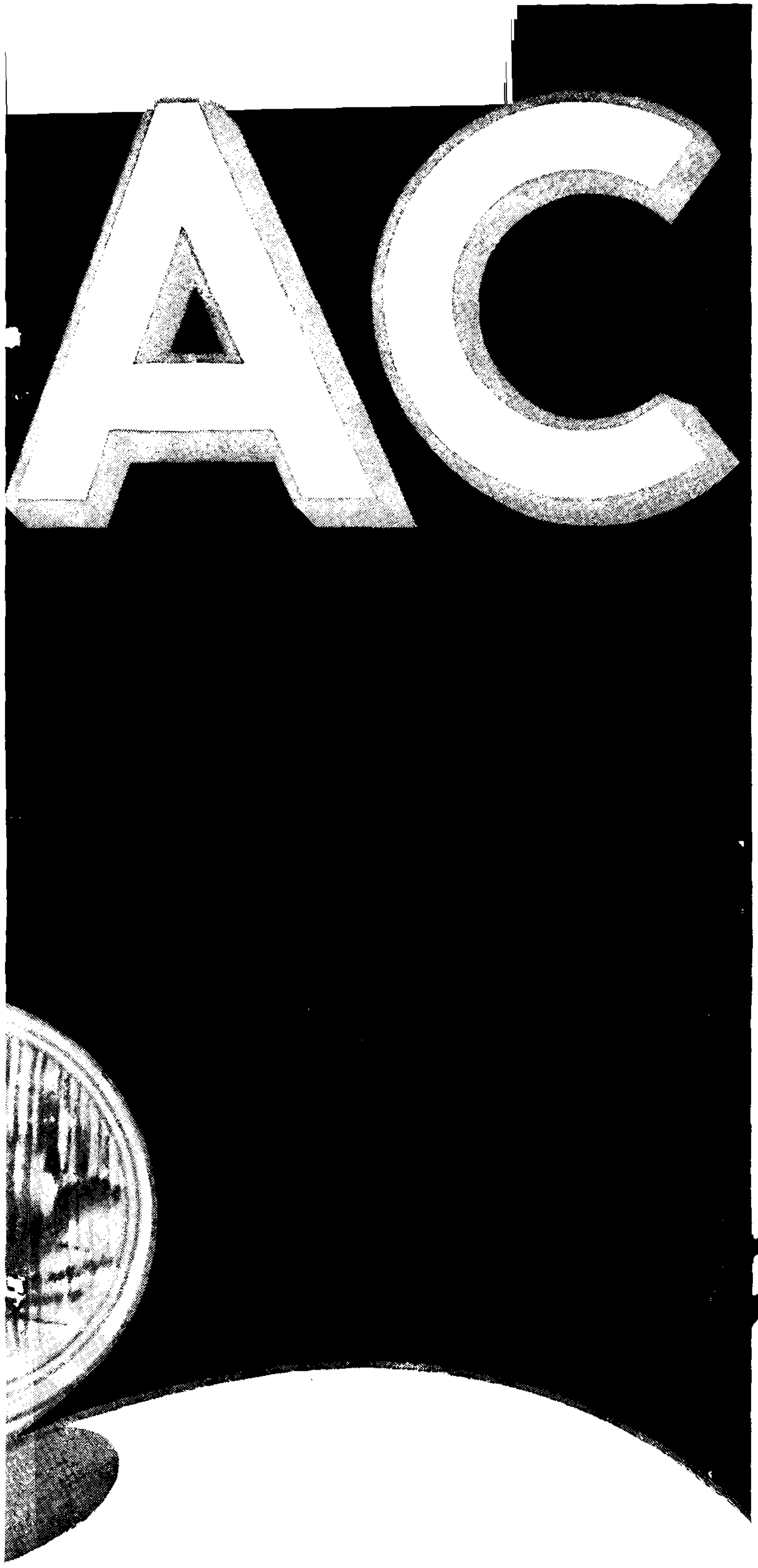

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GREAT NEWS, isn't it, that a car so big, so beautiful, so definitely one of America's greatest automobiles, should also be one of the world's easiest cars to buy! Just read the facts. **Based on 18-months terms in ten representative large cities, the average difference in monthly payments between a Pontiac De Luxe Six two-door sedan and the same model of three well-known low-priced cars is only 15 cents a day.* You can see exactly what that means: Pontiac has dropped the last barrier between you and fine-car ownership. *Price need no longer stand in your way.* You can start right now to drive the car America has named the most beautiful thing on wheels—a car that measures up in every single way to that superlative praise. Ask your Pontiac dealer to show you how little more it takes to own America's finest low-priced car. At the same time he can show you how Pontiac economy quickly makes up for the very slight difference in first-cost—how plainly *everything points to Pontiac.*

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. . . the oil in my engine is still clean; still has its original color. That's because I keep my Purolator Oil Filter in service. I can't afford to let sludgy oil grind away *my* cylinder walls and bearings."

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No car owner can afford to neglect the condition of his engine oil.

Automobile manufacturers who install Purolator Oil Filters at the factory give you this protection because they know how dirt, grit, hard carbon and small metal particles can score and damage closely-fitted moving parts. They know that a *genuine* Purolator keeps the oil clean for many thousands of miles. But, in time, the filter becomes filled with the abrasive substances it has removed and should be reserviced!

Your garage man can attend to this in a few minutes. Have him check the condition of your engine oil. He knows. Motor Improvements Inc., Newark, New Jersey, makers of

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Practically all garages that service Purolators on cars that are factory-equipped are prepared to install a genuine Purolator, engineered especially for Ford V-8's—passenger cars or trucks. The price with all the attachments is $3.25, plus a small charge for installation.

China's Girl Boss

Continued from page 17

Chiang Kai-shek was marching up and down the land with fire, sword and certified checks, defeating competing war lords or buying them off, as seemed easier. China was in process of unification, but the great, patient masses of Chinese peasants who were doing the fighting and paying the taxes didn't seem to be getting much fun out of it.

Far up the Yangtze Valley, British and American missionaries were vacationing at Kuling in the Lu-shan hills. The missionaries, socially minded, thought the unification idea was fine, but got the notion that the masses ought to get some benefit out of it, too. Generalissimo Chiang was doing a good military job of welding the provinces into a nation, but nobody was tackling the social problem.

So the missionaries worked out a rough plan and when Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the smart, American-trained woman who is the brains of China, came up to Kuling with the generalissimo for a visit, they sold her the idea. Soong Mei-ling, as most Chinese know her, is a very direct person and grasps an idea at once. She grasped this one and, after a few short sentences from her, the generalissimo grasped it, too. The general impression among the missionaries is that Soong Mei-ling told her fire-eating husband he'd better grasp it, or else.

The New Deal

Necessity for the Movement was quite plain to the slim Wellesley graduate who runs China behind the scenes. If China was eventually to stand on her own feet and fight for her rights, China had to be modernized. This was being done to some extent by white advisers in government departments and in the army and by American-trained Chinese. But it wasn't being done fast enough and the common people weren't being brought up to date, or benefited much.

So, that summer and fall, Madame Chiang and the missionaries drew up the outline of the New Deal. The movement started among Protestants, but the Catholics came in a hundred per cent. Many government officials were sold on the idea and the thing was touched off by the generalissimo himself at a huge demonstration at Nanchang late in February, 1934. Kiangsi province led the way and a good deal of public support, mainly stage-managed, was whooped up for it. Its backers went to work.

All sorts of fantastic things happened. At Nanchang, the hotbed of the crusade, Boy Scouts stationed themselves along the streets, with boxes. When men approached with hats not quite straight, ties a bit crooked, cigarettes in lips, a boy stopped them, mounted his box, straightened the hat, fixed the tie and threw the fag down a drain, where there was a drain. Then the kid stepped down, saluted and waited for the next victim. Some of the Chinese victims didn't like it, but no foreigner minded.

For the Movement, which hasn't yet aroused much interest among the masses, is regarded by every white man in the Orient as the best thing that's happened to China in centuries. It's making the place livable; it's starting a demand for more Western products; it's slowly but surely raising living standards.

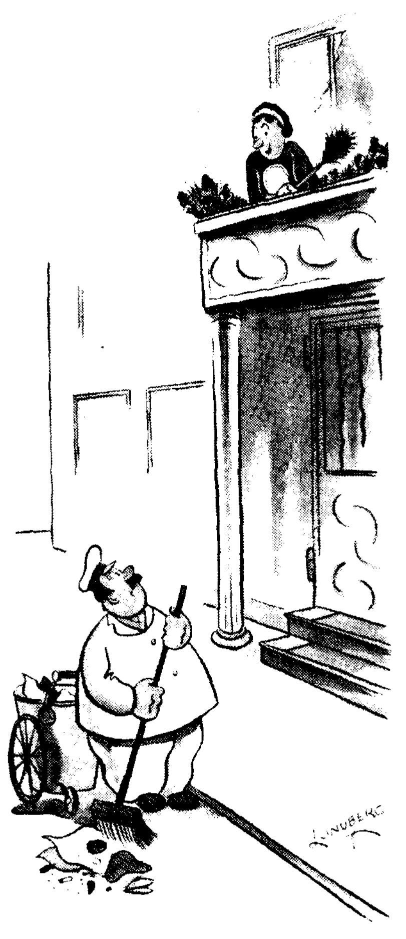
Brought down to the intelligence level of the masses, the Movement bases itself on a revival of the four old Chinese virtues: Li, I, Lien and Chih, which are courtesy, service, honesty and honor.

But if the Movement's formula is Chinese, most of its ideas have been lifted bodily out of the American credo: Don't spit, Safety first, Good roads, Watch your step, Keep to the right, Fresh air and sunshine, Swat the fly, Brush your teeth, Stop, look and listen, Better Babies, Clean up and paint up.

And, above all: Let's go, and Do it now!

Under the drive and energy of Madame Chiang and the Kuling crowd, things began to get done all over China. Occasionally they got overdone and for a time the Movement's leaders were running around with circles under their eyes because things got pretty brutal in spots. Overzealous war lords, trying for a nod from Nanking or a smile from Madame Chiang, sent soldiers and cops around to beat up people who shuffled on the streets, used lipstick, gave tips, gaped at strangers or played mah-jongg.

Barbers' refused to permanent-wave girls' hair and three hundred tailor shops were closed up for making Western clothes for singsong girls and forward-looking society women. And that wasn't all. Squads of cops went around with "chops"—Chinese equivalent of a rubber stamp—and when they ran down a woman in Western dress they held her up and held her down and stamped the characters for "Queer Clothes" where they'd be most conspicuous.



"Hello, Romeo"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

For centuries it had been the Chinese custom—and still is—to get rid of surplus babies by throwing them into the nearest river. Malnutrition and disease got most of the survivors, so that a mother rarely raised more than three children out of a dozen.

So the missionaries and the New Lifers taught hundreds of students about birth control and sent them out into the provinces and the rice paddies and poppy lands and millet fields to spread the new gospel of "Better Families." Women were converted to the idea that it was better to raise three babies out of three, although there were plenty of mothers who blushed and said: "No savvy that pidgin!" while the students argued.

One of the walls the Movement butted into at first was the impossibility of changing the traditions and customs of four thousand years overnight. It tried to make over the entire country right away—the head-hunters over on the Burma border, the barbarian Miaos out toward Tibet, the legendary people with tails in the wilds where no one ever went, and the few million Chinese who already had been westernized—only to learn they'd been westernized the wrong way, and must go back and start all over again.

This was particularly tough on Chinese girls who had adopted Western clothes, cosmetics, customs and chatter. Even Madame Chiang got caught once herself, when she alighted from her plane at Nanchang, wearing a snappy Western coat and hat—and hoped no zealous cop would dash up and stamp "Queer Clothes" somewhere very embarrassing. And she had to give up her cigarettes, too, in public.

The Movement's drive against "superstition" was directed against the greatest time- and money-wasting force in China: Tradition. Formerly, most Chinese families went into debt for years to put on stupendous shows at marriages and funerals; they spent half their income on soothsayers, joss papers and firecrackers to cajole or threaten gods and devils. In fact, until a few years ago, the country solemnly maintained a Department of Astrology and nothing official ever was done until a propitious day had been decided on.

Mass Marriages

Marriage waste has been cleverly fought by mass marriages. Scores of couples, all dressed alike, are welded by high government dignitaries, with flossy trimmings and communal fetes of pomp and feasting. The unit cost is very low and immense "face" is acquired by the couples. Funerals, too, were overhauled, made less gaudy, limited in expense and the custom of hiring two bands to play American jazz on the way to the graveyard was placed under ban.

All this, of course, has had most of the population running a temperature. But you can understand that by finding out what happened in a typical Chinese city. Let's take Hankow.

After hacking boulevards through the city, digging a sewer system and improving the water supply, the New Lifers set up stores for the sale of national products, made everybody wash and boil vegetables before eating them, whitewashed most of the walls, planted trees and issued orders that everyone must wash hands and face three times a day and take a bath once a week.

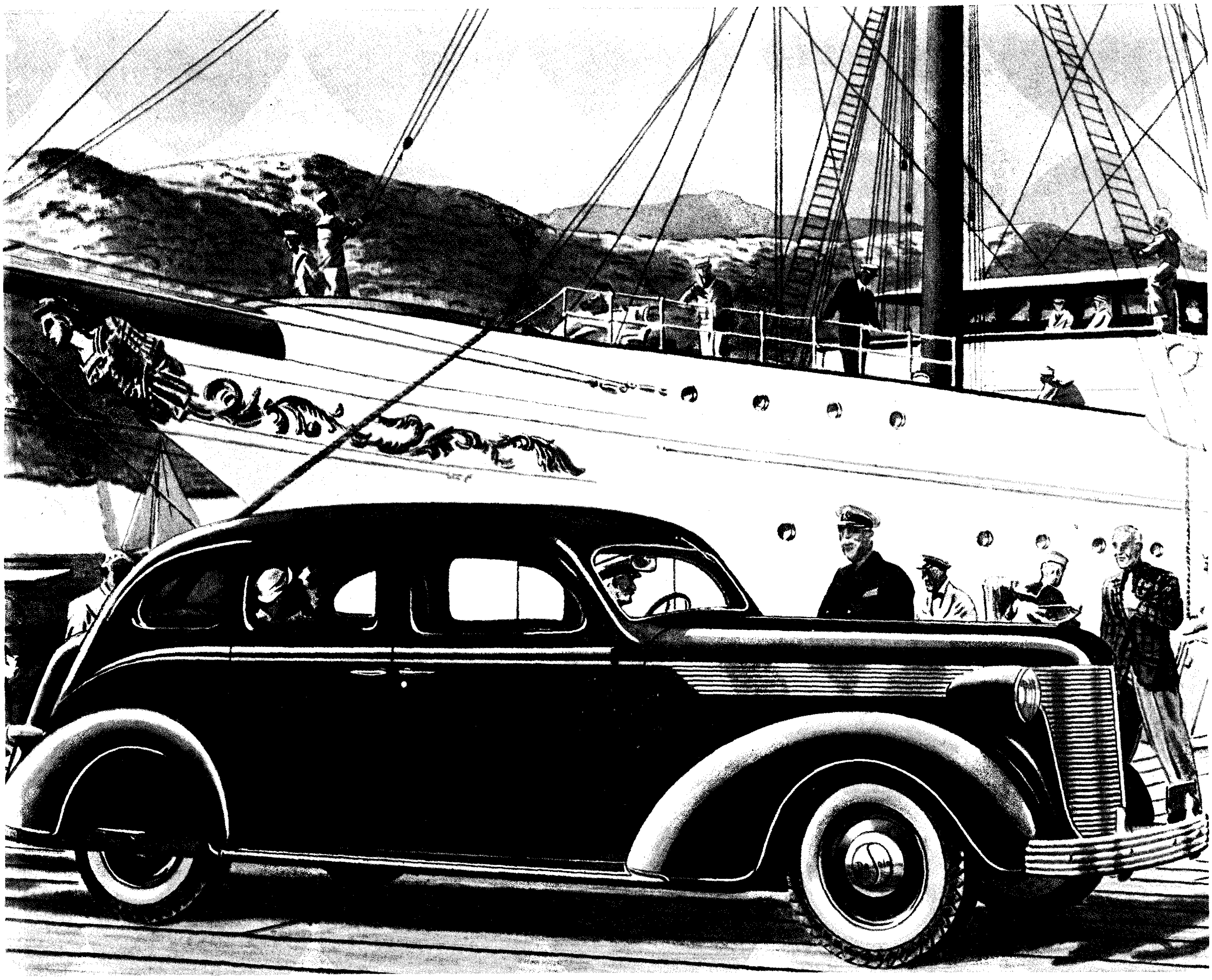
Every white man in the Orient is in favor of the New Life Movement and regards Madame Chiang, the little bundle of nervous energy electrifying the crusade, as the country's savior. But, after three years of terrific effort, the Chinese masses are, today, only starting to move. After all, you can hardly expect to move almost a quarter of the world's population, bogged down for four thousand years, as fast as you can start your new 1937 car.

But if these millions ever start moving, all in the same direction—upward—you might figure that that's the biggest thing in the world.

And they're starting to move, all right.

SUCCESS STORY

from a New Angle



It's NEWS when a Low-priced Car starts a Vogue in America's Smartest Circles

HERE'S SOMETHING from our latest records. From Coast to Coast, De Soto sales are far ahead of last year's...in many cases more than doubled!

Interesting Fact No. 2. Included among new De Soto owners are...many of New York's "400"...an international financier...stage and screen headliners...a member of European nobility...many "Who's Who" personalities...and several business men in the $50,000-a-year bracket.

And De Soto is one of America's *lowest-priced* cars!

This is a SUCCESS STORY from a new angle. Smartness isn't a question of money any more.

No matter how fastidious your tastes are...we believe this smart, new De Soto will win you—*completely!*

That bold "in motion" design is just a hint of the thrills when De Soto's 93 horsepower takes you places.

In the sumptuous, "room-for-six" interior, you'll get the smoothest ride you ever experienced! De Soto's ride is something new in engineering. New rubber body mountings, new airplane-type shock-absorbers, a new distribution of weight..."float" you along the roughest roads—softly, silently. It's the most fatigue-proof car ever built...safest, too, in it's all-steel body and genuine hydraulic brakes.

With all this big-car luxury, you get the amazing fuel savings of De Soto's new "Economy Engine"!

Why hesitate? New low prices make it easy to own a De Soto. Don't let spring slip by. Take a De Soto out tomorrow! Ask your dealer about the Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan. DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

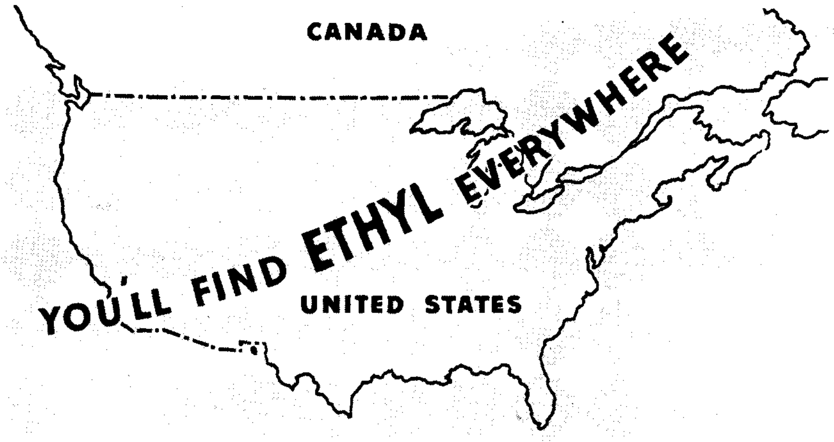
AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

DE SOTO

Now Priced just above the Lowest

ASK THE MAN

100,000 GASOLINE DEALERS SAY



Here are 127 oil refining companies in the United States and Canada which supply more than 10,000 jobbers and 100,000 dealers with best-grade gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the globe or on the base.

IN UNITED STATES

Aetna Oil Service, Inc.
Allegany Refiners, Inc.
Allegheny-Arrow Oil Co.
American Oil Co.
Anderson-Prichard Refining Corp.
Arkansas Fuel Oil Company
Arro Oil & Refining Co.
Ashland Oil & Refining Co.
Atlantic Refining Co.
Atlas Pipeline Corp.
Barnsdall Refining Corp.
Bell Oil & Gas Co.
Bradford Oil Refining Co.
R. R. Bush Oil Co.
Caminol Company, Ltd.
Canfield Oil Co.
Chalmette Petroleum Corp.
Champlin Refining Co.
Cities Service Oil Co.
Colonial Beacon Oil Co.
Col-Tex Refining Co.
Continental Oil Co.
Continental Refining Co.
Crystal Oil Refining Corp.
Cushing Refining & Gasoline Co.
Deep Rock Oil Corp.
Derby Oil Co.
Eason Oil Co.
El Dorado Refining Co.
Elk Refining Co.
Empire Oil & Refining Co.
Fleet-Wing Corp.
Freedom Oil Works Co.
General Petroleum Corp. of California
Gilmore Oil Co.
Globe Oil & Refining Co.
Gulf Oil Corp.
Hancock Oil Co. of California
Hickok Oil Corp.
Home Oil & Refining Co.
Humble Oil & Refining Co.
Hurricane Petroleum Corporation
Independent Refining Co.
Indian Refining Co.
Johnson Oil Refining Co.
Kanotex Refining Co.
Kendall Refining Co.
Latonia Refining Corp.
Lion Oil Refining Co.
MacMillan Petroleum Corp.
Magnolia Petroleum Co.
Mid-Continent Petroleum Corp.
National Refining Co.
Ohio Oil Co.
Oil Creek Refining Co.
Omar Refining Co.
Pan American Petroleum Corp.
Panhandle Refining Co.
Pennsylvania Oil Products Refining Co.
Pennsylvania Refining Co.
Pennzoil Co.
Petrol Corporation
Phillips Petroleum Co.
Pure Oil Co.
Quaker State Oil Refining Corp.
Refiners, Inc.
Republic Oil Refining Co.
Richfield Oil Co. of California
Richfield Oil Corp. of New York
Rio Grande Oil Co.
Rock Island Refining Co.
Rodessa Oil & Refining Corp.
Root Petroleum Co.
St. Helen's Petroleum Co., Ltd.
Seaside Oil Co.
Shell Oil Co.
Shell Petroleum Corp.
Shell Union Oil Corp.
Signal Oil Co.
Sinclair Refining Co.
Skelly Oil Co.
Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. Inc.
  Lubrite Division
  White Eagle Division
  White Star Division
Standard Oil Co. of California
Standard Oil Co. (Indiana)
Standard Oil Co. (Kentucky)
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana
Standard Oil Co. (Nebraska)
Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey
Standard Oil Co. (Ohio)
Standard Oil Co. of Pennsylvania
Standard Oil Co. of Texas
Standard Oil of New York
Stoll Oil Refining Co.
Sunset Oil Co.
Texas Company
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co.
Tide Water Associated Oil Co.
Tri-State Refining Co.
Union Oil Co. of California
United Refining Co.
Utah Oil Refining Co.
Valvoline Oil Co.
Vickers Petroleum Co.
Viking Distributing Co.
Wadhams Oil Co.
Waggoner Refining Co., Inc.
Warner-Quinlan Co.
H. F. Wilcox Oil & Gas Co.
Wirt Franklin Petroleum Corp.
Wolverine-Empire Refining Co., Inc.
Yale Oil Corp.

IN CANADA

Bell Refining Co. Limited
British American Oil Company, Ltd.
Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd.
Champlain Oil Products, Ltd.
Cities Service Oil Co., Ltd.
Home Oil Distributors, Ltd.
Imperial Oil, Ltd.
McColl-Frontenac Oil Co., Ltd.
North Star Oil, Ltd.
Shell Oil Co. of British Columbia, Ltd.
Shell Oil Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Standard Oil Co. of British Columbia, Ltd.
Union Oil Co. of Canada, Ltd.

AT THE PUMP!

"OUR *BEST* GRADE IS MARKED ETHYL"

YOUR CAR + GASOLINE WITH *Ethyl* = 100% PERFORMANCE

WITH ETHYL ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

AND THIS IS WHY:

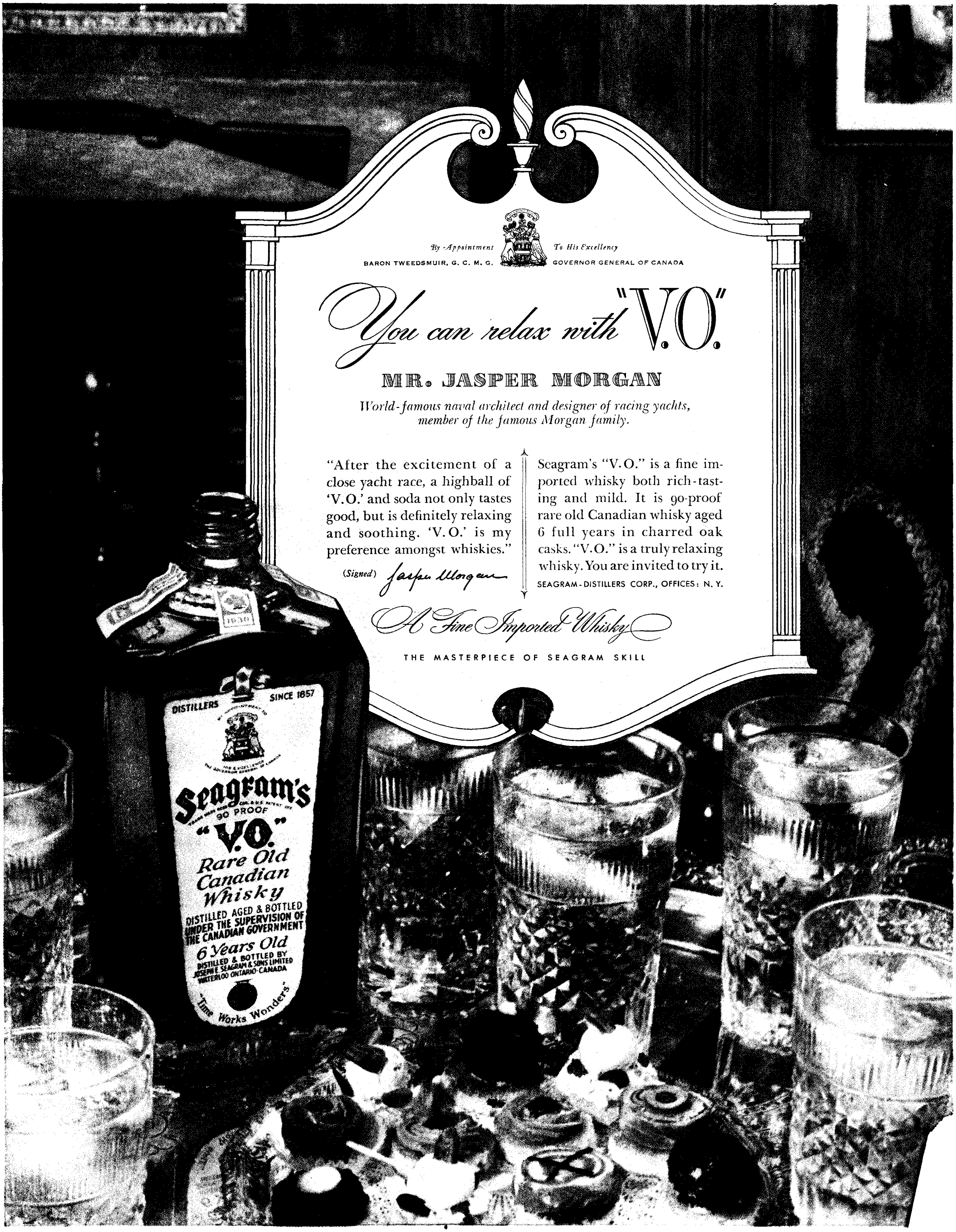
1 You get more anti-knock fluid (containing lead tetraethyl) at pumps marked "Ethyl" than you get in the best regular-grade gasoline.

2 You get all-round quality (including quick starting) that is *double-tested*—by the oil company and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

3 You get 100% performance from your high compression engine.

4 You save on oil as well as gas by preventing knock and overheating.

NEXT TIME TRY ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY


DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
By Appointment to His Excellency the Governor General of Canada
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90 PROOF
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Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"
1930

By Appointment BARON TWEEDSMUIR, G. C. M. G. *To His Excellency* GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA

You can relax with "V.O."

MR. JASPER MORGAN

World-famous naval architect and designer of racing yachts, member of the famous Morgan family.

"After the excitement of a close yacht race, a highball of 'V.O.' and soda not only tastes good, but is definitely relaxing and soothing. 'V.O.' is my preference amongst whiskies."

(*Signed*) Jasper Morgan

Seagram's "V.O." is a fine imported whisky both rich-tasting and mild. It is 90-proof rare old Canadian whisky aged 6 full years in charred oak casks. "V.O." is a truly relaxing whisky. You are invited to try it.

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., OFFICES: N. Y.

A Fine Imported Whisky

THE MASTERPIECE OF SEAGRAM SKILL

Loser's End

Continued from page 11

"Who gave you this assignment?"

She leaned forward, her hands pressed white over the edge of the desk. "You know everything," she said sharply. "I've given myself away about Jerry before now."

He half closed his eyes and stretched his legs and smiled at her. "Janie and Jerry!" he said. "Imagine that!"

JANIE and Jerry! Oh, he was wrong there. Not Janie and Jerry—just Janie all by herself. Jerry never could see her, except as a good fellow, someone to work with, to argue with at the big table in Randy's 'round the corner, to knock around with when he felt kiddish and young. Jerry was in love with Claire the first day he saw her; Jerry was a love-sick fool when he married Claire! Jerry still loved Claire, despite anything she could do, and he always would.

She looked at Wylie levelly. "I'm trying to help him."

"Help him by warning me?"

"Not for your sake. For his. This isn't something you joke about in Jerry's language. I'm afraid—oh, I don't know what he may do when he finds out."

And Wylie put back his head and laughed. "Murder in the city room," he said. "That would be laying a story in your lap, Janie."

She stood before him, realizing her helplessness, unwilling to quit. She said, "You can't laugh! You mustn't!" But she knew she had failed.

"Finished now?"

"Won't you believe it? When Jerry finds out—"

"When he finds out he'll go heroic. He'll protect a lady's honor. He's the type who would." He nodded at her casually. "It must be I'm a very brave man, Janie."

He said this calmly as she turned abruptly away. But inside he wasn't calm at all, because this last was a lie, and he didn't even pretend to himself any more. He wasn't brave; he was pretty much a coward, really, about a lot of things, and he hated whoever made him afraid. He hated very old people and people who were ill because he was afraid to be old and afraid of pain. And, as he sat looking after Janie, still very much the unruffled master of the moment, he hated young Kirby, who was a hot-headed kid there was no telling about.

Bill Decker broke in on his thoughts. He sauntered up, buttoning his coat as he came. "Do I cover that party up the river tomorrow?" he asked. "I'm on the wagon, but if I'm going up there I'll need a few."

"A bit squeamish, Bill?" Wylie said with sharp impatience.

Bill Decker shrugged. "Ever seen any of the boys go through?"

"I've seen men die."

"Not this way," Decker said. "It's those two Brooklyn mugs tomorrow night. That pay-roll holdup last summer."

"They killed a cop," Wylie said shortly. "They've got it coming."

"Oh, they've got it coming, all right. The cop had a wife and two kids. I'm not saying the mugs shouldn't get it. I don't like the show, that's all. It's not easy to watch."

And then Wylie seemed no longer impatient. He tilted back in his chair and looked at Bill Decker thoughtfully. "You've covered a lot of these things," he said. "What about them?"

"They're rotten. Why?"

"Just a casual interest. They get you, do they?"

Decker draped himself on the desk. "They get you," he said gruffly, "because you know they don't do much good. Look. I'll give you half a column Friday and you'll use it. The usual thing—So-and-so enters the chamber at 11:05. He says he's innocent or he doesn't say anything. At 11:12 he's dead. Officially dead. His debt to society paid. But what good does it do?"

"You tell me, Bill. What good?"

"No good at all!" Decker was warming to it now. "A lot of people will read that half column, but it won't stop the goofy kids who are planning a stick-up and all that goes with it. They'll still take their chances with a gun. 'Sure. So-and-so burned last night. So what? It's a gamble, but what the hell?' People are dumb, Wylie. They can't visualize. They can't read in the paper what's written on So-and-so's face when he comes into that room. Six to twelve months of waiting for it! Ugh! One look at the guy and you want to go home." He stood up, frowning. "Anyone toting a gun," he said, "should see what the loser's end looks like."

Wylie smiled. "I was wondering," he said.

Decker spread his hands. "Oh, a man may do anything when he's crazy mad or afraid or drunk. But to sit down and plan—no, sir! Not anyone who's had a front seat up there. A great deterring factor in society's war on crime! Sure, it is—if you see it."

Wylie stirred in his chair leisurely. "That's interesting, Bill. A good slant."

Decker eyed him. "Maybe you're doing a book?"

"Something like that. A magazine piece." He let Decker nod and turn away before he called. "Never mind about that tomorrow night," he said. "Maybe I'll send someone else."

IN THE street a few minutes later Wylie headed toward the Avenue, swinging his cane. His cane was a part of him; the finishing touch. It pleased him to be called the best-dressed newspaperman; to combine the American newshound tradition with the elegance of the London journalist. He was a product of upper Fifth as he strolled; he was your prosperous, unhurried New Yorker who knew his leisure and how to use it.

In the mid-Sixties he turned off, to call for the lady with whom he would dine. She wasn't expecting him, but she'd be at home, wondering if he'd come, hoping that he would. He thought of Claire, currently Mrs. Jerry Kirby, and smiled.

Claire, and loving Claire. Subject and predicate. You thought of one and you thought of the other. Claire, a year ago, playing at newspaper work until she found someone to marry. It had been Jerry Kirby she'd found and that had been his—Ray Wylie's—mistake. He hadn't noticed soon enough how lovely Claire was. He had been too busy to appreciate her and he had lost her. Oh, lost her completely, hadn't he? No doubt of that. The thought amused him and his smile broadened suddenly.

He turned into an old-fashioned brownstone house, long since converted into tiny apartments. He climbed two flights, and knocked.

BUT tonight the door was not flung open for him. Tonight it was drawn back slowly, and there was Claire, not quick to welcome him with flashing glints in her blue eyes, her smile full and eager. Uncertainty dimmed their sparkle tonight, and fear drew down the corners of her mouth. Nervously her hand pushed the smooth golden hair back from a white forehead. "You shouldn't have come," she said.

He moved into the room casually, unhurriedly.

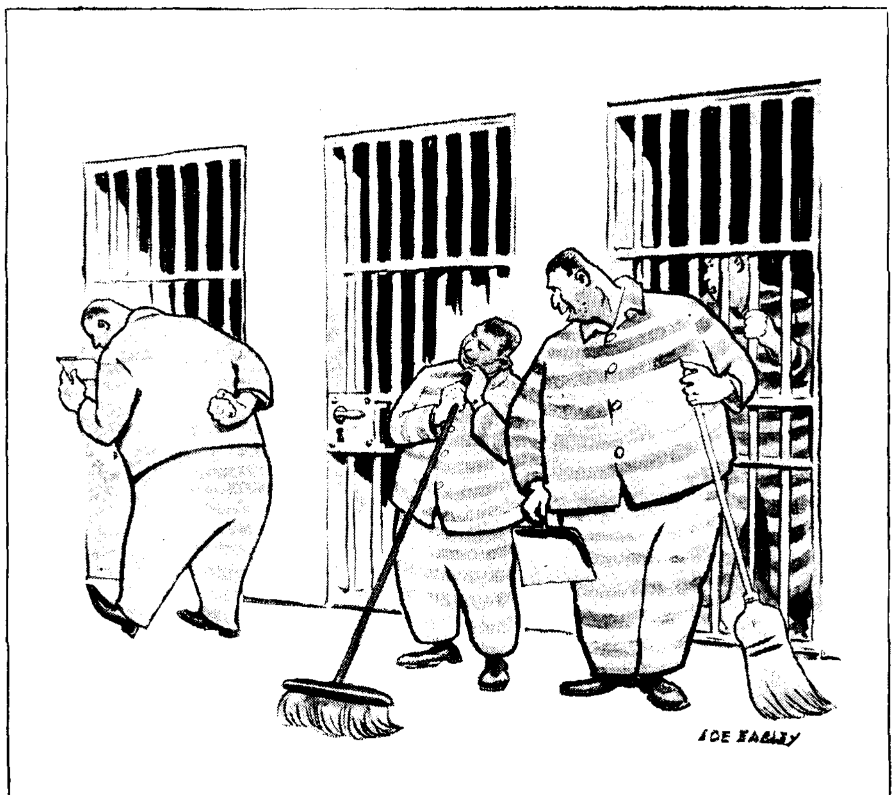
Her hand moved to his arm, resting there lightly at first, then clutching. He could feel the sharpness of her nails through the thickness of his coat. "Ray! Listen, Ray. Jerry knows."

"Knows what? That I've taken you to dinner and a few first nights?"

"That you've taken me everywhere. That you've been seeing me when you kept him working late."

"And what harm in that?"

"He knows more. He—he knows how I feel." She clung to him now. "I couldn't help it, Ray. It's that way of



"He got ninety in shop, but I beat him in deportment!" JOE EASLEY

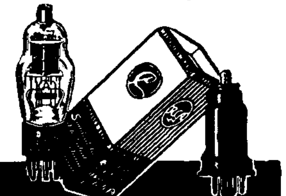
Tired out with playing

Radio tubes get tired, too—but rest won't cure them

Like children who tire themselves out at play, radio tubes get tired helping your set to play. Little by little they lose their vigor. And when sturdy tubes get tired, chances are the whole set needs checking up, too. To get rid of the cause of those annoying howls and crackles, ask a radio service man for an RCA Radio Check-up. It costs only $1.50. It covers the complete overhaul shown below. Be sure your service man replaces tired tubes with new RCA Radio Tubes. Every RCA Tube is a product of the Radio Corporation of America—the only company making everything in Radio.

STANDARD RADIO CHECK-UP

1 Check overall set performance for sensitivity, selectivity and fidelity.
2 Test and label all tubes.
3 Check speaker and cabinet for rattles.
4 Inspect and test all power connections.
5 Check aerial, ground, and lightning arrester connections.
6 Align antenna, detector, and oscillator circuits when accessible (all-wave set additional).
7 Adjust dial to normal kilocycle reading.
8 Check causes of extraneous noises.
9 Clean interior of cabinet.
10 Make free estimate of any additional repairs needed.



RCA

Radio Tubes

THE CHOICE OF LEADING DEALERS AND SERVICE MEN

If it isn't an Eight

*NB and an oil cushioned **VALVE-IN-HEAD** straight eight at that!

NOTE—NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression

ANOLITE PISTONS, durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%

AEROBAT CARBURETOR—works like carburetors used in aerial acrobatics. No stop, start or swing is swift enough to affect its even feed of fuel

SEALED CHASSIS keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, for steadier, more stable roadability

UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER with solid steel Turret Top and No Draft Ventilation. The most complete steel protection ever offered

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures

KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY, the true gliding ride

"HIGH OUTPUT" GENERATOR—supplies ample current for radios, heaters, defrosters, etc.

JUMBO LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, with more room than ever before

DOUBLE STABILIZATION—front and rear—for a smoother ride and elimination of tire squeal and sideway on curves

SAFETY GLASS, standard equipment throughout at no extra cost

PACK YOUR WHOLE WARDROBE—there's room in Buick's jumbo luggage compartment to carry it all.

it isn't a BUICK!

Boldly stenciled on the head of every engine that leaves the Buick factory is the meaningful phrase—BUICK SILENT OIL CUSHIONED VALVE-IN-HEAD EIGHT.

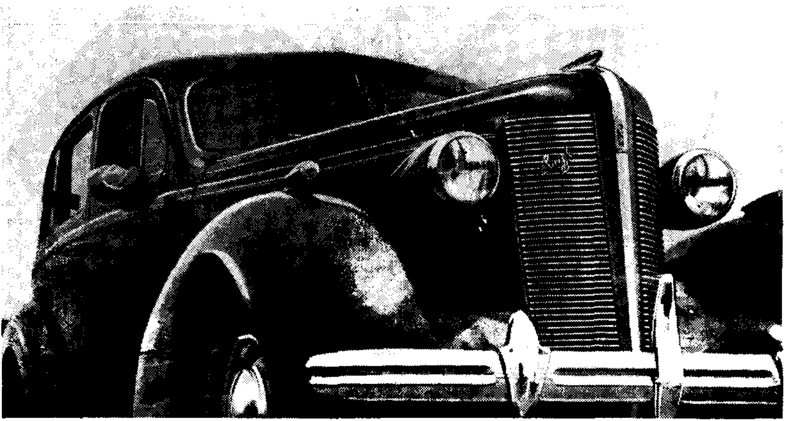
Every word in that phrase—from "Buick" to "Eight"—has special importance—you ought to know and remember the whole story.

Because this is a *straight eight,* every mile in a Buick, whatever the car's price or size, has an extra silk-smoothness over and above the adequacy of a six.

As a *valve-in-head eight* this engine is more efficient—cleaner—freer breathing—quicker starting—size for size it is abler than any other type engine you can buy.

Next, this engine is oil cushioned, silenced to a smooth unfretting whisper that carries never a note of complaint or labor, no matter how hard or long you push it—sit behind the wheel some day and just *listen* to its tune!

And the word "Buick" itself has special significance—for 35 years we have been building this type of engine, getting to know it, better it, polish its every detail—so today this finest *type* of engine is here brought to its finest *goodness* by the longest stretch of focused experience that backs up any power plant on the road!



MAKE WAY FOR THE BUICK "SPECIAL"! It's got what it takes to get you there, and you've got what it takes to own one!

We don't blame you for buying this car for its good looks—we made certain-sure you'd get plenty last-minute style in these stunning 1937 jobs.

But it's the engine that gets you there. So choose an *eight,* a *valve-in-head eight,* a *Buick valve-in-head eight*—and you'll get there gloriously and de luxe!

LOWEST PRICE EVER ON A BUICK 4-DOOR SEDAN!

Today's price for a Buick 4-door sedan is the lowest in all Buick history—and you get longer wheelbase—greater power—valve-in-head thrift—straight-eight smoothness—roomier body—safety glass all around—bigger luggage compartment—and immeasurably greater performance, comfort and style! See your dealer for low delivered prices, and see what a buy Buick really is, compared to the average six outside the lowest price field. GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR LIKING

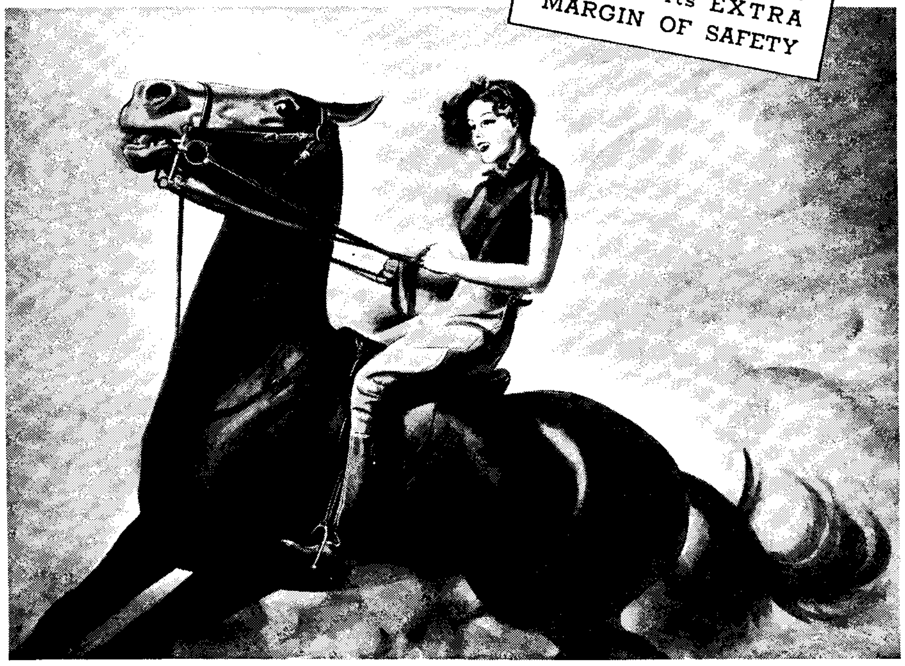
"It's Buick again!"

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER
IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

EMERGENCY BRAKES ON A HORSE

A tug on the curb bit will stop a runaway horse—it's his emergency brake. This means greater safety, just as Pennzoil protects your car with its EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



Protect your motor with PENNZOIL'S *extra margin of safety!*

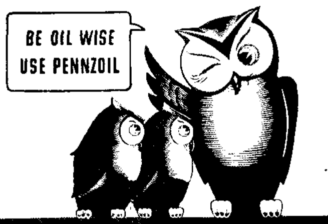
The extra protection Pennzoil gives has been proved for you by leading air lines, by streamliner trains, and by countless satisfied car owners.

Its extra tough film doesn't burn up when hot, or gum up when cold. It is a dependable guard against wear and friction, saving money for you every day.

And because of this extra film toughness, Pennzoil lasts longer—gives more miles of safe lubrication between oil changes—requires less adding a quart.

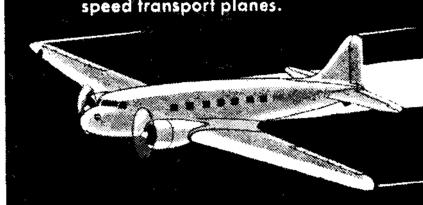
In addition, Pennzoil is sludge-free—no sticky valves or pistons to waste power, or cause expensive repairs.

Ask your dealer for Pennzoil's "extra margin of safety." It means greater motoring satisfaction, at lower cost per mile.



Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2.

United Air Lines uses Pennzoil in the world's largest fleet of high speed transport planes.



BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

MORE MILES OF SAFE LUBRICATION

his—that solemn, threatening way. You never know what he's thinking."

"Then this finishes us?" he asked coldly. "You want it that way?"

A different kind of fear came into her eyes. "You know I don't!" she said quickly. "But if Jerry—oh, there's no telling what he will do! If he should meet us tonight—"

He held her a moment, looking down into her troubled blue eyes. He smiled a little. "Not tonight, then," he said, "tomorrow will be better. Much better. We'll make it a big night tomorrow."

Because, after all, Bill Decker should know. A great deterring force, Bill Decker had said, for the men who sit on the witnesses' bench up the river on Thursday nights, and see what the loser's end looks like.

THE Thursday night train—the 8:42 Peekskill local—was half-filled with commuters who had worked after hours and were headed for home. Complacent, calm, unworried commuters, with their noses in bid-and-asked prices, in next season's baseball and this season's hockey, in foreign affairs and columnists' chatter. None of them seeing the few lines buried on page twelve—Killers Pay Penalty Tonight. None of them caring, if they should see it, that two men, at eleven this evening, would die in a heavy straight-backed chair a few miles from their comfortable suburban firesides; that twelve other men would sit, clammy-cold in the overheated room, and watch the two die.

Now eight of the twelve had met on the train, and were riding together, off by themselves at one end of the smoker. Seven of them talked, perhaps a bit too insistently. But Jerry Kirby was silent, one hand, in his overcoat pocket, holding tight to what rested there.

There was a pawnshop on 42d Street that he had passed this morning on his way to the office. There was another on Fulton, when he was downtown on a story, and another on 14th, where he stopped for lunch. He had gone into this one, and placed the gun on the counter, and haggled with the man. But the price wasn't right. He could use the money as well as the next man. So it was still in his pocket when he returned to the office, when Bill Decker drew him aside and started in again, sounding him out.

Sounding him out! That was the way it would be, so long as this thing went on. Does he suspect, does he know, how's he taking it, is he blind? A cloud of talk around him wherever he went, like a swarm of bees over his head. People looking at him and smiling to themselves; people trying clumsily to show him sympathy; to get him drunk and make him forget; to reason with him calmly so he wouldn't lose his head. Something he couldn't escape and couldn't get used to. Only Janie would be different. She'd keep her sympathy to herself, and she'd wait for him to do the talking and not try to force it. Janie was great; she was the best there was. If he hadn't met Claire—

But he had met her, and all the might-have-beens in the world didn't help now.

The train slowed and stopped and the eight shuffled off, Jerry Kirby trailing behind. Wylie had sent him tonight instead of Bill Decker. It would be a late assignment. The whole office would be whispering about it in the morning, and he would see it in their eyes. He slumped down in the cab that took him up the long hill.

AT ELEVEN-THIRTY he came out into the air again, a cigarette was in his hand, and he had a match to it before he was through the door. He held his hand up before him, and studied it, frowning. Shook him up a bit, had it? But he'd be all right in a minute.

Match flames dotted the dark. They were all starving for a smoke. In the road the guard waited restlessly. Kirby wished they'd leave him alone, so that he could draw in the night air along with the smoke, so his heart could slow down.

"Let's get going, gentlemen. Follow me to the gate."

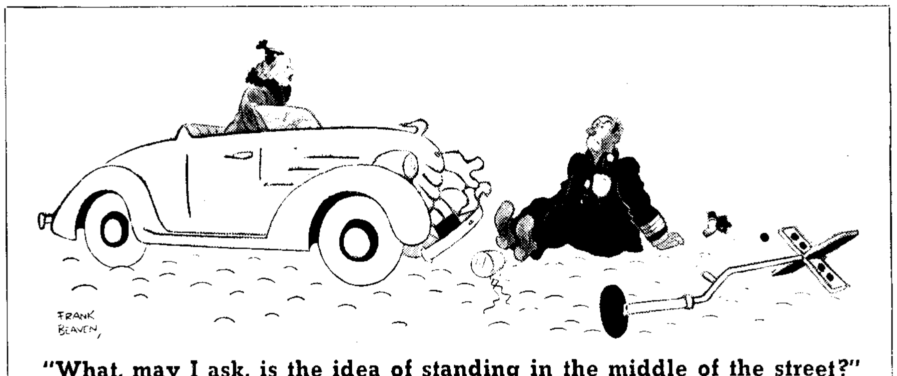
Outside, Jerry Kirby left them and walked off alone, feeling again the steamy heat of the bare room, seeing those two orderly processions as they came through the narrow door, hearing the labored breathing of the man beside him—or was it his own?—in a silence that pressed down giddily.

There had been a time in there when his head was swimming, a time when he wanted to close his eyes. But his eyes were held rigid.

This, then, was how the state did it when you took a life. He had read of it; he had heard men tell of it; he had talked glibly of it himself. But he had never really known. This was the chance you took—but then you never thought of these things when you were nursing a hate, when a reckless anger took hold of you and shook you loose from your reason, when you had blinding flashes that made your head split with pain, when your bitterness kept rising, rising—

Now, he thought. Now. He could jerk his hand from his pocket and throw it behind this hedge, or in that vacant lot, and no one would notice. He could walk calmly on, and it would be behind him. But not really behind him. As long as he kept seeing Wylie and wanting Claire it would never be behind him. He realized, with a sinking feeling of despair, what he must do.

HE SMILED a little, thinking how Wylie would smile. Oh, Wylie was shrewd! He had planned it this way, and now he had his victory without a struggle. A complete rout, and the spoils to the victor. But no matter. This was how it must be. There were other cities, not quite New York, but the next best thing. There were other jobs in cities that towered almost as New York towered, that had the same mad bustle and roar and confusion that was a part of his life. Claire could divorce him. And after that, in a few years, when he was settled somewhere—perhaps not in the newspaper game, because that would remind him of things, but in insurance, or a



"What, may I ask, is the idea of standing in the middle of the street?"

FRANK BEAVEN

bank, or a store—then there might be someone else. Another Janie. Or—the thought struck him swiftly—even Janie herself.

He frowned quickly. That thought led nowhere. Not Janie or anyone, while there was Claire.

The train took them cityward. Talk, freer and easier talk again, arose all around him. He left his seat and walked swiftly to the platform. There was a button there that opened the door, if you knew which it was, and he did. They were sliding along beside the river as he hurled it from him.

This much, he thought. And now the rest. Not to see Claire because it would be better that way, but to see Wylie. To see him tonight and get it over with while the memory of this last hour was fresh in his mind. He would surrender, and he would make it gracious. "You don't love her," he would say, "but you want her. Can't blame you for that. You'll be tired of her soon, but she'll be hardened by that time, and she'll get along, I suppose. Lots like her do."

The train emptied them at the terminal and they scattered. Kirby tried first, without much hope, the office. Then he dropped into Randy's around the corner for a single quick drink—just one to make the words come easier when he talked. The crowd was still there at the big round table—Janie and Bill Decker and the rest. They were waving and calling to him, and he was waving back and saying, "Got to see a man, folks." And then, more bitterly, "Got to see a man about a blonde." He laughed softly. They were taking that one big. Janie, scared to death, with her face all twisted up. Decker, set to jump up and grab him. They didn't know how calm he was inside.

He left his drink unfinished. Later he'd come back and tell them about it; tell them goodby and sit up all night with them, because he couldn't go home to Claire now. There was a taxi at the curb and he gave Wylie's address as he stepped inside.

WYLIE was drunk and happy about it. He sat tipped back in the high swivel chair behind the desk in his study, his feet crossed on the topmost drawer, which was open to receive them. One hand swung freely as he talked and the highball spilled on the expensive rug.

He felt like talking, even if Claire, half sitting and half lying on the divan opposite, wasn't listening above the blare of the radio's music. And even if she were listening and could hear, she wouldn't understand, because her mind wasn't quick.

He drew down his feet and refilled his glass—Scotch and plain soda again, because he never bothered with ice this late in the day. He pulled the top drawer open a little wider and stretched off, his feet in the air, and started in again.

She wasn't getting it, and he smiled, enjoying her annoyance. He talked glibly, pompously. Capital punishment in fact and theory. Does it deter the potential killer, or does it fail to deter? The number of murders was appalling. Was there, after all, something in the old-time idea—the gibbet in the public square? There were two schools of thought. One claimed—

Then Claire interrupted crossly. Couldn't he talk of more pleasant things?

This made him laugh. He laughed so loud, with his head thrown back, that he did not hear the doorbell ringing. But Claire heard it, and she gave a low, warning cry.

Wylie stood up, managing it none too easily. He frowned and nodded to Claire and pointed unsteadily to the door behind her that led to the room beyond. Then he crossed the study and pulled back the door an inch at a time until it was thrust back against him and Jerry Kirby entered.

But Kirby, facing Wylie, looked past him to the chair and the familiar woman's coat that was thrown carelessly over it. His face flushed, slowly and violently. Then he walked swiftly to the farther door and called, in a voice surprisingly well controlled, "Claire! I'll take you home now."

Wylie, his back to the desk, waited. He was afraid and he couldn't help it. He hated himself for it, but most of all he hated this dark, broad-shouldered young man who made him afraid.

Why doesn't he do something? Wylie thought. Why does he stand there, looking at me? There's hate and contempt and dumb agony in his eyes, and in another moment he'll be over here in front of me, throwing his big fist into my face or closing his big hands around my throat. Oh, damn him! Damn him, anyway! His hand's in his overcoat pocket, clutching something, and I'm afraid, I'm afraid. . . .

The desk drawer beside him was open, and his hand fumbled in there, searching. And then he was pointing the gun unsteadily at Jerry Kirby, who stood beside and a little in front of his wife Claire in the doorway.

Crazy mad or drunk or afraid, Bill Decker had said. A man may do anything when he's that way. But not the boys who sit in the witnesses' bench up the river on Thursday nights, and see what the loser's end looks like.

THE man downstairs, reading lazily in bed, heard that shot. The four at the card table in the room above heard it. And Janie Carrol and Bill Decker, hurrying from the elevator, heard it above the radio's dance music and decided they were too late, after all, to stop Jerry Kirby. And then they were all inside the room, and saw it. Saw Wylie, the gun still in his hand, backed up against the desk, his eyes glazed, his jaw fallen. Saw Jerry Kirby, on one knee, bending over someone on the floor whose eyes were still wide with fear, whose lovely flame-colored gown was darkening slowly in one spot below her breast.

The vocalist of a Park Avenue dance orchestra was humming and his voice filled the room sweetly. And someone was shouting above him into the phone. The circle around the woman on the floor grew larger and a man said, "No. Leave her till they come." And then Jerry Kirby was facing Janie, his face pale and drawn, and he was saying, "Thanks, Janie. I'm okay now." And finally he was facing Wylie and a thought ran oddly through his mind. This thought: It is the third time tonight I have seen such terror in a man's eyes. The first two were the men with shaved heads as they came through the narrow door up the river. And the third is Wylie, as he stands here blabbering to the red-faced cop who is going to take him away. It's the very same look. As though Wylie sees ahead of him what those other two saw.

AND so it ends with Janie Carrol, a good enough newspaperwoman herself, hammering away at her typewriter, because, after all, a story has been laid right in her lap. BLOND BEAUTY SLAIN, the tabloids will have it, but Janie's paper, a bit more conservative, will be content with EDITOR HELD IN MIDNIGHT SHOOTING. Janie pounds it out, but now and then she pauses to think of Jerry Kirby and the way he looked at her when he said, "Thanks, Janie. I'm okay now." The time will never come when she will quite forget how Jerry looked when he said that. She goes on writing again, but she knows the best part of this story will not be written, but lived.

HOW LONG WILL A SCHICK LAST?

{ *Long after your shaving costs have been brought down to a cent each* }

A radio officer on a ship continuously traveling between cold climates and the tropics writes that he has shaved every day for three years with a Schick and never spent a penny for repairs or replacements. *And his shaver does not show the slightest sign of wear.*

Frankly we don't know how long a Schick will shave. Some of the first Schick Shavers, made five years ago, are still running perfectly and shaving as quickly and closely as they did in the beginning.

Many customers write and tell us of from one to four years' perfect shaving service from their Schick Shavers. One man has reported 2000 shaves from his Schick—another 1500.

HOW COULD SHAVING COST LESS?

Even three years of once-a-day shaving with the Schick brings the cost of shaving down to less than a penny-and-a-half a shave—and the shaver is still good.

Contrast this with the cost of buying blades, sharpeners, soap, cream, brush and lotion.

ECONOMY IS A MINOR FACTOR

The best reason for owning a Schick is that it brings more pleasure into a man's life than he can get from any other personal possession. He cannot cut, scrape nor hurt himself. He can shave twice a day, shave in the dark, read while he shaves or shave with his coat on if he desires.

With the Schick, the scar tissue formed by blade-shaving, vanishes and a new, more youthful and flexible skin replaces the dead, scaly skin.

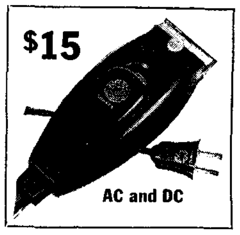
BELIEVE THE MEN WHO USE SCHICKS

Schick users will tell you they would not sell their shavers for $100 if they could not buy another.

More than a million are in daily use on tough beards, tender skins, on faces that used to have ingrowing hairs, on cheeks that never knew a comfortable moment under the old method of shaving.

SEE A DEALER

Any one of our dealers will show you a Schick Shaver and explain how you should use it. Do not postpone shaving comfort another day.



SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50)

SCHICK SHAVER

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1845

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THE management of a life insurance company is one of the great assets which never appears in its balance sheet. The New York Life Insurance Company is actively managed by its Board of Directors who represent the 2,000,000 policyholders of this mutual company. Every Director serves on at least one of five general Committees which

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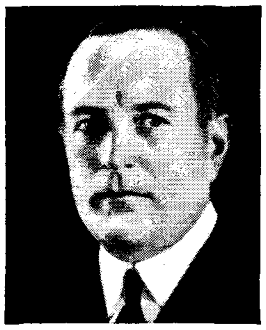
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PRESENTING A BRIEF DIGEST OF THE

ASSETS

		Per Cent of each Item to Total Assets
Cash on Hand, or in Bank	$61,082,294.13	2.54
United States Government, direct, or fully guaranteed, Bonds	440,280,359.82	18.31
State, County and Municipal Bonds	228,059,533.25	9.49
Railroad Bonds	327,501,466.21	13.62
Public Utility Bonds	215,994,580.80	8.98
Industrial and other Bonds	26,818,027.51	1.12
Canadian Bonds	57,048,825.88	2.37
Foreign Bonds	317,330.50	.01
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	84,036,258.00	3.50
Real Estate Owned (*Including Home Office*)	126,631,821.63	5.27
Foreclosed Real Estate Subject to Redemption	3,521,041.35	.15
First Mortgages on City Properties	404,236,105.38	16.81
First Mortgages on Farms	7,867,995.97	.33
Policy Loans	361,232,688.26	15.02
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	29,154,196.50	1.21
Net Amount of Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	30,338,272.23	1.26
Other Assets	115,616.16	.01
TOTAL	$2,404,236,413.58	100%

Bonds eligible for amortization are carried at their amortized values determined in accordance with the laws of the State of New York. All other bonds and all guaranteed and preferred stocks are carried at market values as furnished by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. Securities amounting to $36,145,051, included above, are deposited as required by law.

OVER 199 million dollars was paid or credited in 1936 to policyholders and beneficiaries. This is a measure of the Company's service in a single year in providing human comfort and family protection.

On December 31, 1936, the Company had 2,722,956 policies in force guaranteeing insurance protection of more than six and a half billion dollars, to be exact, $6,660,968,484.

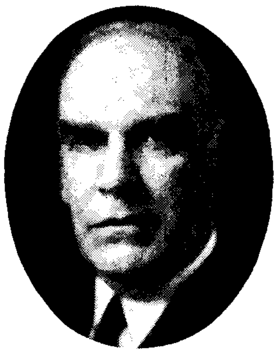
THOS. A. BUCKNER, ***Chairman of the Board***
51 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

meet regularly to supervise the Company's operations.

The Directors devote their experience, their judgment, and the necessary time to this work in the interest of the millions of people protected by this cooperative, non-profit institution. On these two pages are the portraits of the men who constitute the Board of Directors.


ALFRED L. AIKEN
President

92d ANNUAL STATEMENT DECEMBER 31, 1936

LIABILITIES and RESERVES

Insurance and Annuity Reserve	$1,957,638,266.00
Present Value of Future Instalment Payments	97,225,326.62
Dividends Left with the Company at Interest	100,709,573.83
Other Policy Liabilities	16,054,897.36
Premiums, Interest and Rents Prepaid	11,284,946.96
Miscellaneous Liabilities	3,337,471.86
Reserve for Taxes	5,856,238.81
Reserve for Dividends payable to Policyholders	38,233,060.00
Special Investment Reserve	50,000,000.00
Surplus funds reserved for general contingencies	123,896,632.14
TOTAL	$2,404,236,413.58

A more complete report listing the securities owned by the Company will gladly be sent upon request.

The 451 million dollars of new insurance issued and the 46 million dollars paid to the Company by men and women for annuities in 1936 reflect continued public confidence and participation in the cooperative security offered by the New York Life.

As we enter 1937, New York Life continues in its preeminently strong financial position. *Safety is always the first consideration . . . nothing else is so important.*

ALFRED L. AIKEN, ***President***
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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Former President of the United States

PERCY H. JOHNSTON
Chairman of the Board, Chemical Bank & Trust Co.

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Retired

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SAY, BUDDY, YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE
Williams

Right! The

KLEENEX HABIT

soothes noses during colds

● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! These tissues save noses and save your money as they reduce handkerchief washing. For at the present low price you can use so many Kleenex Tissues for less than it costs to have a single handkerchief laundered. So put aside your handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit the instant sniffles start.

Yes, here's a habit that's good for everyone! For Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. You simply use each Kleenex Tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

No Checks from Home

Continued from page 38

The Reverend Gideon Blackburn, D.D., resided in Carlinville, which is about sixty-five miles from St. Louis. He conceived the idea of founding a college which would have for its primary purpose the training of young men for the Presbyterian ministry. He secured funds from the citizens of Carlinville to purchase eighty acres of land. He conceived the idea in 1837 but it was not until 1857 that buildings were completed and a charter was secured from the legislature which granted the Blackburn Theological Seminary the privilege of educating the young. Gradually, the thought of making the institution a theological school was abandoned and in 1868 the name was changed to the Blackburn University. However, the college is still Presbyterian in spirit, although it has never been under the ecclesiastical control of the Presbyterian Church.

The college existed but it didn't begin to live until 1912. Then Dr. William M. Hudson came to lead it out of the educational wilderness in which it had been wandering all these years.

At that time, the college was financially, spiritually, educationally bankrupt. The college had two things that appealed to Hudson. It had a valuable charter which exempted it from ever paying taxes—and it had soil which was rich and healthy. That appealed to the "dirt farmer" in the new president.

Always at the back of Hudson's mind had been what would seem to most people a fantastic idea of a "self-help" college. He persuaded the trustees to let him try out his ideas. And so the institution went through a spiritual rebirth.

Where Study is a Pleasure

We have mentioned that a student must pay $225 when he enters the college. In some cases, part or all of this has been waived by Dr. Hudson, when a student came along who was too fine to be turned down because he lacked funds.

There was John Trimble, for instance, a farmer boy from Illinois. He trouped into the office of Dr. Hudson one morning and said he wanted to enter Blackburn.

"I haven't any money," he told Dr. Hudson, "but I got five of the finest Jersey cows you ever looked at. How about me giving you those cows in exchange for an education?"

"Where are they?" President Hudson asked.

"Look out the window," the boy answered laconically. There, tied to a huge maple tree on the campus, were five healthy-looking cows. Today, they are munching grass contentedly in a pasture on the campus and John has earned his diploma and is back on his father's farm, putting into effect the knowledge he obtained in the agricultural school at Blackburn.

Then, there's Reginald Bean. Back home in Mount Vernon, Illinois, Bean had an apiary with thousands of bees. He sold the honey to surrounding farms. He came to Blackburn long on honey but short on cash. After that the students had honey on their breakfast table each morning. Bean was able to effect a deal with President Hudson whereby he'd use the honey as collateral.

It must be a sheer joy to teach at Blackburn. Miss Renner, who teaches mathematics, insists that it is. After all, these students haven't been dragged to college or sent there because their fathers attended. They don't come as so many students in the East do, just to make some Greek-letter society or to play football. They come to Blackburn, knowing that they are in for two years of the hardest possible work, knowing that they'll have to rise at six each morning and milk cows and lay bricks and cook food and work in laundries. And their return? An education.

These youngsters glory in hard work and I saw them laughing as they bent their backs coaxing wheat and corn from the earth; climbing high on scaffolds under a blistering sun and handling jagged brick and mixing mortar.

That's why they are receptive in the classroom. That's why they hang eagerly on every word the professor says. They don't feel that attending classes is a chore. They feel that it is a privilege. Their minds are young and eager—not mere intellectual sponges absorbing mechanically the words that come from the lecture platform. This is a confident, aggressive, courageous youth, and such youth is rare in these times. I have heard students debate in Eastern universities and moan because the past generation left a debt which this generation must pay; that they of the present were economically hamstrung and that youth has no chance to raise its head above the economic morass of today. Not so the students of Blackburn College.

A great many of the students are from farms. They are attracted by the agricultural school. The laboratory of the school is dominated by the huge, stuffed, mounted head of a great bull, Burton Avon Segis, once owned by the college. Here the students learn about milk and here they actually test the milk that comes from the livestock each day. They separate the cream and analyze it and learn about cows from their milk. But let us get back to the laboratories and workshops of the campus.

Jim Paisley, a student, was working on an experiment when I entered the laboratory and I asked him how he would be helped by the knowledge he was getting at Blackburn.

"In a hundred ways," he explained earnestly. "I live on a farm. Never before did I know the value of testing milk. There are a great many farmers' protective associations. They will test your milk. It is important to know the texture of a cow's milk, how much fat it contains and things like that. It is important because only in that way can you tell the worth of your cow. Only in that way can you determine whether or not you shall breed the cow. By breeding the best, you improve your herd. We learn short cuts here to farming knowledge that would take years to learn on the farm. A small thing such as landscaping, for instance. We know considerable about that when we leave. And trees—we should know the names of trees and know which are good to have on our farms and which are not good."

Later, up in his room, I saw a board on which were fastened the twigs from thirty-six different trees.

"Can you name all of those?" I asked.

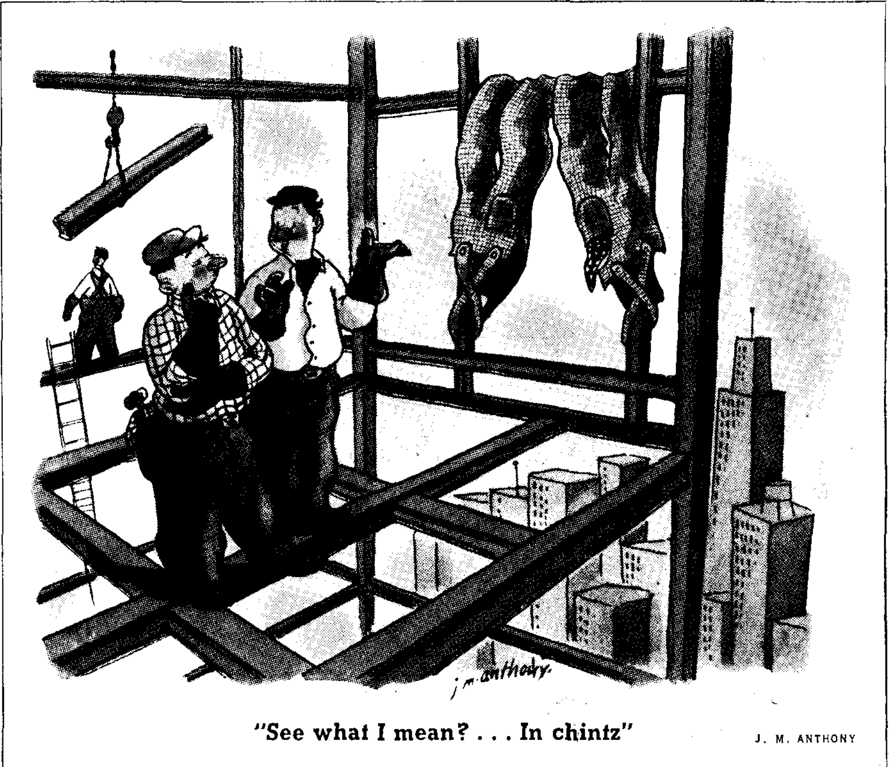
"Of course," Paisley laughed. "You can tell a tree just by its twig and by the buds on the twig. That twig is from a beech; there's a white birch; here's a wild red cherry. This is from an Ohio buckeye and this from a white mulberry and here's one from an Osage orange and. . . ."

Tailor-Made Jobs

Paisley knew about trees, all right. Paisley had a roommate, Willard Armstrong, who was probably the hardest-working man in the college. Willard had a hobby—it was radio. He had made a radio and a sending set and his hobby was to sit up late talking to other amateurs all over the country. But such a radio cost money. Armstrong didn't have much money. So he circularized the city of Carlinville asking for jobs tending furnaces. All winter long he arose at four each morning to trudge the mile into town where he kept the Carlinville fires burning. Then he'd come back and be ready for breakfast at 6:30, classes at 7:30, and a full day of work. At night he'd repeat his round of furnace tending.

"Usually we don't encourage students to do outside work," Miss Renner said. "With two and a half hours of work here each day and perhaps another three hours of classes we think their time is taken up pretty well, and that outside work will hurt their studies. But look at Armstrong's report."

From a filing cabinet she pulled a white card and all over the card opposite various studies were large A's. A lad who can get A's after working as



"See what I mean? . . . In chintz"

J. M. ANTHONY

KODAK FILM
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Kodak
VERICHROME FILM
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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

You don't need bright sunshine any more to take snapshots

"THERE'S no sunshine—no use taking the camera along today" . . . Ever said that—then left your camera at home?

Today, there's no reason to leave your camera behind. Many cloudy days are bright enough for snapshots you'll treasure.

The 1937 film—Kodak Verichrome— sees to that. It is so much more sensitive, so much more efficient, than the film of but a short time ago.

In addition to cloudy day snapshots, you can now take excellent pictures earlier and later than heretofore. Kodak Verichrome Film has greatly lengthened the snapshot day.

Better pictures, too, in the shade, on bright days. It isn't necessary for people to squint into the sun—you now get natural, lifelike pictures of them faced away from the sunlight, or in the shade.

Even if you are using an old camera, Kodak Verichrome Film gives you better pictures today than ever before. Any camera, in any light, is a better camera loaded with Kodak Verichrome. Don't leave your camera behind—you don't have to wait for bright sunshine to get really good pictures now...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK *Verichrome* FILM

Sta-Smooth Innersoles
FEATURED EXCLUSIVELY IN
BOSTONIAN De Luxe SHOES

A Modern Step forward in shoe luxury. Soft glove-like leather-bound innersoles... flexible and shape-holding. A surface underfoot that stays smooth and can never crack, curl nor lump-up. Found exclusively in Bostonian De Luxe Shoes.

$8.75 to $10

THE MARBRIDGE... *Quarter Brogue Oxford Cretan or Black Luxura Calf.*

that youngster worked outside of the classroom came to college to get something out of it.

Outside of the classroom, the college is literally run by the students. Each year, one boy and one girl are selected to act as work bosses. They confer at the beginning of the school year. They go into a huddle with Miss Renner, Dr. Hudson and Bursar Wesley Challacombe, who make up the faculty executive board, and they assign students to different work projects.

Each of the student work bosses has an assistant. They all keep keen eyes on how the students are reacting to the work assigned. If a student seems unhappy working in the kitchen he'll be shifted to construction work. If the boy selected to be a fireman in the boiler room doesn't like it or show any aptitude for it he is switched perhaps to the farm. A girl who likes to cook will be put in the kitchen. Each student is allowed to pick his or her work. Often the work the student has done before will determine it.

Education on Wheels

The college itself consists of four large buildings, beautiful fireproof structures behind which is the farm with its barns. There is also a sizable gymnasium and every bit of common labor on these buildings was done by students. There was a time when virtually the whole college was housed in University Hall. One day in 1927, just three weeks before the college was to open, University Hall caught fire and was completely destroyed. Both boys' and girls' dormitories and the administrative offices had been located in the building. Within three weeks two hundred and fifty students would be trooping into Carlinville. What to do?

President Hudson (it's hard to get away from his name when we discuss the college, for in many ways he is the college) thought quickly. He sent dozens of wires to friends. He lived on a telephone for a week. He forgot that he was a college president. Now he was businessman, construction boss, administrator. Now he was cajoling, begging, pleading for help from friends about the country. His idea of a self-help college had flourished only apparently to die in the ruins of that fire. But his enthusiasm and his faith brought forth a new and bigger college and it arose from the dusty ashes of the ruined University Hall.

Three weeks later, when the students came to the campus, they found the president in a six-foot-six office which had once been the women's washroom of a parlor car. The library and reading-room were in two day coaches and another coach housed three classrooms. Fortunately, Dr. Hudson knew W. G. Bierd, then president of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Bierd, somehow or other, got hold of four cars, shot them to Carlinville and then laid down a spur track to the campus. For a year Blackburn College handed out higher learning where once drummers swapped jokes and nervous parents picked cinders from the eyes of their offspring. It was probably the first time in history that trigonometry was ever taught in a smoking car or examination papers were corrected in what had been a washroom.

Then came the task of rebuilding. The brick state road was being torn up to make room for a modern concrete highway. Hudson cajoled the state into letting him have all those old bricks for almost nothing. Students salvaged what bricks they could from the debris of the ruined building. Then W. P. Dunn, a local contractor and friend of the college, was engaged to direct the construction of new buildings. At first a few bricklayers, plasterers and plumbers were hired, just to help the students learn this new trade. They left when the students became proficient. In any other community there might have been grumblings that boys were taking the bread from the mouths of regular workmen, but in Carlinville the unionized workers were the first to applaud and help the youngsters. There is something of a pioneer spirit left in the corn belt. In Carlinville, the workers thought of the new work on the campus as they'd think of any neighbor who was building his own house. These boys were building their own house—and a monument, too, to their courage and resourcefulness.

Today, three beautiful red brick buildings adorn the campus and behind them is the large gymnasium—all the work of the students.

Two years ago a mature couple, Mr. and Mrs. Muhitten Hakki, came to enroll as students. They were in charge of a school outside of Ankara in Turkey and when the liberal-minded Mustapha Kemal became the first president of the country he told them to look for new ideas in education. They were not interested in the large, heavily endowed colleges. They were interested in helping the farmers and the sons and daughters of farmers to learning. They struck the same idea of a self-help college which Dr. Hudson had thought of many years before. They heard, too, of Blackburn and they came to see and to learn. They registered as freshmen and went through the two years of the course. Shortly after their graduation a daughter was born to them. The daughter was named Blackburnia Hakki. In Turkey they will spread the gospel as preached in Carlinville by Dr. Hudson. Their dream is to establish a string of self-help colleges in Turkey, replicas of Blackburn.

Although most of the students at Blackburn come from Illinois, actually fifteen states are represented in the student body and a few students come from abroad.

With No Lost Motion

We could go on singing the saga of youth as we saw it at Blackburn College. There is a human story in each of the three hundred students there. In nearly every case there is a story of parental sacrifice which was necessary to send the boy or girl to Blackburn. We could talk of the dividends which accrue to these parents when their youngsters come back home, men and women instead of irresponsible kids. They come back home and they do not prattle childishly of football games won or lost; of societies made, or of social events. They talk earnestly and intelligently of labor-saving devices for the farm, of new ways to solve old problems, and they talk of the soil as a friendly thing that will yield rich dividends in direct proportion to the energy and intelligence expended upon it.

Count Tolstoy put it all into words. "Let your children do all they can for themselves," he advised the parents of Russia. "Let them carry their own water, fill their own jugs, arrange their own rooms, clean their own boots and lay the table. Believe me, these things are a hundred times more important for their future happiness than a knowledge of French or history. These things train children to simplicity, to work, and to self-dependence. If you can add work on the land, if it be but a kitchen garden, that will be well."

Blackburn College teaches work, simplicity and self-dependence. It teaches philosophy and mathematics and literature, too. And it teaches the sturdy faith of the Presbyterian clergyman who founded the college a hundred years ago. If a man or a woman has these things it is almost enough.

Castle Key

Continued from page 16

start up again. But he could stand it better now, somehow.

The door was open and George Crane was standing there. He seemed surprised to see them. He said: "Oh. Where's Perry? Did you miss him?"

"Miss him?" Bill said. "Miss Perry?"

George Crane said: "Come in. I don't see how you could have. I don't think it's been five minutes. It's important. Very, Perry seems to think. Come in."

These were words, again; misleading, smooth. Greg thought: "So I'm supposed to think he's looking for me. And the truth is he's found out that I've seen Rita. Rita phoned him. He's afraid I've found out something and he's hiding."

George Crane said, again: "Come in."

They walked in. Greg said: "Maybe, if it is important, we had better wait."

GEORGE CRANE was pleasant, undisturbed. He said: "I think that's best, too. If you go to chasing one another— Will you have a drink? Scotch? Brandy? Rye? I think my brother keeps things pretty adequately organized in that department. What will you have, Mr. Adams?"

"No."

"You're sure? You, Mr. Keith?"

"No."

"If you don't mind, then." George filled his brandy glass and raised it slightly, nodding. He said: "Probably he'll phone back here when he can't find you."

"Probably," Greg said.

He sat down. Bill sat down too.

Greg said: "Did Perry tell you why he had to see me? What was so important?"

He said it just to see what this smooth little man would say; to find out what they'd cooked up now. He wondered what George Crane would say if he should calmly tell him they'd been having Perry followed; that they knew he'd been with Rita. It would strip these words away, all right. They'd get out in the open, then. But this was not the time.

George Crane said: "He was only here a minute. He came back and hurried out at once to—"

Greg said: "Back from where?" The question had been irresistible. He almost made it: "Back from seeing Mrs. Adams?" If he'd said that—

George Crane said it for him. He said clearly: "Back from seeing Mrs. Adams."

"Mrs. Adams!" That was Bill. The words were jolted out of him in sheer surprise. This little man was unconcernedly admitting it.

George Crane said: "Now, that's right. You didn't know that Perry knew where Mrs. Adams was, so this surprises you, of course."

Greg leaned forward, interrupting. He said: "No. Not surprises."

George Crane smiled. He said: "Oh; then you've guessed that Perry had to make a promise to the lady; very difficult for him to keep in view of—"

Greg said: "No. Not guessed." This was the time. Right now. He heard Bill move. The move was protest but Greg didn't look at him. He kept his eyes on George Crane and said, slowly: "No; not guessed at all. We had your brother followed, Mr. Crane."

There would be words, of course, again; but they would be futile, now. No barrier of words they could erect could stop it, now. He watched George Crane's eyes, waiting for the shock to register and waiting for the futile, stumbling words.

Then George Crane laughed. The sound was sudden and explosive and he seemed to find it hard to stop. He said, at last: "Not really, Mr. Adams! Oh, poor Perry. So you've had him followed! So you've been suspecting—"

"Yes," Greg said. "Suspecting. When this stops amusing you, we'll talk."

George Crane said: "It has stopped amusing me already, Mr. Adams."

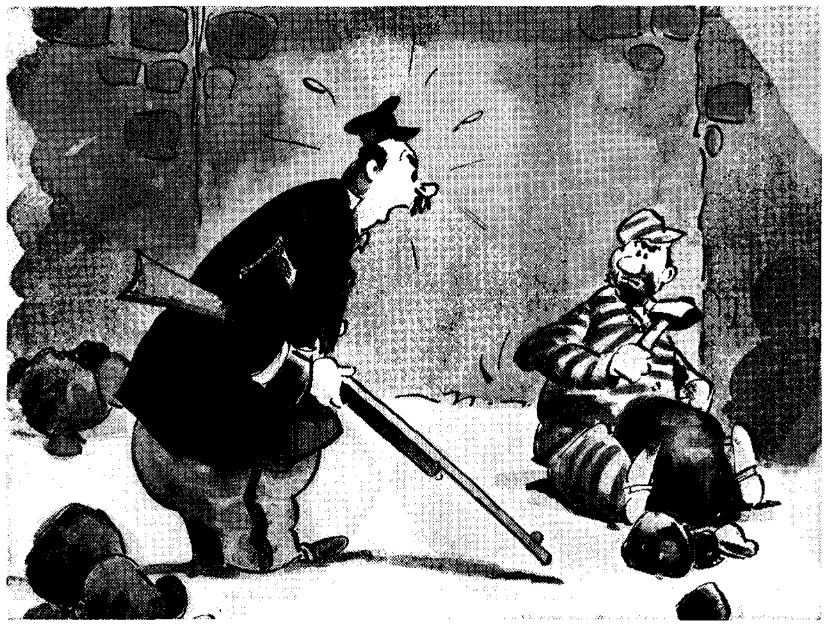
His eyes were cold and hard. He said: "And so you had my brother followed. So you think, to put it frankly, that—"

"We'll just not put it any way at all," Greg said, "till Perry comes."

Their eyes were locked. George Crane said, slowly: "Just why do you think my brother's looking for you, Mr. Adams?"

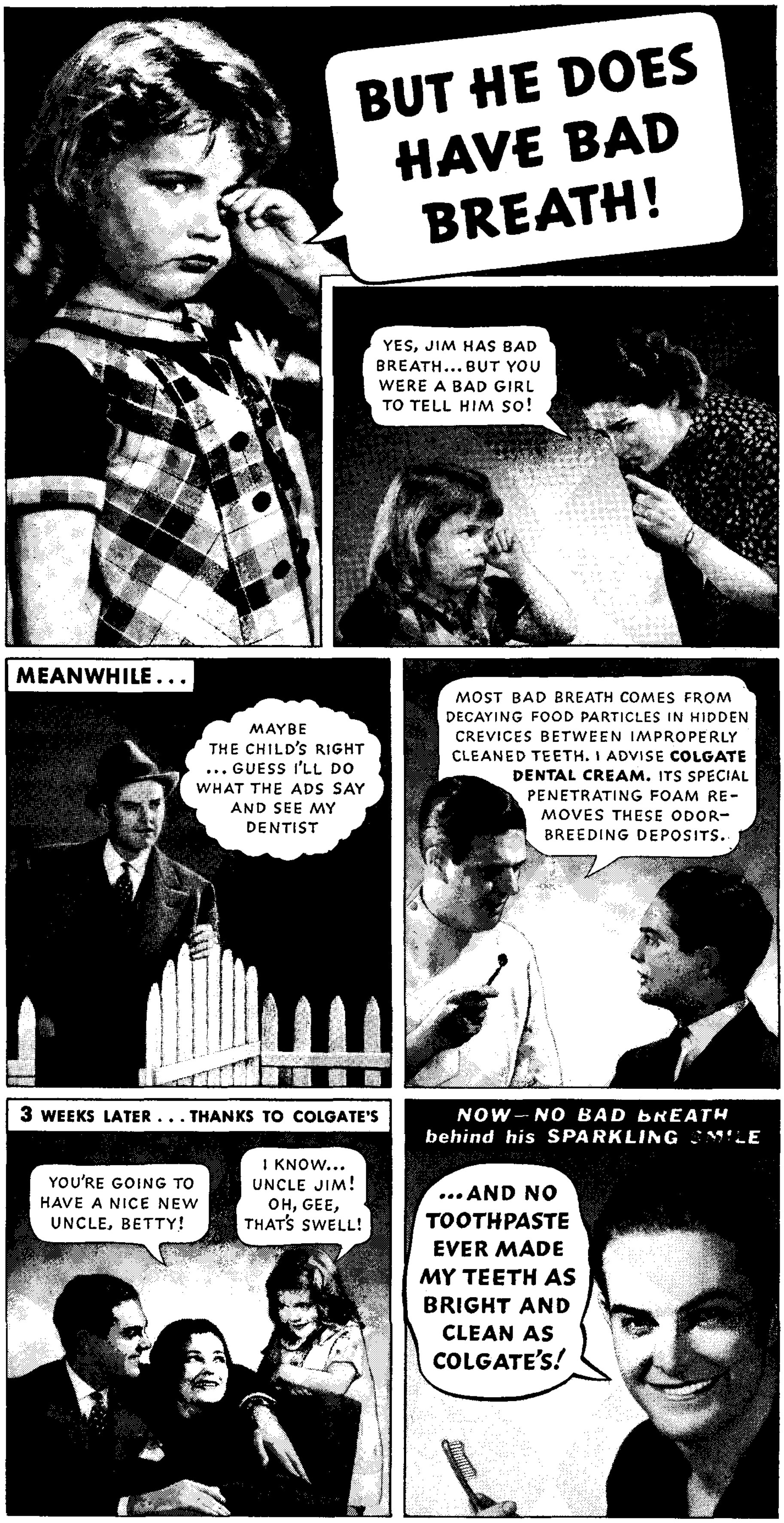
"That is one thing I am waiting to find out."

"I won't impose upon your patience," George Crane said. "I'll tell you right now." His tone changed. He said: "Hell, man, this is childish. Listen to me. Perry's looking for you now to tell



"Don't tell me how to run things. Everything was swell around here the two years you were out on parole"

REAMER KELLER


BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!
YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!
MEANWHILE...
MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT ... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST
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3 WEEKS LATER . . . THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!
I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!
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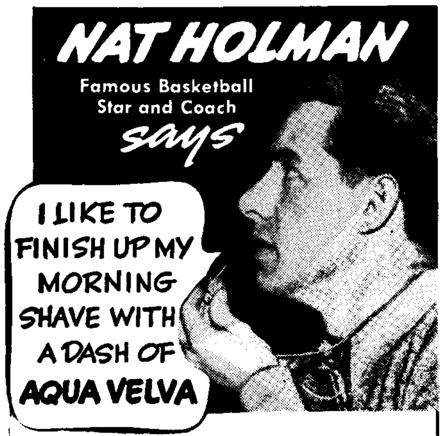
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you he has been to see your wife; to tell you where she is: to break his promise to her so that you can go to her and—"

Bill said: "It seems the family friend is just a little desperately concerned. No?"

Greg had forgotten Bill was in the room. George looked at Bill as if he had forgotten him as well. George said to Bill, without amusement: "Family friend hell, Mr. Keith."

Bill said: "Ah!"

George took his eyes away from Bill and brought them back to Greg. He said: "Is Mr. Keith in your confidence? In business and financial affairs?"

Bill laughed and Greg said: "Let me answer, Bill. Yes, Mr. Crane, he is."

George said: "Well, then, Mr. Adams, Perry has been looking for you because, as Mr. Keith so aptly puts it, he is desperately concerned. Not as the family friend; no, Mr. Keith. My brother would no doubt be pleased if Mr. Adams and his wife were reconciled; as you would too. As I would too, if there were not—" He paused and said: "I'll say it for you, Mr. Keith: as I would too, if there were not a fee involved."

Bill said: "This is still a lot of words."

George turned to him. He said: "Use your brain then—if you have one."

Bill stared back at him and started getting up. If there was any boiling over, now, it would be Bill, Greg thought. He said: "Sit down, Bill."

George Crane leaned back. He said: "What do you say we all stop getting in one another's hair? That won't help matters. Can you bear a few more words, so I may clear a few things up?"

Greg leaned back, too. He said: "Go on and have a try."

George said: "Mr. Adams, you've been having a bad time. A tragic time. I've heard my client's side of this; I've heard yours, from my brother. I need not go into that."

Greg told him: "Very definitely not."

George Crane said: "The point is that this situation has absorbed you, Mr. Adams, and you've given thought to nothing else. Quite naturally. But you see, while properly concerned, your domestic situation hasn't been so—well, shall we say vital?—to my brother. It—"

"I thought you said that it had made him pretty desperate," Bill said.

"Yes. But not about his friend's dilemma. That would be a trifle too much to expect. My brother's desperation—I will use the word again—has been occasioned by, I fear, a motive you'll consider very sordid, Mr. Keith."

George Crane laughed. He said: "My brother's desperate concern is for his pocketbook."

THE thing was artistry. He had the polish, the precision, the exquisite sense of timing, drama, of some marvelous illusionist. He let you come up on the stage and tie him up yourself; and put him in the box; and nail him down. Then, when you thought you had him, when you thought there could be, this time, no escape, he suddenly appeared again, unruffled and amused, to pull another verbal rabbit from a non-existent hat.

He said, now: "Mr. Adams, I have just learned, from my brother, something of the details of your Florida affairs—of Castle Key. That is my brother's reason for concern. He tells me that you need more money there; that quite a large sum is essential for completion. Don't you see? His fear, his—I will use the word just once more, Mr. Keith—his desperate concern is that this large and unexpected sum for which you are called upon for settlement with Mrs. Adams may so seriously cripple you financially that—"

Greg said: "Seriously is a good word, Mr. Crane."

George said: "You see? He feels that Castle Key means millions for you both. And when I told him the amount that Mrs. Adams asks, he went at once to her to try to plead your mutual case."

Greg said: "Well?"

George Crane said: "It was no use. Mrs. Adams would not listen. She would only, and emphatically, reiterate her first demand. That's why my brother went to find you and to tell you where the lady is; in hopes that you yourself can—"

Greg said: "I have tried already."

"Oh? Then I can only hope, for Perry's sake, that your financial situation isn't quite so serious as Perry feared. That this demand—"

Greg said: "I could not raise a third of it. What capital I have, except for that tied up in Castle Key, is in a trust; unbreakable. I think this is the time for you to know that."

WATCHING him—and they were watching him—you could not see the faintest change in George Crane's expression of polite concern.

Bill said: "Well, now you know it, Mr. Crane. As Mrs. Adams' lawyer, what now?"

George Crane said: "As Mrs. Adams' lawyer?"

Bill said: "Yes. So what now?"

Crane turned to him. He said: "You have expressed your quite unflattering opinion of me very clearly, Mr. Keith. But did you seriously think that with my brother's interests so identical with Mr. Adams', I could still continue in this case?" He shook his head and smiled again. He said: "I am afraid this will really disappoint you, Mr. Keith, but I resigned a while ago by telephone."

Greg sat there feeling clumsy, feeling silly, feeling duped. He'd keyed himself for fireworks, for drama, as he had been keyed the last time he had sat across from George Crane in this room. And now, again, the fuse had sputtered out. He looked at Bill and Bill was grinning an embarrassed, silly grin. Bill said: "The best thing I can say, I guess, is that I'll have that drink now. Rye, I guess, would be appropriate."

George Crane laughed and got up. He looked at Greg and Greg said: "No, not now, thanks."

Handing Bill his drink, George Crane said: "But, of course, my graceful exit doesn't change things much. There will be, and at once, I fear, another lawyer with the same demand, the same alternative to settlement."

"And my same lack of money," Greg said.

"Yes." George Crane sat down. He said: "And naturally your reluctance, for Miss Carlisle's sake, to have this come to suit."

Greg said: "Reluctance is a pretty weak word."

"Yes."

The man picked up his brandy glass again, and there was something oddly fascinating in his mannered and deliberate enjoyment. He said, at last: "What will you do then, Mr. Adams? May I ask? We seem to be upon the same side, now."

Greg said: "My only chance for cash, I guess, is Castle Key; a loan against my stock. I don't believe I could arrange that locally, in any sizable amount. I think perhaps my best bet is Miami where they know the proposition and can see it."

George Crane said: "You'll go down there then?"

The question was as casual as if he'd asked about the weather. His indolent preoccupation with his brandy gave no hint of all the rapid combinations forming in that twisted, brilliant, ruthless mind. He said, at last: "If once you let the banks cut in, it may mean you and Perry lose control."

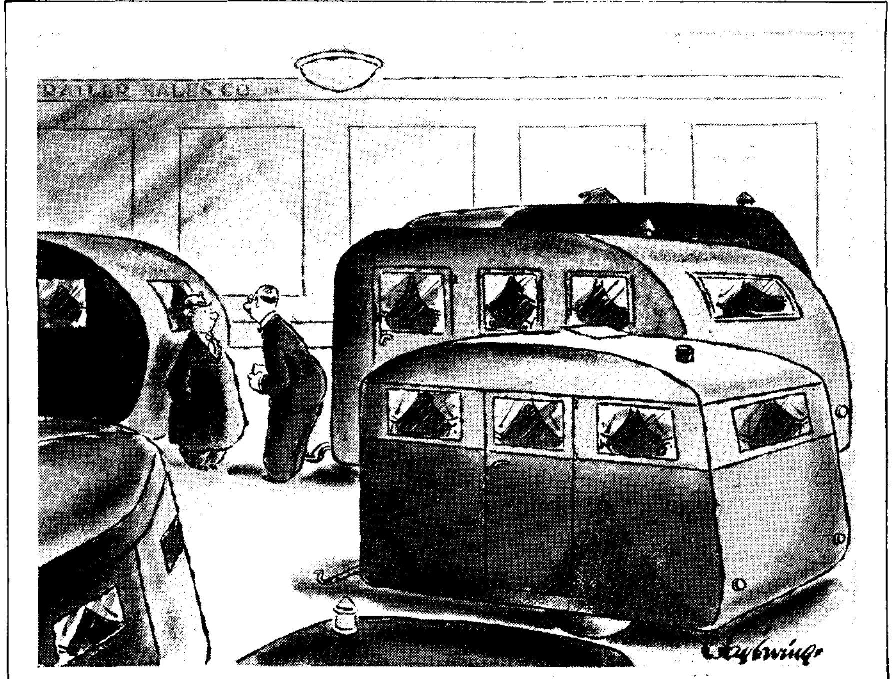
"Yes."

George said, slowly: "Maybe I can help you finance something privately, on better terms. I have some very influential contacts in New York." He looked up, saying: "Yes, I'll do it, Mr. Adams. I'll go down there now, fly down tonight, and look the situation over. If it is as good as Perry seems to think—" His voice trailed off.

GREG rose and George and Bill got up too. Greg said: "When Perry comes then, you will tell him—"

George Crane interrupted, smiling: "I will tell him just the pleasant part of this. And what I hope to do. You'll hear from me through Perry."

Both their cars were outside. Greg said: "Drive on over, Bill." He got behind the wheel and drove home, slowly. Nothing in the situation had improved. He'd broken through the barrier and found behind it—nothing. Only more words, more smooth explanations. Did it all come back to Rita, then? To her alone? Greg said, aloud: "No, damn it!" Jealousy of June, as silly as it was, he could imagine; even a belief in some malicious, farfetched gossip. Yes; and shooting sparks and stamping from the house and even going to a lawyer. That he could believe of her, for that was Rita. But not this. This thing, the way it shaped up from the first, was money,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somehow; it came back to that and money wasn't Rita. This was cold and calculated and determined and a plan to break him and it wasn't Rita's plan. For her there would be storms and tears and drama, but there wouldn't be a price for pride. From the first he had been seeking something back of this; for someone—crazy as it seemed—who meant to wreck him: someone who had influenced and dominated her and fitted her into a sinister and calculated plan.

He'd thought he'd found that someone in the lawyer, playing skillfully upon her raw emotions for a fee. He'd thought, at last, he'd found who he was looking for in Perry Crane; he had been sure of it when they had followed him. Now all that had been explained. The lawyer had resigned the case; and Perry Crane was just a worried business partner. Greg thought he had found an enemy and here they all were pals and playing on the same team. Yet this thing was hanging over him and hanging over June, as menacing as ever.

But it wasn't Rita. But it wasn't Rita.

BILL was already home. He came out from the kitchen, leaving laughter, with a piece of cake. When he saw Greg he stuffed it in his mouth and followed Greg into the living room. He said: "Well, here we are."

"Yes."

Bill said: "It would have been swell, wouldn't it, if it had been Perry at the door, and you had smacked him. Swell."

Greg didn't answer and Bill said: "Or if I'd smacked George Crane. I wanted to. I guess we've been a pair of fools. And me the biggest."

"Yes."

Bill said: "Yes; me. I've been the one that harped on Perry Crane. It shows you what a fool dislike will do. I tried to stir you up about him, about Castle Key, before this happened, even. When it did, Greg, I was sure that it was Perry. I could picture him as every kind of melodrama villain you can think of. George Crane too. Too much detective fiction. I feel pretty lousy over it. Let's have a drink."

"All right."

"George Crane took it like a sport," Bill said. "And I was damn' insulting. How about champagne and start it now instead of cocktails?"

"If we're celebrating," Greg said, "tell me what, so I'll have fun too."

Bill said: "Well, at least we found out that there isn't any hush-hush monkey business. That the Cranes are on the square. That's something. And we've got more time, too. Anyway till Rita gets another lawyer. And I think George Crane will raise the money for you down there, Greg. He's smart, all right. And so champagne? Anyway I had old Rusty stick a bottle in the bucket when I got here. Rusty!"

Rusty came in with the bucket and the glasses. He said: "That woman say she give you just ten minutes. Iffen you ain't at the table then, she say she goin' feed that dinner to the cat."

"I'll iffen her," Bill said.

Rusty took the bottle out and wrapped it in a towel and started easing on the cork with big black thumbs.

Bill said: "She pops! Hey! Come on, Greg, for Pete's sake. We've been sourpuss for days."

"Sure."

"Things will work out. Come on, fellow, get some bubbles up your nose."

Greg said: "If I believe George Crane, Bill, and everything he said, and everything about himself and Perry Crane, then all of this is Rita; don't you see? It makes the whole thing Rita."

"Come on, Greg; you'll go nuts."

"But it isn't Rita," Greg said. "Bill, It's something else; it's someone else. I haven't any master mind, but look—"

"You keep this up, you won't have any mind at all," Bill said. "Either of us."

"Start it from the first, Bill. When she left, that night, she went to Perry Crane's. All right then, with her father, but she went there. All right; what have we known since? Not one single thing except the things George Crane has told us."

"Well, he told us plenty."

"George Crane," Greg said. "First he tells me all about my wife and now he's going down to Castle Key to tell me all about my business. Fine." He drank and held his glass out and Bill filled it up. Greg drank again and put the glass down, hard, upon the table and the hollow frail stem splintered in his hand. He got up and his voice was hard and sure. He said: "It's Castle Key. This thing is money. It's the Cranes. It's Castle Key."

"You cut yourself, look."

"Damn it, Bill, I tell you that's it, somehow. Castle Key."

Bill said: "Here. Use this cocktail napkin. And you're nuts. You're in that thing together, you and Perry. You're—"

"You wanted me to go down there before this even happened. When he wanted me to put up more dough. You had some idea that there was something fishy then."

"Not really. It was Perry Crane, that's all. I thought that there was too much Perry. All around. That's all."

"And now there's two of them. I'm sick of this. I'm flying down myself. Tonight."

They walked into the dining room and sat down. Rusty came in with the pie. "I'll serve," Greg said. He cut into the flaky crust and it was rich and hot and fragrant underneath and one of Delia's best and she was waiting, with the swing door open just a crack. Bill said: "No. None for me, except some crust and gravy and a piece of white meat and a leg or so and possibly a snack of liver and a touch of wing."

"No second joint?" Greg said. "No gizzard?"

"Just a touch, then. I don't want to hurt her feelings!"

Delia cackled. It was all a part of making it old times. It helped too. Greg said: "I'll get us out of this, somehow."

BILL said: "You can't go down there, though. You can't leave, even if there was some sense to it. You'll hear from Rita's new attorneys and you've got to be here. If you skipped town she might start that suit the next day. And there's June, Greg."

"Yes. You think you think of something and you find you haven't thought of something else."

Bill said: "Look here, Greg, if you've got this hunch, I'll go. I'll slide down there and take a look at Castle Key for you, myself. Swell. I can drive June down. I hadn't thought of that."

"June?"

Bill said: "You didn't know, I guess. She's going South with Mrs. Dale. The Russell buyer. They are opening a dress shop on Miami Beach. Judge Tremple's financed them. All right. I'll go and snoop around and wire you."

"When, Bill?"

"Tomorrow if they're ready. I believe they are." He paused and then said, slowly: "Greg, you haven't seen June since the funeral. You ought to."

"Yes, but Bill, this thing has made me feel as if I couldn't face her till I got her out of it."

"You ought to see her."

"Yes. Thank God, she doesn't know about it."

Bill said: "You go see her, Greg. Tonight."

Bill's words came back to him. "She loves you, damn you. Do you hear? She loves you." People shouldn't use that word, Greg thought. It had a curious effect. You knew it meant, in this case, affection, loyalty and trust. All right then; when it meant those things, those were the words that people ought to use. Not love. That was the second time, too. June had used that word herself, the night before Hugh's funeral; the night they'd sat there on the lake shore in his car. She'd looked at him and said: "I love you, Greg." And he remembered how he'd felt then, hearing it, and he remembered how he'd thought that she'd be saying that to someone else, sometime, and meaning it; and it had made him feel peculiar. What she'd meant, for him, of course, was loyalty, affection, trust, because that was the way she felt and that was how Bill knew she felt, too. All right then; why not say so? Why use love, when everybody ought to know it was a word that had a curious effect.

Greg said: "I'll get her out of this."

"You go and see her."

"All right."

"Thanks," Bill said. "Thanks loads." His eyes were on his glass. He added, unaccountably: "You know, I get a little weary of this role."

"What?"

"One more little hunk of crust," Bill said.

IT WAS dark and Perry turned the light on in the hall. He walked into the living room and turned the light on there. George Crane was leaning back in the big chair, his eyes closed.

"George."

"I'm not asleep." He kept his eyes closed and his words came slowly, wearily. He said: "Yes, I explained you, Perry. We're all buddies, now. I even got to be a buddy too. A scout. I did my good deed by resigning from the case."

"What? George!"

"You fool," George told him. "Listen, Adams hasn't any money, any cash. It's all in trust. You got the rest of it for Castle Key. And now you'd like to hear a little irony? All right. I exercised my notable attainments to work out a most delightful scheme of blackmail. Something really fine. The victim would pay up and positively thank me—if he had the money. But the only vulnerable asset the obliging Mr. Adams has is Castle Key—the safe my little brother has already rifled. Irony? Why, Perry, it is practically superb. And listen to the final touch: he thinks that he can borrow money on his stock in Castle Key to pay up."

"Oh, good God. It's all up, George. I might have known it. Nobody would make a loan without investigating. When they do—"

"You have forgotten buddy George." George said. "Your buddy George, his buddy George, with influential contacts in New York. Oh, very influential. Buddy George is seeing to the whole affair. He's flying down tonight, to look the proposition over, with a view to—"

Perry said: "It's no good, George. It's all up. It's no use in trying to be clever. It will only stall things. It will only put it off a few days. Then he'll go down there himself."

"Of course," George said. "I mean to send for him. When I am ready, Perry." George leaned back and closed his eyes, the way he did. He said: "So after all these complications, all this mental effort, all this tension, we get right back where we started from. I think I knew it, Perry, from the first."

"What—what do you mean, George?" But Perry knew.

"You know," George said. "You've known it from the first, too. Since the day you stood there on that airfield, watching those boys jump and seeing one 'chute open; knowing it was fifty-fifty whether you'd wear stripes or be a millionaire."

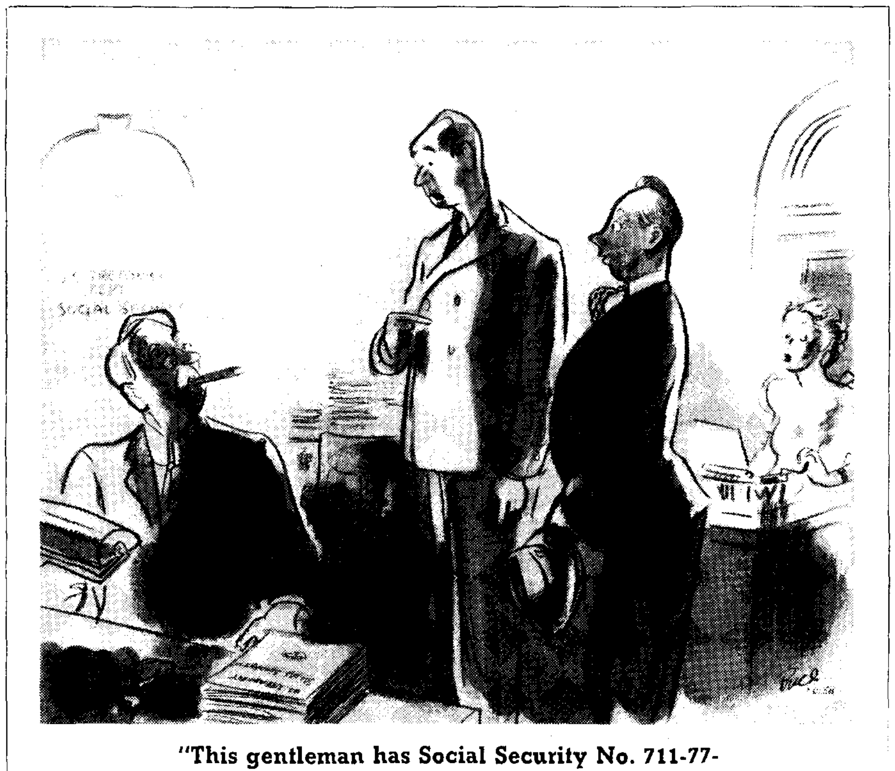
"No. No."

"So we've got back to it. Right where we started from." He sat up suddenly. His eyes were bright; his whole face, usually a white mask, lit up with excitement and his words were swift and high. He said: "Hell! Hell! This is the first thing in my life I can't be calm about. I'm glad! You hear me? Glad! Excited! Hell! I've always wanted to kill someone; all my life. I've dreamed about it; do you hear? War? Danger? Hell! The thrill is murder, Perry, murder. Not just simply kill some poor damn' fool and run away. Not just to kill. The hell with that! But murder. For a stake; a big stake. Plan it out and plan it out and make it perfect and be in the middle of it all the time and be suspected, be suspected, do you hear? And then be smarter than them all! By God, I'm sweating, Perry! Look at me! I've never sweat before in all my life!"

He laughed. Words choked in Perry's throat.

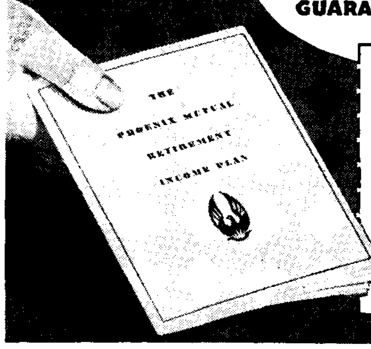
George said: "To get a chance like this! It might not happen in a dozen lifetimes. Murder for a million!"

(To be continued next week)



"This gentleman has Social Security No. 711-77-711. He wants to know if he wins anything"

GARRETT PRICE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• • •

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Fired to Fame

Continued from page 24

School, died and left him five hundred dollars. That ended everything. The cloistered youth broke loose. He "hit the trail to Northampton," home of Smith College, and otherwise ran amok in extracurricular activities. Grades tobogganed as his spirits rose and, near the end of his one flunking year, he was urged to leave.

The rapidly disappearing five hundred had been augmented by one hundred dollars of prize money, won fortuitously in a declamation contest by reciting the last act of Cyrano de Bergerac. Bolstered by this, he got as far as Stamford, Connecticut, where he became a roofing salesman. He next got placed with a peculiar old man, trying to sell odd-sized door frames and window sashes to wholesale makers of regular-size frames. He sold none. "I was not of the caliber for the job," he confesses with humility. His next effort was with vacuum cleaners. He had so many doors slammed in his face that he developed a sort of slam-shock. But his no-sales record remained miraculously unbroken.

Subsequent events in the making of an actor held still greater variety. Eventually he arrived again in New York—broke, of course. By good fortune, he met an old school friend who took him home to shelter in Brooklyn. Then life brightened. He got a holiday job selling neckties in New York's largest department store.

The thought of going on the stage was probably born during his next bit of employment, but it was nebulous. This time, he was moving up. He was in the fur department of one of the swankiest Fifth Avenue shops. The depression being in full swing, there was plenty of leisure—also, a number of lovely models. He entertained them with impersonations and dramatic recitations, and went over well. He further demonstrated his possibilities as an actor by never once punching the time clock early enough in the morning. This did not go over so well.

The Captain Objects

Our hero is next seen as a runner in Wall Street for the offices of a large steamship line. Horatio Alger revived for a time. He rose from sixth runner to first and then to mail clerk. He achieved a record—he kept the job for six months. Then he shipped on a freighter and went to South America as an ordinary seaman.

But it was not until his second trip that he discovered that life on the ocean wave held no future for him. Arriving at Buenos Aires, he was not among those given shore leave. He waited till after dark, dropped over the side and went hand over hand along the cable to shore. Halfway across, he heard someone bellow at him, but continued on his way. It seems it was the captain. Throughout the trip home, he was kept standing at attention all during his watch, with occasional interludes of scrubbing the deck.

Foreseeing the result of the captain's report, he tried to figure out what to do next. Then he remembered his success at entertaining the models in the fur department and also that prize for the last act of Cyrano. After what he'd been through he could face anything, and he went into the theater.

Eva Le Gallienne agreed to take him into her group at Fourteenth Street, but only as an apprentice at no salary. That was all right. During the next two years, he got just enough money to cover expenses, though he became a regular member of the company. He did summer stock, too.

Suddenly, he was called uptown from Fourteenth Street to discuss the leading role in Little Ol' Boy. In this hour, his world changed.

"We are sorry," they said apologetically, "but all we can offer you for the part is $300 a week."

"I sat tight a moment," says Burgess Meredith, "to keep from going through the floor and I hoped it looked merely like thoughtful hesitation. Then in an offhand way, I answered, 'Oh, well, if that's all your budget will stand, I suppose it will have to do.' "

From that day when he took his first salary on Broadway, he has been at the top of the heap. That play was his springboard. He has had more parts written for him than any other current juvenile in the theater. Also, though most young actors, however prominent, begin their picture careers in minor tryout roles, he started as a leading player.

Maxwell Anderson wrote Winterset with Burgess Meredith in mind for Mio, and Guthrie McClintic decided to produce the play. Again Meredith won laurels. He also won a wife.

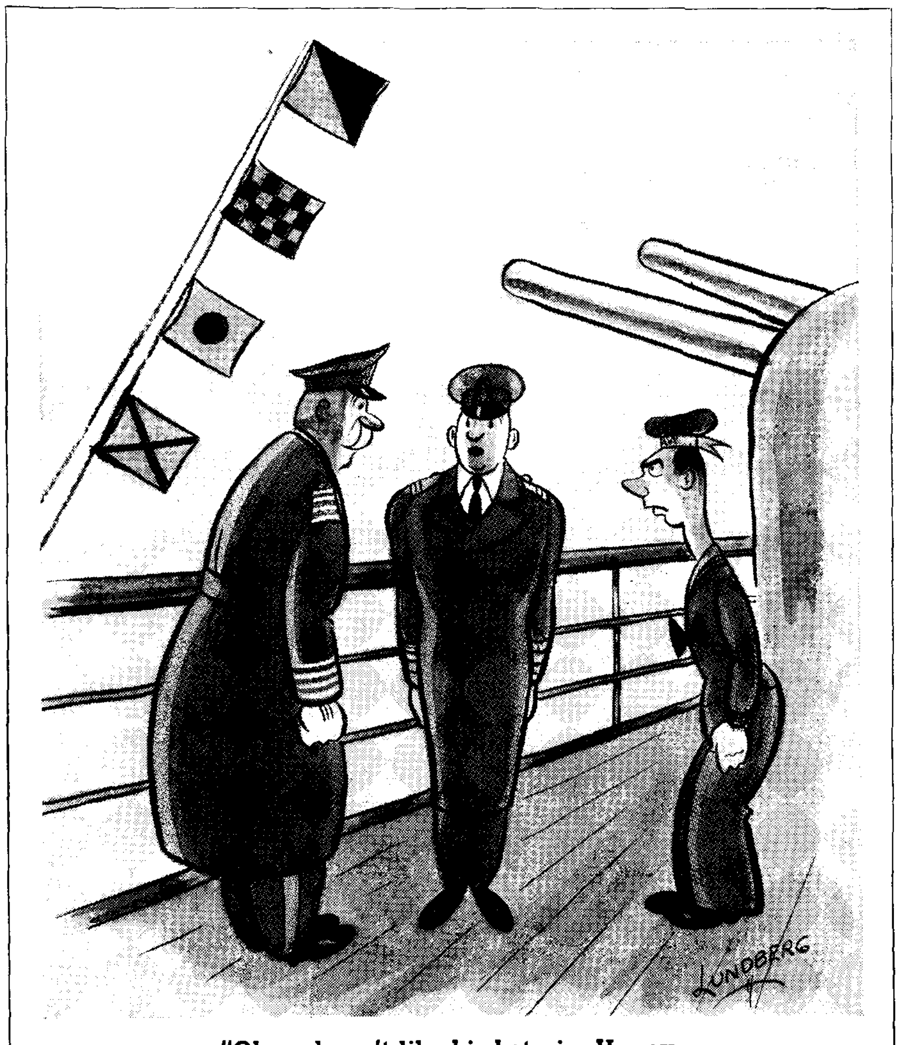
He dislikes living in the city, but couldn't go far out because of his night work. Katharine Cornell helped him find a place at Sneden's Landing. Through the winter rains and snows, he trekked back and forth nightly and two afternoons a week. Margaret Perry had a home there, too. Much to the amazement of people in town, who didn't know the two were even acquainted, close friends were invited out to their wedding on January tenth. They'd been seeing each other quietly all winter.

Just before going to Hollywood, the name of High Tor began to dominate Meredith's life. He bought a home near that legend-filled promontory on the Hudson. Maxwell Anderson also lived near it and, inspired by the old myths of the place, decided to write a play of that name with a character for Meredith.

In September, the Merediths returned from the West Coast, and with them the afore-mentioned Great Dane puppy, of course named High Tor, since the new play ran through all their thoughts. The play, High Tor, opened to cheers—an amusing fantasy dealing with the return to that spot of the spirits of the Dutchmen who once sailed up the Hudson. But some night, along with the ghosts of the old Dutch sailors, Burgess Meredith may see his dog looking at the dawn from the top of the rocky crag, for the puppy, High Tor, died the same night his triumphant name-play of the spirits opened.

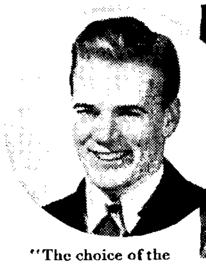
As They Come

There seems to be some question in Burgess Meredith's own mind as to what he'll do next, though to anyone else it might be pretty well indicated by his present occupation in the theater and pictures. But, his expression slightly scared and his tone philosophical, he says, "You can't tell. All this happened so easily—sort of by itself—it may unhappen the same way, too." And he adds with complete detachment, "I've a hunch that some day I'll be doing something else. Oh, there's no use in my getting determined about it," he shies off warily. "When I just relax and let things come, they turn out all right. But when I set my mind—I don't know myself well enough—I'm likely to—" The sentence ends with a shrug.



"Olsen doesn't like his hat, sir. He says it makes him look like Donald Duck"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG



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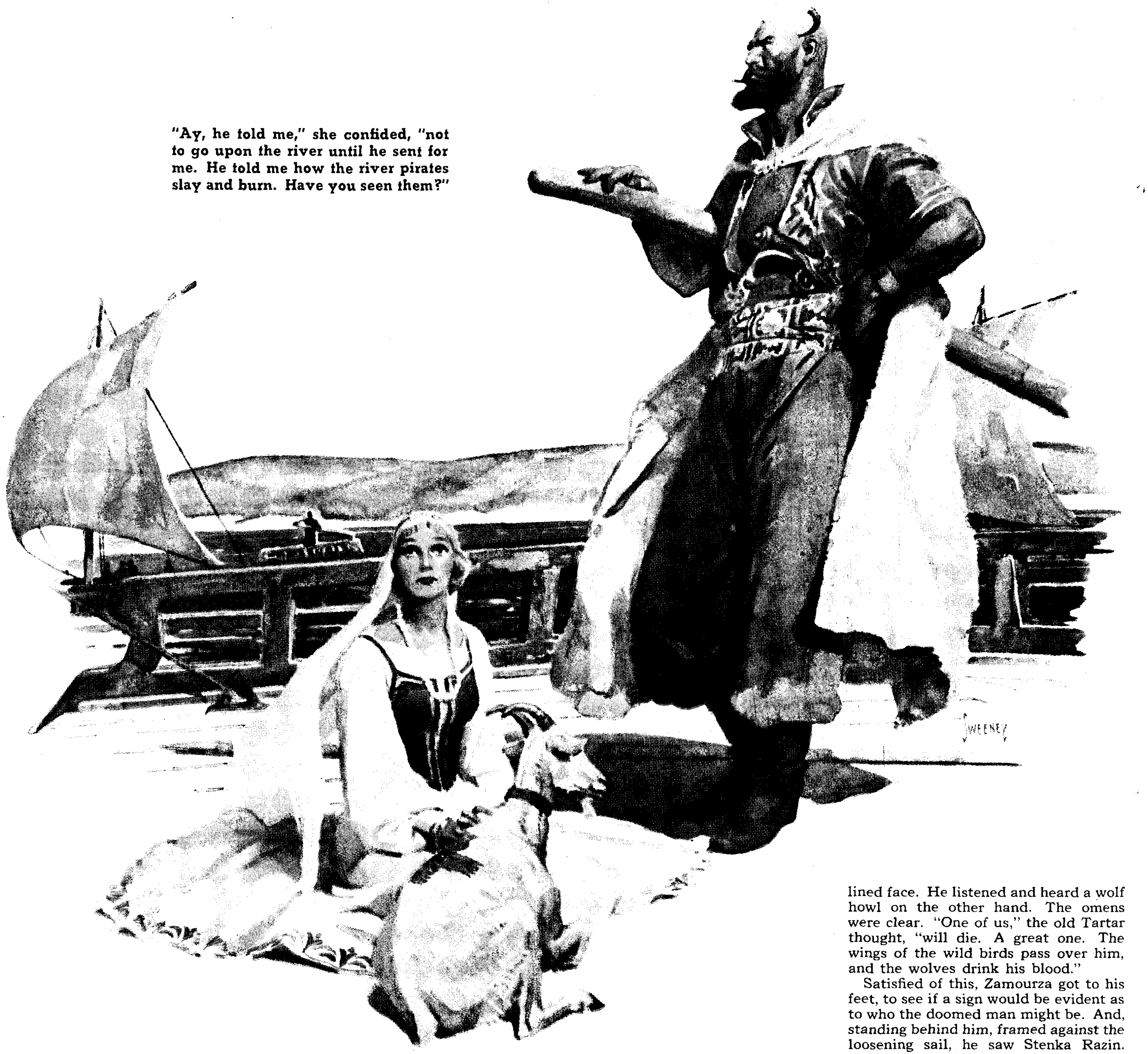


"Ay, he told me," she confided, "not to go upon the river until he sent for me. He told me how the river pirates slay and burn. Have you seen them?"

The Devil's Song

By Harold Lamb

Around the fires they still talk of Stenka Razin, Robin Hood of the Cossacks three hundred years ago. The Tsar branded him Cain, and the Tsar lived to regret it. For Stenka mastered every living thing he met—except the girl named Nada

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THEY were drifting down the river. Thirty and seven of them, sailing the ships of the Volga pirates, drifting through the red glow of sunset.

Southward they were going, on the spring flood—the ice was breaking out far behind them — south through the grass steppes, to raid Gorod town.

Zamourza the Tartar sniffed the night coming on, and he lifted his head where he lay curled like a bear asleep. Zamourza could cut the skin off a man with his knife. Ay, he was deft enough with a knife, but he had in him the skill of a wizard. He could hear the whispering of the dead where they lay.

Now he lifted his head, for it was his way to look around once at the ending of a day, to fix in his mind all that was there before Allah drew the curtain of night over the earth. He looked at the setting sun, and that deep red sky.

"*Yah ahmaut,*" he murmured. "Allah hath hung the banner of death in the sky."

When the sun touched the dark line of reeds on the bank, a crane winged past it. Zamourza nodded, puckering his lined face. He listened and heard a wolf howl on the other hand. The omens were clear. "One of us," the old Tartar thought, "will die. A great one. The wings of the wild birds pass over him, and the wolves drink his blood."

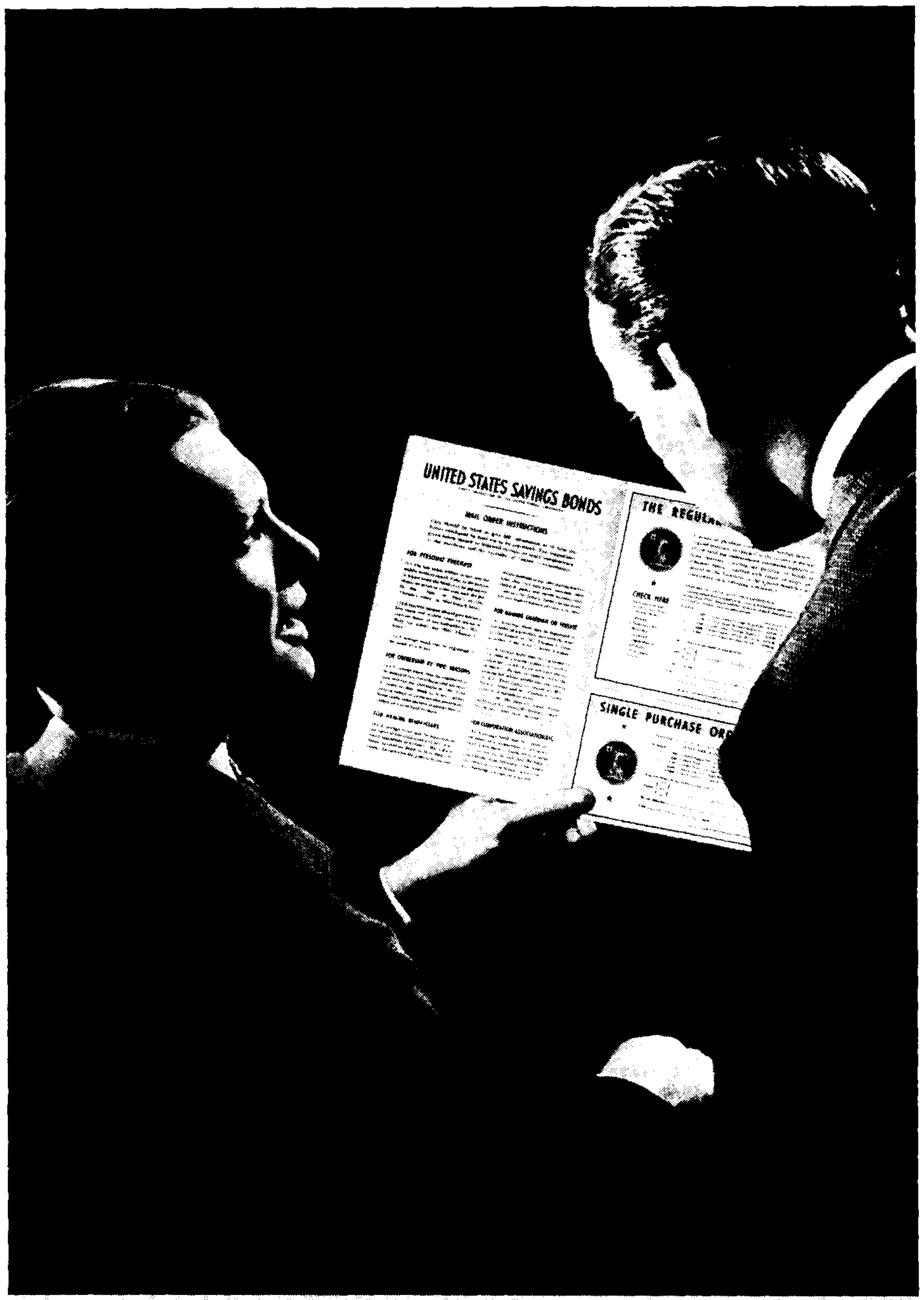
Satisfied of this, Zamourza got to his feet, to see if a sign would be evident as to who the doomed man might be. And, standing behind him, framed against the loosening sail, he saw Stenka Razin. Stenka Razin, lord of the river, master of the *bourlaki*—the river men. Taller he was than Zamourza by two heads, heavy and powerful as a gray buffalo. Like Zamourza's, his skull was shaved except for a scalp lock; his short beard was black and lustrous. He held in his hand the oak staff with the iron spike that served him better than a sword. His crimson shirt was embroidered with gold.

Under that shirt, Zamourza knew, on Stenka Razin's left shoulder, the word CAIN had been branded. Stenka Razin took pride in that branding. Sometimes, when the whim seized him, he would pull back his shirt and show these letters to a man, saying, "See, dog, that is what I am." And he would kill the man. Because the letters reminded him of the ten years he had spent in Kazan prison, in the hands of the Muscovites.

Now he hunted down the Muscovites, the Tsar's men of Moscow, to pay for those years and that branding. They hunted him along the Volga, putting a price on his head and laying traps for him—without success. Some said that

(Continued on page 76)

"This Government Savings Plan will provide me with $50 a month for 10 years"



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How I Obtained a Liberal Education Without Ever Going to College

Thomas Lawton tells an Interesting Experience

"Who is that scholarly gentleman?"

I was standing with a friend at a reception before a dinner tendered to a famous visiting professor from an English University. I noted that our distinguished guest was engaged in a learned discussion with an apparently old and esteemed friend. I was so much impressed with the way that the second gentleman was holding his own in the discussion and the marked respect the visiting professor paid to his opinion that I turned to my friend and asked who he was.

"That is Benjamin Brown. I thought you knew him."

"He certainly talks well," I commented.

"If you think so now, wait and hear him speak at dinner. He is to deliver the welcoming address."

I did hear him and I was even more impressed by the extent of his knowledge. I was amazed by the breadth of his learning. *He seemed to be perfectly at home in any field of literature, philosophy, religion, politics and history.* Indeed he seemed to be *the ideal type of cultivated man.* Needless to say I sought him out after the dinner and congratulated him on his speech.

"You must have spent years in study at leading universities."

"Nothing of the sort," said he in his quiet, modest manner. "I have never had the privilege of matriculating at any university."

"It is unbelievable," I said.

"On the contrary," he went on, "there is nothing extraordinary in my training. You can acquire this same knowledge easily and pleasantly. Any average person even with little formal education can obtain the same results as I have.

"My own education," continued Mr. Brown, "was very meager. Circumstances forced me to leave school at an early age. Having had but the equivalent of one year in high school I always felt embarrassed in the company of my fellow men who had attended universities and who possessed the basic education which gave them *poise and social assurance.* I envied them. I felt that I was destined to be educationally handicapped and a low-wage man all my life. But fortunately one day I happened to hear from a friend of mine about the Course offered by the Eliot Foundation of Adult Education. I immediately sent for it. After it came I was not long in realizing that I had in this Course the means to overcome the educational deficiencies under which I had keenly suffered.

"For this course has not only given me a wide grasp of cultural subjects, but it has enabled me to take a fresh hold on myself and my potentialities for success in life. I feel that I have put myself on an altogether different and equal plane with my fellow men. The inferiority complex which I so poignantly felt has gone forever."

"But, Mr. Brown," I interrupted, "what you say is all very well. But you have devoted years to study. How about me? I haven't time."

"Mr. Lawton," he replied, "this Course can be mastered in your spare time—*a few minutes each day will give you within an unbelievably short period an excellent grasp of the cultural subjects.* The Harvard Classics on which the Course is based are the selected masterpieces of the centuries chosen by Dr. Eliot, the greatest educator America has developed. You will find the Course so interesting that it will be a means of relaxation and recreation at the end of the day. I can prove my statements."

No proof, however, was necessary, for I wasted no time in obtaining the Course. When I sat down after supper with the first Session, all my skepticism, if I ever had any, disappeared, for the reading was so inspiring it was a revelation to me.

That was several months ago. I have found the Eliot Foundation Course to be priceless. To spend a few minutes each day in the presence of the greatest thinkers of all time is a rare privilege. *I am amazed at my progress.* I have acquired a broad knowledge of the cultural subjects which places me on an equal footing educationally with my more fortunate brethren.

Every man, no matter how limited has been his formal education, can obtain from this Course a liberal background and acquire the self-confidence which only such a training can give. It is the basis of all education. Possessing it, men are able to advance in their work, obtain a better social position and more enjoyment from life. *A liberal training often spells all the difference between failure and the highest pinnacle of achievement.*

I sincerely urge my readers to send for the Course at once. The cost is immaterial in comparison with the dividends of increased power, pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it. The knowledge obtained from this Course will be directly reflected in increased earnings. It will give men and women the added equipment needed to reach their goals.

*THOMAS LAWTON

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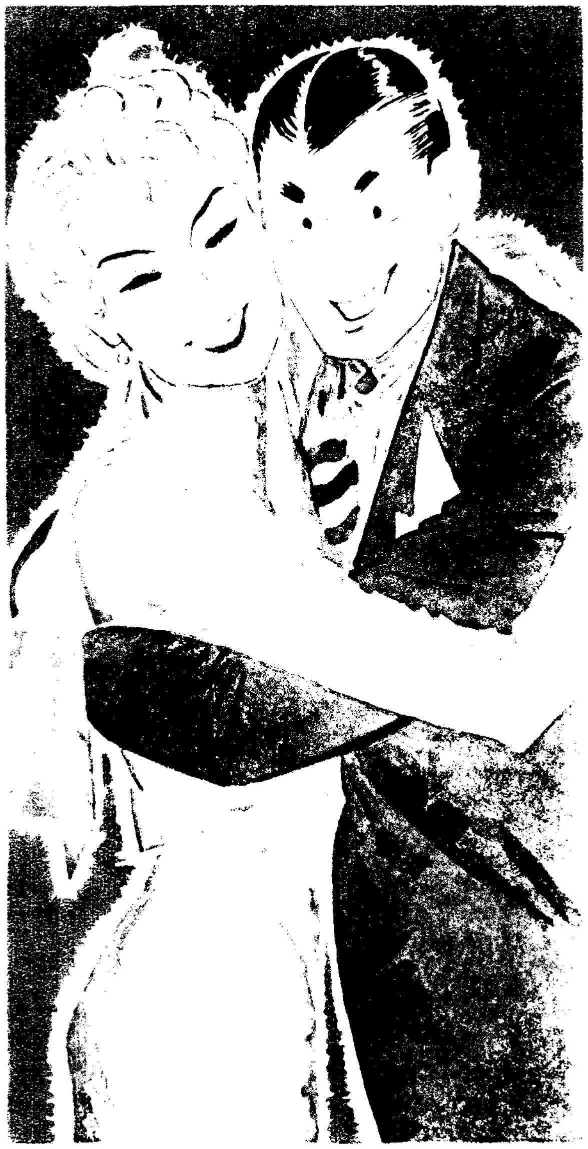

A Matter of Sentiment

by

rederick Hazlitt Brenna

SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS

LUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. RE

SO THIS actor cluck says: "Jakey, you've got a ten per cent heart—ten per cent wolf meat and ninety per cent marble!" And do you know what I told him?

Look, I says, I've been an agent around Hollywood for sixteen years. The last actor I will ever loan money to is Bart Romaine, who was a bigger picture star in his day than you could ever be. Even if I loaned you two million bucks to make your own supercolossal special, instead of staking you to a week at Palm Springs like you want.

The boys on Variety will tell you that I kept Bart Romaine in cakes and coffee and cigarettes for almost eight years. Believe it or not. Bart's money run out on him in '28, right after he got back from his trip to Australia. He'd flopped on personal appearances Down Under and the best he could do when he got back was second leads. So what? He wouldn't play second leads. Then, he wouldn't play character parts. Then, he wouldn't play bits. Then, he wouldn't play extras. And all the time I'm keeping him in pocket money.

So what? Bart comes to me one day last summer and says: "Jakey, I want you to lend me five thousand dollars."

"You're out of your head, Bart," I says kindly. "I won't even embarrass you by asking why you would like to have five thousand dollars. No!"

So what?

"Cleo is stopping off at Santa Barbara with Lord and Lady Leveridge's yachting party," says Bart. "I'd like to pay my respects. It's a matter of sentiment."

"Cleo who?" Then, I think I remember. "You mean Cleo Lincoln?"

"There is only one Cleo," Bart says.

I see *you* don't remember, fella—I says to this actor cluck—but Cleo Lincoln was as big a picture star as Bart. They were the first big-money team in the business. Bart should have married Cleo when he had the chance. There was one smart little woman. She knew when to quit. She did a quick fade-out and went to England.

So what? I got my sentiment, too, see?

"You won't need any five grand to see Cleo, Bart," I says. "I wouldn't mind talking over old times with her myself. I'll drive you up to Santa Barbara."

Well, fella, Bart is an actor. His pride flushes red-hot in his face and he says: "I happen to want Cleo to remember me at my best. We were sweethearts in the good days. Sorry." Meaning he didn't want Jakey around cramping his style—or telling the truth by accident.

Out he walks, kicking the door with his shoes my dough bought him. And pretty soon I hear that Bart is making the rounds of old friends in Hollywood getting a front together. The low-down is that Bill Powell gives him an outfit of clothes and Cantor stakes him to a limousine and a chauffeur and Gable is good for one more hefty touch.

So what? All that ain't enough. Bart has blown his touch money sending cables to the Leveridge yacht and arranging for orchids to meet the boat. The pay-off is that Bart has to come back to Jakey and ask for merely a one-grand loan to tide over.

"The answer is no," I says, gentle, "but you can bite me for maybe one arm or one leg—if you got serious intentions!"

"What do you mean?" asks Bart.

"Maybe you can warm up the old torch, hey? Cleo must have big money—"

I get no farther. Bart up and swings a punch at me. His timing is bad and his burn-up over the insult is worse. Because, knowing actors so well, little Jakey sees that this is just what is in Bart's mind. He still carries a torch for Cleo; but his pride won't let him try his luck.

So what? I let him nick me for twenty dollars on the simple, reasonable condition that I go along in the borrowed car to make sure Bart really connects with Cleo. I got eight years' cakes-and-coffee money at stake, ain't I? At that, I agree to lie for Bart and make Cleo think he's a retired country gentleman with a big estate at Rancho Santa Fe.

Well, I and Bart drive up to Santa Barbara like we're in the money. We're to have dinner with Cleo at the Biltmore.

Bart steps up to the desk and orders a three-room suite—one he remembers having in the good old days.

"Sorry, sir," says the clerk, "but a Miss Cleo Lincoln has No. 221. We could give you 228, right across the hall—"

"Oh, very well," says Bart.

Mamoulian ought to have set a couple of cameras on that meeting of Bart and Cleo.

We walked into a big living room, fella, and there's Cleo reading a book, like it was a scene from "Camille" or something. She lets out a sharp cry of pain and rises, letting the book fall just right. I see at once that Cleo ain't what she used to be—not by twenty pounds and several bad neck lines—but Cleo isn't paying any attention to little Jakey.

"Bart Romaine!"

"Cleo! And lovelier than ever!"

"You haven't changed a bit—you handsome dog!" Then she shakes her head: "Why don't you relent and go back to pictures?"

"I'm finished with all that," Bart says. "You're the one who should be carrying on!"

"Not I!" says Cleo, scornful. Then, she sees me. "Hello, Jakey! No contracts, now!"

Bart laughed.

"I made Jakey promise he wouldn't tempt you. He comes down to my country place every fortnight and waves checks around!"

"Yeah. That's right," I say.

I didn't have a chance to say anything more. Bart and Cleo start gabbing about old times. They swap compliments with tears in their eyes. To hear Cleo tell it, Robert Taylor is hokey-pokey compared to Bart; and to hear Bart tell it, Garbo should run all Cleo's old pictures and learn about acting.

Two waiters come in with the preliminary trimmings for dinner.

"Will Sir Ronald and Lady Constance be with us this evening, my dear?" Bart asks.

"Alas, no," says Cleo. "They had to run up the coast for a party at Del Monte. I begged off, because I wouldn't have missed *you* for anything!"

"My sweet!" says Bart, kissing her hand.

He started to say something more by way of committing himself, then he shook his head. The great renunciation stuff. And did I burn!

Then, in comes a messenger boy with an armful of bundles.

"Fifty-seven fifty. C. O. D.," he says.

I see Cleo bite her lip and look scared.

"Oh, bother . . . I'll get my purse."

She starts for the other room, then says over her shoulder: "How stupid. Tell them to put it on my bill, sonny."

"They said downstairs they couldn't do that, Miss."

"Oh, very well. Just take them back. I'll pick them up in the morning—"

So what?

Bart hasn't missed a bit of it. I look at him and he is staring at Cleo like it was too good to be true.

"Cleo!" he says. "Is—is it true? You can't pay the C. O. D.?"

It was Cleo's big scene, fella, and she played hell out of it.

"What's the use of pretending?" she says. "It's true. I cadged that ride on the yacht. I'm running my face here on Lady Constance's credit. Don't look at me, Bart. The shame of it is more than I can bear—"

"Cleo! This is wonderful!"

"W-what?"

"I'm broke, too!"

"Oh, Bart! *Really?*"

"Ask Jakey! I borrowed the limousine. This suit is a hand-me-down. Jakey bought my shoes—"

"Oh, poor dear Bart!"

"Cleo, my brave darling!"

Then, they both laughed. They laughed and fell into each other's arms and comforted each other.

So what?

Get outa my office—I says to this actor cluck—I don't send you to Palm Springs or even the Beverly Brown Derby. After me loaning Bart and Cleo eight hundred dollars for a honeymoon trip, I should be handing out more dough to actors!

Stage to Lordsburg

Continued from page 19

They were moving on toward the frame house whose corners seemed to extend indefinitely into a series of attached sheds. Lights glimmered in the windows and men moved around the place, idly talking. The unhitched horses went away at a trot. The tall girl walked into the station's big room, to face a soldier in a disheveled uniform.

He said: "Miss Robertson? Lieutenant Hauser was to have met you here. He is at Lordsburg. He was wounded in a brush with the Apaches last night."

The tall army girl stood very still. She said: "Badly?"

"Well," said the soldier, "yes."

The fat man came in, drawing deeply for wind. "Too bad—too bad. Ladies, I'll show you the rooms, such as I got."

Henriette's dove-colored dress blended with the background shadows. She was watching the tall army girl's face whiten. But there was a strength in the army girl, a fortitude that made her think of the soldier. For she said quietly, "You must have had a bad trip."

"Nothing—nothing at all," said the soldier and left the room. The gambler was here, his thin face turning to the army girl with an odd expression, as though he were remembering painful things. Malpais Bill had halted in the doorway, studying the softness and the humility of Henriette's cheeks. Afterward both women followed the fat host of Gap Station along a narrow hall to their quarters.

MALPAIS BILL wheeled out and stood indolently against the wall of this desert station, his glance quick and watchful in the way it touched all the men loitering along the yard, his ears weighing all the night-softened voices. Heat died from the earth and a definite chill rolled down the mountain hulking so high behind the house. The soldier was in his saddle, murmuring drowsily to Happy Stuart.

"Well, Lordsburg is a long ways off and the damn' mountains are squirmin' with Apaches. You won't have any cavalry escort tomorrow. The troops are all in the field."

Malpais Bill listened to the hoofbeats of the soldier's horse fade out, remembering the loneliness of a man in those dark mountain passes, and went back to the saloon at the end of the station. This was a low-ceilinged shed with a dirt floor and whitewashed walls that once had been part of a stable. Three men stood under a lantern in the middle of this little place, the light of the lantern palely shining in the rounds of their eyes as they watched him. At the far end of the bar the cattleman and the gambler drank in taciturn silence. Malpais Bill took his whisky when the bottle came, and noted the barkeep's obscure glance. Gap's host put in his head and wheezed, "Second table," and the other men in here began to move out. The barkeep's words rubbed together, one tone above a whisper: "Better not ride into Lordsburg. Plummer and Shanley are there."

Malpais Bill's lips were stretched to the long edge of laughter and there was a shine like wildness in his eyes. He said, "Thanks, friend," and went into the dining room.

When he came back to the yard, night lay wild and deep across the desert and the moonlight was a frozen silver that touched but could not dissolve the world's incredible blackness. The girl Henriette walked along the Tonto road, swaying gently in the vague shadows. He went that way, the click of his heels on the hard earth bringing her around.

Her face was clear and strange and incurious in the night, as though she waited for something to come, and knew what it would be. But he said: "Apaches like to crawl down next to a settlement and wait for strays."

SHE was indifferent, unafraid. Her voice was cool, and he could hear the faint loneliness in it, the fatalism that made her words so even: "There's a wind coming up, so soft and good."

He took off his hat, long legs braced and his eyes quick and puzzled in their watchfulness. His blond hair glowed in the fugitive light.

She said in a deep breath: "Why do you do that?"

His lips were restless and the sing and rush of strong feeling was like a current of quick wind around him. It was that unruly. "You have folks in Lordsburg?"

"He's gonna feel awful when he finds out the other guy got the decision"

HARRY BECKHOFF

She spoke in a direct, patient way as though explaining something he should have known without asking. "I have a house in Lordsburg."

"No," he said, "it wasn't what I asked."

"My folks are dead—I think. There was a massacre in the Superstition Mountains when I was very young."

He stood with his head bowed, his mind reaching back to fill in that gap of her life. There was a hardness and a rawness to this land and little sympathy for the weak. She had survived, and had paid for her survival, and she looked at him now in a silent way that offered no explanations or apologies for whatever had been, still a pretty girl, with the tragic patience of all the past years in her eyes, in the inexpressiveness of her lips.

He said: "Over in the Tonto Basin is a pretty land. Piece of a ranch of mine there yet—with a house half built."

"If that's your country why are you here?"

His lips laughed and the rashness in him glowed hot again and he seemed to grow taller in the moonlight. "A debt to collect."

"That's why you're going to Lordsburg? You will never get through collecting that kind of debt. Everybody in the Territory knows you. Once you were just a rancher. Then you tried to wipe out a grudge and then there was a bigger one to wipe out—and the debt kept growing and more men are waiting to kill you. Someday a man will. Run away from the debts."

His bright smile kept constant, which made her shoulders lift in resignation. "No," she murmured, "you won't run." He could see the sweetness of her lips and the way her eyes were sad for him; he could see in them the patience he had never learned.

He said, "We'd better go back," and turned her with his arm. They went across the yard in silence, hearing the undertone of men's drawling talk roll out of the shadows, seeing the glow of men's pipes in the dark corners. Malpais Bill stopped and watched her go through the station door; she turned to look at him once more, her eyes all dark and her lips sober, and then passed down the narrow corridor to her own quarters. Beyond her window, in the yard, a man was murmuring to another man: "Plummer and Shanley are in Lordsburg. Malpais Bill knows it." Through the thin partition of the adjoining room she heard the army girl crying with a suppressed, uncontrollable regularity. Henriette stared at the dark wall, her shoulders and head bowed; and she afterward returned to the hall and knocked on the army girl's door, and went in.

SIX fresh horses fiddled in front of the coach and the fat host of Gap Station came across the yard swinging a lantern against the dead, bitter black. All the passengers filed, sleep-dulled and cross, from the house. Johnny Strang slammed the express box in the boot and Happy Stuart said, "All right, folks," gruffly.

The passengers climbed in. The cattleman came by and Malpais Bill drawled, "Take the corner spot, mister," and got in, closing the door. The Gap host grumbled: "If they don't jump you on the long grade you'll be all right. You're safe when you get to Al Shrieber's ranch." Happy's bronze voice shocked the black stillness and the coach lurched forward, its springs squealing.

They rode for an hour in this complete darkness, chilled and uncomfortable and half asleep, feeling the coach drag on a heavy-climbing grade. Gray dawn cracked through, followed by a sunless light rushing all across the flat desert now far below. The road looped from one barren shoulder to another and at sunup they had reached the first bench and were slamming full speed along a boulder-strewn flat. The cattleman sat in the forward corner, the left corner of his mouth swollen and crushed, and when Henriette saw that her glance slid to Malpais Bill's knuckles. The army girl had her eyes closed, her shoulders pressing against the Englishman, who remained bolt upright with the sporting gun between his knees. Beside Henriette the gambler seemed to sleep, and on the middle bench Malpais Bill watched the land go by with a thin vigilance.

At ten they were rising again, with juniper and scrub pine showing on the slopes and the desert below them filling with the powdered haze of another hot day. By noon they reached the summit of the range and swung to follow its narrow rock-ribbed meadows. The gambler, long motionless, shifted his feet and caught the army girl's eyes.

"Shrieber's is directly ahead. We are past the worst of it."

THE blond man looked around at the gambler, making no comment; and it was then that Henriette caught the smell of smoke in the windless air. Happy Stuart was cursing once more and the brake blocks began to squall. Looking through the angled vista of the window panel, Henriette saw a clay-and-rock chimney standing up like a gaunt skeleton against the day's light. The house that had been there was a black square on the ground, smoke still rising from pieces that had not been completely burned.

The stage stopped and all the men were instantly out. An iron stove squatted on the earth, with one section of pipe stuck upright to it. Fire licked lazily along the collapsed fragments of what had been a trunk. Beyond the location of the house, at the foot of a corral, lay two nude figures grotesquely bald, with deliberate knife slashes marking their bodies. Happy Stuart went over there and had his look, and came back.

"Shriebers. Well—"

Malpais Bill said: "This morning about daylight." He looked at the gambler, at the cattleman, at the Englishman, who showed no emotion. "Get back in the coach." He climbed to the coach's top, flattening himself full length there. Happy Stuart and Strang took their places again. The horses broke into a run.

The gambler said to the army girl, "You're pretty safe between those two fellows," and hauled a .44 from a back pocket and laid it over his lap. He considered Henriette more carefully than before, his taciturnity breaking. He said: "How old are you?"

Her shoulders rose and fell, which was the only answer. But the gambler said, gently, "Young enough to be my daughter. It is a rotten world. When I call to you, lie down on the floor."

The Englishman had pulled the rifle from between his knees and laid it across the sill of the window on his side. The cattleman swept back the skirt of his coat to clear the holster of his gun.

The little flinty summit meadows

grew narrower, with shoulders of gray rock closing in upon the road. The coach wheels slammed against the stony ruts and bounced high and fell again with a flat jar which the springs could not soften. Happy Stuart's howl ran steadily above this rattle and rush; fine dust turned all things gray.

Henriette sat with her eyes pinned to the gloved tips of her fingers, remembering the tall shape of Malpais Bill cut against the moonlight of Gap Station. He had smiled at her as a man might smile at any desirable woman, with the sweep and swing of laughter in his voice; and his eyes had been gentle. The gambler spoke very quietly and she didn't hear him until his fingers gripped her arm. He said again, not raising his voice: "Get down."

HENRIETTE dropped to her knees, hearing gunfire blast through the rush and run of the coach. Happy Stuart ceased to yell and the army girl's eyes were round and dark, yet showing no fright. The walls of the canyon had tapered off. Looking upward through the window on the gambler's side, Henriette saw the weaving figure of an Apache warrior reel nakedly on a calico pony and rush by with a rifle raised and pointed in his bony elbows. The gambler took a cool aim; the stockman fired and aimed again. The Englishman's sporting rifle blasted heavy echoes through the coach, hurting her ears, and the smell of powder got rank and bitter. The blond man's boots scraped the coach top and round small holes began to dimple the paneling, where the Apaches' bullets struck. An Indian came boldly abreast the coach and made a target that couldn't be missed. The cattleman dropped him with one shot. The coach hubs screamed as its wheels slewed around the sharp ruts and the whole heavy superstructure bounced high in the air. Then they were rushing down grade.

The gambler said, quietly, "You had better take this," handing Henriette his gun. He leaned against the door, with his small hands gripping the sill. Pallor loosened his cheeks. He said, to the army girl, "Be sure to keep between those gentlemen," and looked at her in a way that was desperate and forlorn, and dropped his head to the window sill.

Henriette saw the bluff rise up and close in like a yellow wall. They were rolling down the mountain without brake. Gunfire fell off and the crying of the Indians faded back. Coming up from her knees then she saw the desert's flat surface far below, with the angular pattern of Lordsburg vaguely on the far borders of the heat fog. There was no more firing and Happy Stuart's voice lifted again and the brakes were screaming on the wheels, and going off, and screaming. The Englishman stared out of the window sullenly; the army girl seemed in a deep, desperate dream; the cattleman's face was shining with a strange sweat. Henriette reached over to pull the gambler up, but he had an unnatural weight to him and slid into the far corner. She saw that he was dead.

At five o'clock that long afternoon the stage threaded Lordsburg's narrow streets of 'dobe and frame houses, came upon the center square and stopped before a crowd of people gathered in the smoky heat. The passengers crawled out stiffly. A Mexican boy ran up to see the dead gambler and began to yell his news in shrill Mexican. Malpais Bill climbed off the top, but Happy Stuart sat back on his seat and stared taciturnly at the crowd. Henriette noticed then that the shotgun messenger was gone.

A gray man in a sleazy white suit called up to Happy: "Well, you got through."

Happy Stuart said: "Yeah. We got through."

An officer stepped through the crowd, smiling at the army girl. He took her arm and said, "Miss Robertson, I believe. Lieutenant Hauser is quite all right. I will get your luggage—"

The army girl was crying then, definitely. They were all standing around, bone-weary and shaken. Malpais Bill remained by the wheel of the coach, his cheeks hard against the sunlight and his eyes riveted on a pair of men standing under the board awning of an adjoining store. Henriette observed the manner of their waiting and knew why they were here. The blond man's eyes, she noticed, were very blue, and flame burned brilliantly in them. The army girl turned to Henriette, tears still in her eyes. She murmured: "If there is anything I can ever do for you—"

But Henriette stepped back, shaking her head. This was Lordsburg and everybody knew her place — except the army girl. Henriette said formally, "Goodby," noting how still and expectant the two men under the awning remained. She swung toward the blond man and said, "Would you carry my valise?"

Malpais Bill looked at her, laughter remote in his eyes, and reached into the luggage pile and got her battered valise. He was still smiling as he went beside her, through the crowd and past the two waiting men. But when they turned into an anonymous and dusty little side street of the town, where the houses all sat shoulder to shoulder without grace or dignity, he had turned sober. He said, "I am obliged to you. But I'll have to go back there."

They were in front of a house no different from its neighbors; they had stopped at its door. She could see his eyes travel this street and comprehend the kind of traffic it bore. But he was saying in that gentle tone:

"I have watched you for two days." He stopped, searching his mind to find the thing he wanted to say. It came out swiftly: "God made you a woman. The Tonto is a pretty country."

Her answer was quite barren of feeling. "No. I am known all through the Territory. But I can remember that you asked me."

He said: "No other reason?" She didn't answer but something in her eyes pulled his face together. He took off his hat and it seemed to her he was looking through this hot day to that far-off country and seeing it fresh and desirable. He murmured: "A man can escape nothing. I have this chore to do. But I will be back."

HE WENT along the narrow street, made a quick square turn at the end of it, and disappeared. Heat rolled like a heavy wave over Lordsburg's housetops and the smell of dust was very sharp. She lifted her valise — and dropped it. And stood like that, mute and grave before the door of her dismal house. She was remembering how tall he had been against the moonlight at Gap Station.

There were four swift shots beating furiously along the sultry quiet, and a shout, and afterward a longer and longer silence. She put one hand against the door to steady herself, and knew that those shots marked the end of a man and the end of a hope. He would never come back; and he would never stand over her in the moonlight with that gentle smile on his lips and with the swing of life in his casual tone. She was thinking all that, humbly and with the patience life had beaten into her. . . .

She was thinking of all that when she heard the strike of boots on the street's packed earth; and turned to see him, high and square in the muddy sunlight, coming toward her with his smile.

"I'd be an eskimo!"

He hasn't many comforts—but I'm plenty envious of one thing that old Eskimo has! He enjoys good teeth! . . . His teeth are kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

Even Eskimos when they change to soft, civilized foods, find that their teeth and gums suffer from too little wholesome exercise.

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Bringing Up Baby

Continued from page 22

"If you were a panther," said Suzan, "where would you go?"

"I'd come home to Aunt Elizabeth."

They set out finally with a length of rope and a landing net which Suzan insisted upon taking despite the fact that it was for fish. She said that it might come in handy and that it would be no trouble to carry it. It was no trouble for anyone but David, who carried it.

They saw the panther only once, and briefly. He was with George, and seemed willing enough to come home, but when Suzan bent down and temptingly held out a bit of Baby's dinner meat, George growled insinuatingly and walked away. Baby, stretching luxuriously, hesitated only a moment between love and duty. He followed the dog, disappearing into the woods in three leaps. They started after him. It kept growing darker.

The quarrel started at twelve o'clock. It was born when Suzan tripped and fell over a log. She lay there, flat on her face, until David picked her up. He made the mistake of saying, "Watch where you're going."

They'd been walking since nine-thirty. Suzan had torn her frock. Privately, she had despaired of finding Baby and that made matters worse. Her voice trembled. She said, "Watch where I'm going yourself, smart aleck—I mean watch where—" and then she began crying.

"Now, look," David said. "I'd suggest that we go home."

SUZAN stamped her wrath out on innocent shrubs. "Go home and tuck yourself into bed, quitter! Go *on* home. I'm going to find that beast if it—t-takes me the rest of my natural life! The idea, turning a wild animal loose on an innocent countryside and then g-going home and sleeping—with lives in danger—all over—"

David said, "Oh, Suzan, do stop making an ass of yourself."

"So," said Suzan. She jumped back hastily onto her dignity. "So," she said, and stalked off. David followed. Suzan stopped. "Please, David," she said, "I'd rather you didn't."

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't come with me," said Suzan frigidly. "This time, David, I am through. The other times have been silly quarrels, but this time I am thoroughly, quite thoroughly, through."

"Oh, very well," David said. He sat down on a log.

He could hear Suzan crashing away from him. Then she crashed back toward him after a bit. Presently, in a quavering voice quite near him she said, "David?"

David kept quiet.

"Oooh!" said Suzan, and headed straight for the main road. Establishing your independence is one thing and mucking about in the woods at twelve o'clock at night is another.

David followed at a reasonable distance. He threw away the landing net but retained the rope, mindful of the fact that it was a clothesline and useful in its way.

The moon was up. Ahead, he could see Suzan looking from side to side but she wasn't looking for Baby. She was looking for something to jump out at her from behind a tree. David was resigned to the fact that the most baleful and horrible revenge that has ever been perpetrated on a man by a woman was being cooked up but it didn't seem to matter. The only thing of importance in the whole world was a bed. A wide, comfortable bed with big, soft pillows. A bed that was sturdy. A bed where a man could sink back, close his eyes and just ache in peace until he fell asleep.

As Suzan came abreast of a large, white house, she stopped suddenly. She dropped to her hands and knees and started crawling. David thought, "The little beast has sprained her ankle," but after a moment he realized that she was crawling toward an objective. The objective was a monotonous, low growling sound. George. Suzan disappeared behind a largish clump of hydrangeas. David advanced. After looking a moment he could distinguish a big, cat-like form outlined against the sky, comfortably ensconced on the veranda roof of the white house.

Suzan was saying, "Good Baby. Nice Baby, come down."

COAST TO COAST
NON STOP
FLIGHT

"What a send-off we got! Didn't I always say we'd think up something that'd make us"

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

David gave up and sat down in a clump of sumac.

Suzan was waxing indignant. Knowing Suzan, David knew that she was stamping her foot. "Come down at *once!*" George growled louder.

There was a short silence. Suzan was thinking. David hoped she wouldn't decide to climb the trellis and come to grips with her problem.

The fruit of her thought came, after a moment. She lifted her voice in song.

"I can't give you anything but love,
ba-by,
That's the only thing I've plenty o-of,
ba-by,
Dream a while, scheme a while, you're
sure to—"

A window was flung up and a pajama-clad man appeared in the aperture. Obviously, he was at a loss to know where to start. He said finally, "What are you doing, may I ask?"

"Singing," Suzan said.

"If you're paying a bet there must be someplace else you can pay it," the man said. By this time his wife had joined him at the window. Clearly, she didn't like Suzan's looks.

"I'm not paying a bet," Suzan said distinctly. "There's a panther on your roof."

"I'm not going to bandy words with you at this time of night." He, too, was beginning not to like Suzan.

"There's a panther on your roof and it's my panther," Suzan said stubbornly, "and I'm going to get him. To get him, I have to sing."

"There is nothing on my roof," he said.

"There is! Come out and look!"

The woman's face softened. She said something to her husband. He drew back from the opening like a turtle whose shell has been tapped. The woman leaned farther out and said, "Sing if you like, dear."

Suzan started. "I can't give you anything but love, baby . . ."

The woman regarded her pityingly, shaking her head a little.

A door banged. The man had put on his pants hurriedly. Baby, alarmed, disappeared over the edge of the roof.

Suzan was yelling, "He went that way!"

She struggled in the gentle but firm grip of a man who knew his duty. He kept saying, "Hush, hush. It's all right."

"You've frightened him away," Suzan wailed furiously, "and now I'll never find him again."

"See, he's still there," her captor said soothingly. "See him?"

"He's not!" Suzan yelled. "Let go of my arm! Let go!"

"He'll come back, don't worry. Now you tell me where you live. Do you know?"

"Of course, I know," Suzan said indignantly, "but that's not the point. I have to get my panther." She appealed desperately to him. "Won't you help me?"

"I certainly will," he said.

With a sigh of relief, David pushed his way through the sumac thicket. Suzan was safe. Of course, when she discovered that the man thought her batty, the man wasn't safe, but that was his responsibility, not David's.

It was dark among the trees. David stumbled around looking up into them for Baby and under them for George. Now and then he called, hoping that George would growl in reply.

He came upon them in a small clearing. Baby was lying in a wagon track and George was standing beside him. David had an unpleasant feeling that they'd been watching him all the time. He tried to remember all the things he'd ever heard about dealing with animals. Looking Baby straight in the eye was a bit difficult in the dark and from a distance. He tried cooing at them and making wild promises about steak at home, but George only growled.

Only the picture of sitting all night in that clearing, watching Baby, drove him to unwind the rope and walk toward them. Baby rolled over on his back to have *his* stomach scratched. David scratched it and put the rope around his neck. From there on it was simple. He merely walked home. Baby padded along at his side and George followed at his heels, growling.

EVERY light in the house was on and Aunt Elizabeth, in a fury, was on the telephone. David went in, towing Baby.

Aunt Elizabeth was shouting, "Of course I have a niece but she's decently in bed, not singing around under windows! Why should I come to the police station and identify her? It's no responsibility of mine or my niece's if you've picked up a feeble-minded female! There's no insanity in our family! Don't take any checks from her, mind."

David grinned, feeling a twinge of sympathy for the local police force.

"I tell you," Aunt Elizabeth shouted, "that the girl's an impostor! My niece is a sober, self-respecting citizen!" Then she looked up and saw David. She stared at Baby. She looked back at David. She turned to the telephone. "Wait a minute, my good man," she said. "I might be wrong."

David handed Aunt Elizabeth the end of the clothesline. He took the telephone from her unresisting hand. "Put your prisoner on the wire, Sergeant," he said. "If it's Miss Vance we'll be able to identify her by her voice."

A furious squeaking sailed into the room from the receiver.

"Don't take that tone," David said warningly.

"Da-*vid!*" said Suzan.

"Am I marvelous?"

"You're anything you say," wailed Suzan.

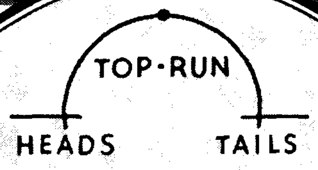
"Are we engaged or aren't we?"

"All right," Suzan said sulkily.

"I'll be right over," David said. He hung up.

After he'd gone Aunt Elizabeth stood staring at Baby, who was rolling over to have his stomach scratched. "Imagine," she said into space, "Mark can't send me a panther from the wilds of Brazil but these two can scare one up in the Connecticut woods. That's rather sweet. I've misjudged Suzan. I think—yes, I think I'll cut Mark off and give Suzan all the money."

HERE'S A REAL TOP-RUN BOURBON TO PLEASE BOTH TASTE AND PURSE


TOP-RUN
HEADS
TAILS

WHAT TOP-RUN MEANS

This diagram shows the curve of quality. It pictures how the peak of whiskey goodness is secured by cutting off the raw, wild "heads" and the heavy "tails"—and taking only the best of the run to make Crab Orchard.

ONE look at the price, one warming sip of golden-glowing Crab Orchard, and you'll check with that headline. Rolls smooth as honey across your tongue—because it's *TOP-RUN whiskey*—and it's real Kentucky bourbon all the way through. Rich and mellow—and full 93 proof! If you want a friendly whiskey that leaves you with a pleasant memory, ask for Crab Orchard at bars or stores. Even the price has a cheer in it.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Crab Orchard

Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
93 PROOF

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

18
"Crab Orchard"
Brand
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
ONE QUART
93 PROOF
U.S.A.
DISTILLED BY
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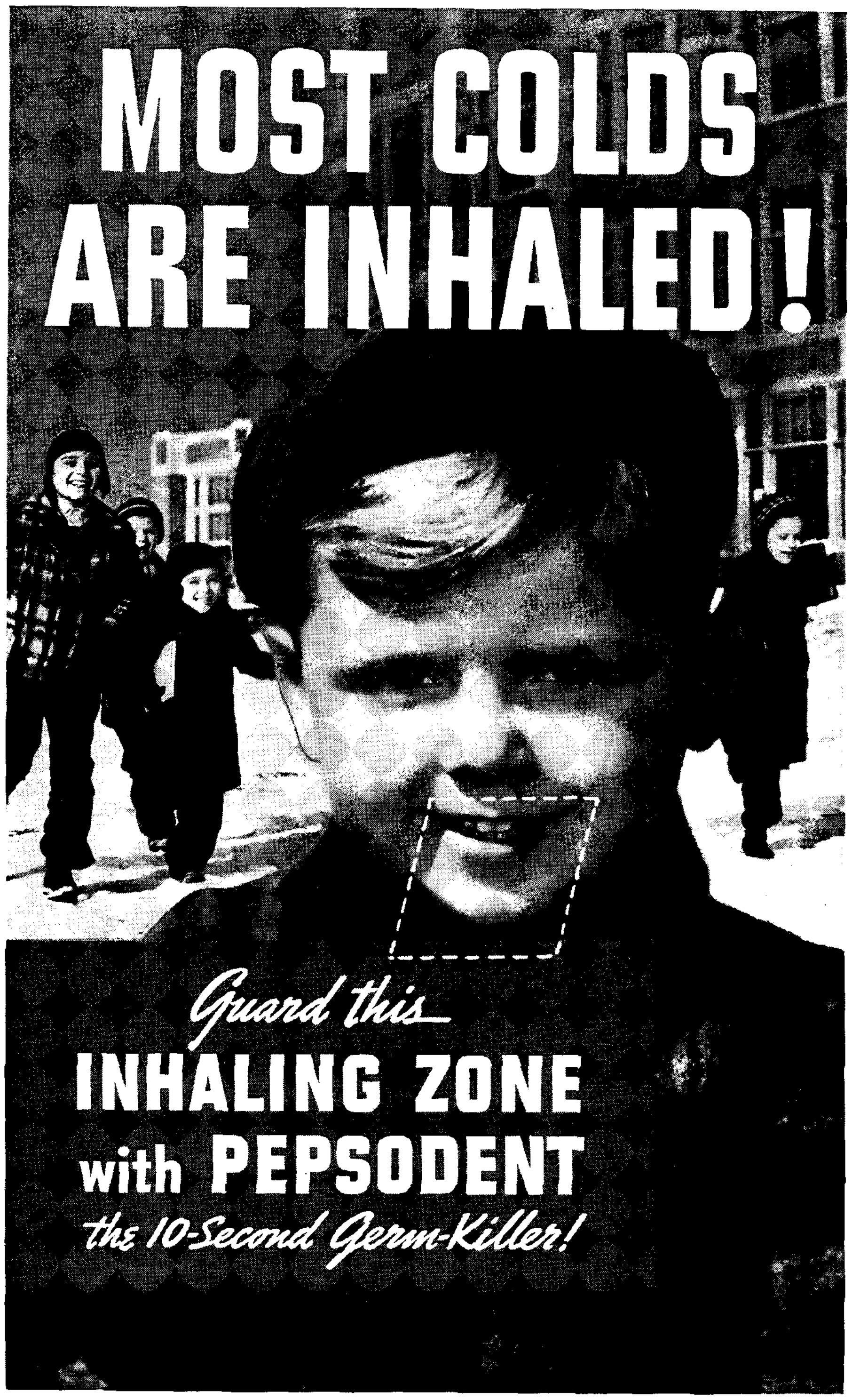
This whiskey is 18 months old


MOST COLDS ARE INHALED!
Guard this INHALING ZONE with PEPSODENT
the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

It's the 10-second Germ-Killer, *even diluted with 2/3 water*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Makes your dollar go 3 times as far

- How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

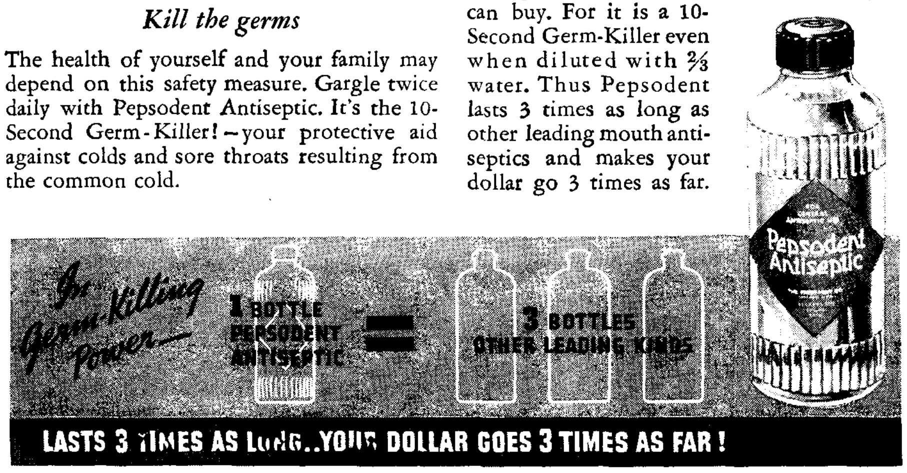
"You inhale most colds!" say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed-in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack . . . to infect sensitive throat membranes!

Kill the germs

The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It's the 10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

Get over colds twice as fast

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Results were so clear cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic"—one of the most economical you can buy. For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with 2/3 water. Thus Pepsodent lasts 3 times as long as other leading mouth antiseptics and makes your dollar go 3 times as far.


Pepsodent Antiseptic
In Germ-Killing Power—
1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
=
3 BOTTLES OTHER LEADING KINDS
LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG..YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!

Mountain of Gold

Continued from page 15

thing straight. If you won't go to dinner with me, what will happen? I'll walk round and round the room, sampling, and soon the room will go round and round. Henry will feel responsible."

The valley banker snorted, and began to speak earnestly with Cynthiana.

Although Crawford avoided listening, he was prepared for the girl to flare, "I can take care of myself, George," although, when the man retorted with something which made the girl's cheeks whiten, she added, "He wants to help me. He—it's—it's business, George."

"If this concerns Monte de Oro," Preston said, "I'll come along. I handle Miss Erdring's financial affairs. Er—what did you say your name was?"

"Did I say?" Bill looked puzzled, and then glanced at the girl. She was frowning a little, as if trying to remember all of the things Preston had told her, as if she didn't like them. This suited Mr. Crawford. So Bill guided her around the pillar, although she almost held back, and, as he passed Preston, he said, "You've a right to know who I am, sir. Keep it quiet. I'm the last of the Native Sons."

CRAWFORD selected a small restaurant high on a hill. The water of the bay was so bright under moonlight that the threadlike cables of the Gate bridge actually cast a dark shadow on it, an irregularity of darkness, moved by wave and current, not dissimiliar to the shapes of the elk which, when the first vines were planted at San Francisco Assisi, swam from shore to shore.

Bill thought of that as he ordered dinner; thought how quickly things changed.

"I've heard a good many names," he said, "but Cynthiana is a new one. I can't say that I don't like it, either, Cynthiana."

The girl leaned back; lights blinked on a warship, sending dots of light in reflection to the shore.

"Cynthiana's the name of a grape," she said. "It grows wild in the East. I suppose someone in Delaware or Virginia or Rhode Island must've named a vine after a girl. Cynthiana. That's the way my family's been," she said quickly, "thinking about grapes and vineyards and wineries." She laughed. "So much that they called me Cynthiana."

"From what Henry said, you formerly did business with our bank."

Cynthiana said, "I don't know. It must've been a long time ago. When—when things were honest."

Bill liked watching the way she talked, so earnestly.

People, he learned from her, during prohibition demanded the coarse abundant varieties of grapes to make into wine, the attractive-appearing Alicante, Mataro, Zinfandel, and refused to buy the really fine wine grapes, which were not anything to look at.

Many vineyardists rooted out the finer varieties, replacing them with quick-growing sorts which were more readily salable, but the girl's father had refused, and used up his money in keeping his vineyard in order, in keeping his men. When Erdring had died, at the conclusion of prohibition, he had died hopefully, since he was certain he was leaving Cynthiana a real heritage in his acres—acres which would produce the best of wines, for which there had always been a sale, a demand. It had been difficult for her; the last money had gone for wages, and it had become necessary to borrow, for bottles, cases, straw, labels. . . .

"And then," Cynthiana said, as the waiter brought them coffee, and Bill lit her cigarette and his own, "something happened to our wine. The white wines haven't been affected, nor bottled wines, but the red wines are all sick. Not worth drinking. A sick wine is worthless; it can be vinegar, or just spoiled, or, like ours, flat and thin. That's how they are in the casks. The few vintages we bottled are marvelous, for fairly new wine, but the rest—well, you tasted the sherry."

"Sherry isn't a red wine," Bill suggested.

Cynthiana said, "I know. Sherry doesn't turn to vinegar. There's too much alcohol in it, but it has the same sickness as the others. It's all strange. I'd get a chemist if I could, but that's more money."

"And," said Bill, "Horatio Alger doesn't want you in the wine business. I heard a few of the things he said. 'Not the sort of business for my wife to be engaged in.' "

"I suppose he's right. But it was my father's, and his father's—"

"It gets me, too," said Bill. "We've got to stick together for the honor of California. So I'll be up and have a look about. As soon as it can be arranged. Don't argue. It's all settled."

"In a way," said Cynthiana, "that's a compliment. You want to do things because I'm not ugly. It's sweet of you. And I do thank you."

To add finality to her words, she shook her head. But Bill persisted.

"Henry warned me you'd be stubborn. It should be a good loan for us. Stop arguing; don't tell me how to run my business. It's all I hear from nine to five. Let me have my fun."

"Fun? In a hot, dusty town, with grape trucks rumbling all night, although it is so hot you can't sleep anyhow?"

Bill said, "Call it curiosity, then. What's happened to your wines? Why does a banker moan about what should be a profitable loan, and want you to sell?"

The girl shook her head again, slowly; she said, speaking slowly also, without answering audibly what she must have considered she had already explained, "My grandfather broke the land. I hate to give it up." Her voice rose slightly. "Can't you see how I hate it? Don't you think—"

"Quit rubbing it in," said Bill. "I think quite a bit. I think, for example, that it's a grand night for a ride. To look at vineyards. At a vineyard where nobody knows we're coming."

SHE looked at him, considering what he had said. Then, abruptly, she smiled. The lighting of her face did things to Mr. Crawford.

Bill grabbed at consent. "Good girl," he said.

It was long after midnight when Crawford drove his roadster off the ferry and headed northward toward the wine country. The highway was a silvery ribbon ahead. The heat of the day had gone, and the girl sat low in the car, drowsy and cool; at what moment she slept, Bill didn't know.

He drove steadily, past little ranches white in moonlight, drove steadily, and steadily higher; the first redwoods appeared, black in the night. Another hour brought the vineyards, the rows coming right down to the highway's edge.

Once a deer's eyes shone on the side of the road; later, Bill swerved the car to avoid hitting a blinded jack rabbit. The girl, then, woke without stirring, and since Bill had turned and leaned closer, to see if she were asleep, she said:

"Prince Charming, wasn't it?"

"Wish it had been," said Bill. "Would you have minded?"

Cynthiana, half drowsily, raised her lips, and Bill kissed her. He said, "Well!" so strangely that the girl sat up.

"Bill Crawford," she said, "don't you let me make a little fool of myself!" She shook her head fiercely. "I won't let myself be an idiot."

Without replying, William realized that he felt absolutely elegant.

THEY found an all-night café, at four-thirty, and had coffee. At a quarter to six, the sun reared out of the coast range, and, instantly, it was hot again. A different heat from the city. The sort which was in the mural over the hotel bar, which drew sap from men, but which made grapes ripen.

The vines, under the orange and slanting sun, were blazing with color, color which changed with the different plantings. There were the reddish-gray leaves of the Noir types; the light green purple-tinged Victoria Chasselas, and the brownish hues of Golden Chasselas, with pale yellow bunches of grapes both transparent and translucent as the sun struck under the leaves. Vivid green Hungarians, Chardonnay, Clairette Blanche, Alicatne Bouschet, originally from southern France.

Zinfandels, too, many of them, with their bright red stems and long bunches, double, shouldered, the blue-bloomed berries each having a visible starlike dot in their centers.

Everywhere, a hot stillness.

Cynthiana said, "The next turn to the left. See the hill? That's Monte de Oro. The mountain of gold."

It came to Crawford that all gold wasn't in the ground, nor in banks. There was the sun; it was gold, and the shimmering wheat fields of the long valleys, the oranges hanging like balls of metal, the grapes here, so hot and golden. And the girl beside him; her hair glinted and gleamed; there was the mysterious sheen of gold in her tanned cheeks. It came to him also that perhaps banks made all of these other things possible; gold came from the ground, was held awhile safely, and then returned to men that they might make the earth golden anew.

Cynthiana was asking a question. Bill said, "I've been thinking that over. When we arrive, I'll go right to work. Preston shouldn't return until afternoon. By that time the great expert on wines, and you'll introduce me as such, as Dr. Somebody, ought to have everything under control."

"But you don't know anything about wines."

"Hmm. Think not? I know that claret is for boys, port for men, and—I've told you that already, haven't I? Well, that's the slick part of it. I go poking about, and perhaps someone'll give himself away. Provided, that is, that a man in the winery has been damaging the wines."

Cynthiana said, "The university, after we sent samples, said it might be faulty casks. That the wines might be developing *mycoderma vini*—"

"Brain-trusters," grinned Bill. "Out to fool the public. I'll have it settled before noon, and without any technical names, either."

"How?"

"You would ask that." Bill swung the car from the highway to a graveled road. "I'll go banging around on the casks, which ought to be as good a place as any to make a lot of noise, and then we'll see what happens."

He wasn't in the least certain that what he intended would amount to anything, but there was excellent psychology in it. Go banging about, letting whoever had been making trouble think that he was an utter ass, and then try to find the person who was being amused. There were worse methods. As far as the second problem was concerned, the financing of the vineyard, the matter was simple.

THEY reached the low stone house on the very top of the hill. Crawford parked the car, watched the girl go into the house, and then sauntered toward the winery.

It was after seven; the massive double doors, oak, were open, and, as Bill stepped inside, the elusive musty fragrance of wine, the tang of fermentation, the curious bitter-sweetness of sugar, filled his nostrils. He carried with him the hammer from the car's tool kit.

The vaults were cool, almost chill. Enormous white-oak casks were in double rows in the cavernlike chambers, some plain, others heavily carved, with dates.

The winery was absolutely silent. Bill lifted his hammer, and cracked down on the stone floor several times, sending echoes thundering through the tunnels. Then he pulled a ladder to one of the casks, and, standing on it, began to pound a tattoo. The cask gave off a dull sound, and not a drumlike boom, since it was filled completely with wine.

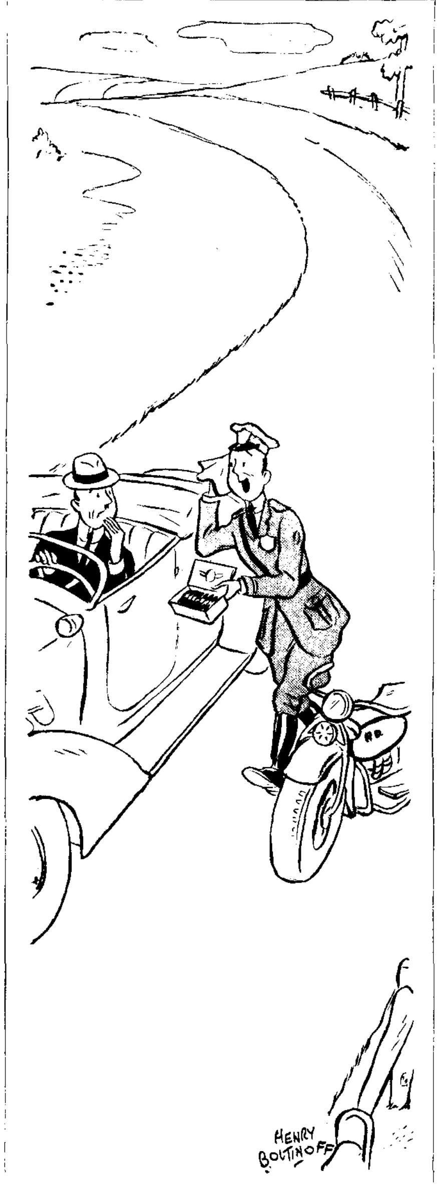
An old vintner appeared, demanding, "*Um Gottes Willen,* what are you doing?"

"Good morning," said Bill. "I'm the expert."

The old man stared at him. He said, "So?" and walked away.

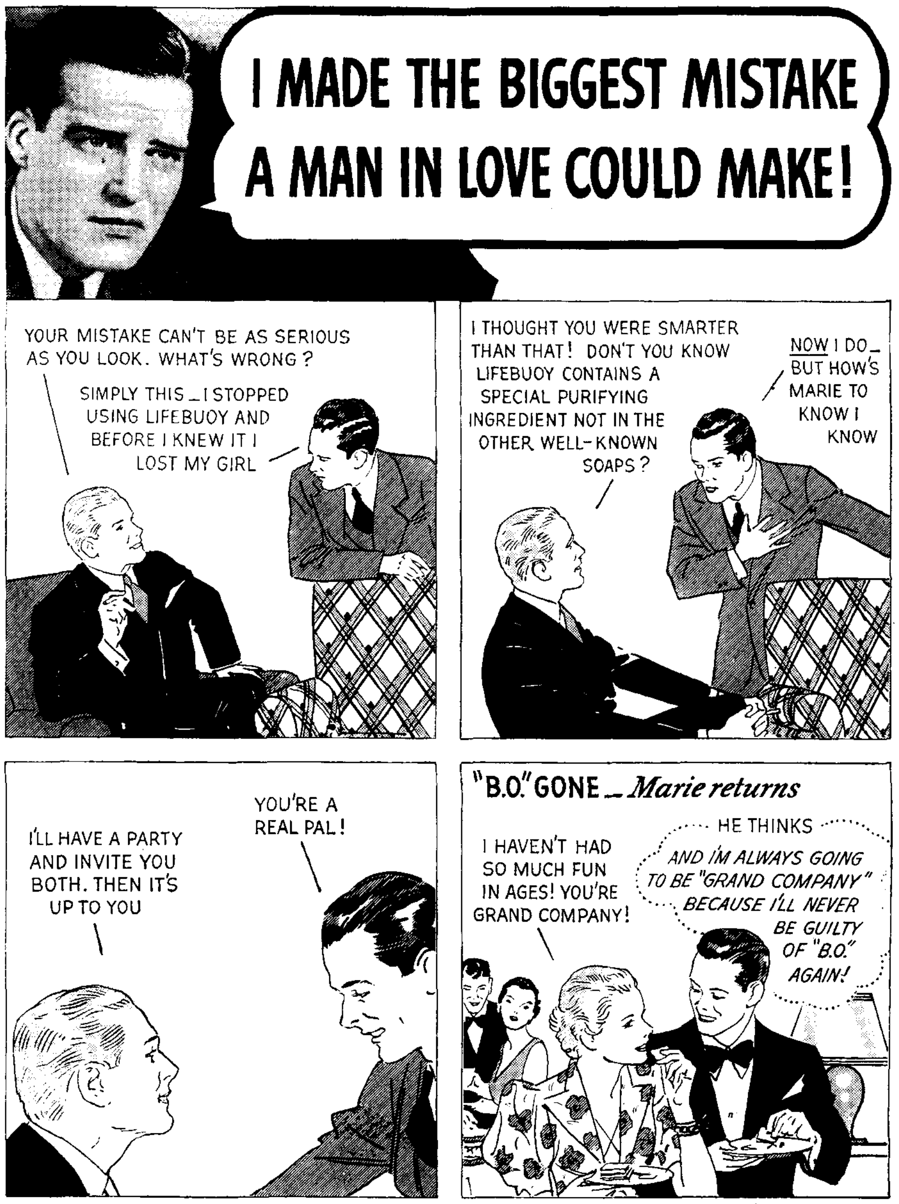
The disgust in the man's voice tickled Crawford. Bill kept pounding away; he even managed a tune by the time he reached the sixth cask.

Workmen passed, staring up. But it


HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I had some job catching you! Have a cigar; I'm a father!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF


I MADE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE A MAN IN LOVE COULD MAKE!
YOUR MISTAKE CAN'T BE AS SERIOUS AS YOU LOOK. WHAT'S WRONG?
SIMPLY THIS_I STOPPED USING LIFEBUOY AND BEFORE I KNEW IT I LOST MY GIRL
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SMARTER THAN THAT! DON'T YOU KNOW LIFEBUOY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN THE OTHER WELL-KNOWN SOAPS?
NOW I DO_ BUT HOW'S MARIE TO KNOW I KNOW
I'LL HAVE A PARTY AND INVITE YOU BOTH. THEN IT'S UP TO YOU
YOU'RE A REAL PAL!
"B.O." GONE _ Marie returns
I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN AGES! YOU'RE GRAND COMPANY!
HE THINKS
AND I'M ALWAYS GOING TO BE "GRAND COMPANY" BECAUSE I'LL NEVER BE GUILTY OF "B.O." AGAIN!

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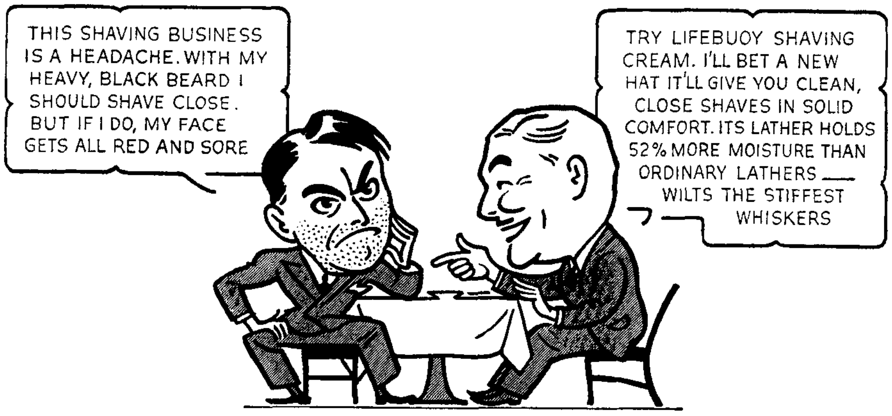
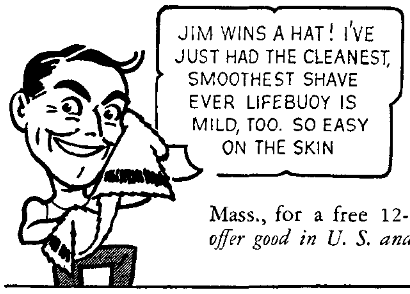
TRY THIS MILDER LATHER FOR SOOTHING SHAVES


THIS SHAVING BUSINESS IS A HEADACHE. WITH MY HEAVY, BLACK BEARD I SHOULD SHAVE CLOSE. BUT IF I DO, MY FACE GETS ALL RED AND SORE
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. I'LL BET A NEW HAT IT'LL GIVE YOU CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVES IN SOLID COMFORT. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE THAN ORDINARY LATHERS — WILTS THE STIFFEST WHISKERS


JIM WINS A HAT! I'VE JUST HAD THE CLEANEST, SMOOTHEST SHAVE EVER LIFEBUOY IS MILD, TOO. SO EASY ON THE SKIN

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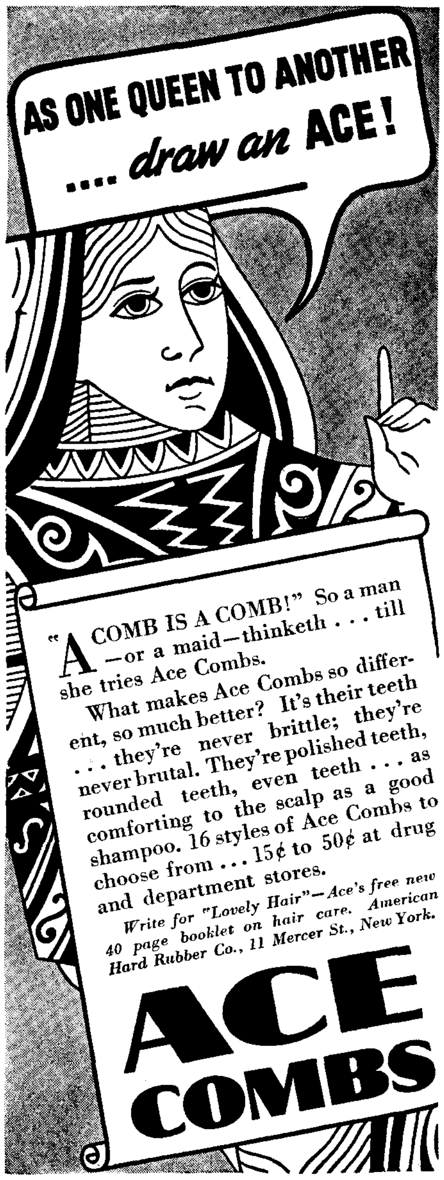

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27 FINE AMERICAN WINES . . .
INCLUDING GARRETT'S FAMOUS

VIRGINIA DARE (light) WINE

was after nine, when Crawford was in a different row of casks, before he was spoken to again. By a man in overalls:

"What you do, mister?"

"I'm an expert," said Bill. "I'm looking for something."

The workman blinked, and then walked away. Wasn't anyone, Bill wondered, going to snicker at him? The old vintner, the foreman, was above suspicion; the old boy had thought, as Bill knew, "What's the world coming to?"

Then the workman reappeared, coming to the cask where Crawford was thumping; tonelessly, the man said, "Be careful, mister. Some casks ain't fastened well. If they roll over, you'll be crushed."

"Thanks," said Bill.

THE man went away. Crawford watched him go, and felt happier.

All of the casks on which Bill had been pounding were several feet from the ceiling, and all, he noticed, contained white wines, the sort which hadn't been tampered with, or which weren't "sick." Now, as he worked along, it was no longer possible to straddle the casks, since those containing red wines were bigger, and came within a foot of the vaulted stone ceiling.

The first one on which Bill banged gave out a resounding boom. Not the usual dull sound.

The electric lights went out, leaving absolute darkness. Bill's skin prickled as he listened for, and heard, footsteps, but it was the old foreman, carrying a flash. "The fuse," said the old man. "Fräulein Erdring says come to breakfast."

"In other words, I'm a jackass."

The foreman said, "*Ja.*"

"But why are the white-wine casks full, and these partially empty?"

"The casks are all full."

"If they aren't, doesn't something happen to the wine?"

"They are full."

Bill said, "Listen," and gave the cask a good thump.

Without a word, the old man turned his flash on the cask. Slowly, carefully, he went over it, inch by inch, and Bill saw that he was trying to find how wine had been removed, since the spigot had a padlocked contrivance over it.

Not until the vintner, pushing Crawford away, climbed the ladder and examined the otherwise invisible top of the cask, did he find where a stave had been tampered with, so that the wine could be drawn off or exposed. Then, standing on the ladder, he said to Bill, "Who? Who, Herr Doktor?"

"The fellow who came to watch me. Who blew the fuse. Short, dark—"

"Angelo," said the old man. "The wine is exposed. It is an old trick, but not done in this country. We often tap the casks, yes, on the side. Since in these only a little is removed it sounds as if the barrels are full. I had forgotten it. Soon the 'sickness' develops into *mycoderma vini*—but now I stop that!"

"WHO'S Angelo?" Bill demanded.

"Preston sends him here with fine recommendations. Angelo learns the sickness in Italy. He learns not to take too much from each barrel. That way, the wine does not become vinegar. For acid there must be air. And Angelo is smart. He does it where the casks come almost to the ceiling, and we tapped only on the side. Who sends Angelo to Preston? The same somebody who will pay well for our vineyard with the precious grapes! And so Preston gets the money, just as he gets our *Mädchen.* Preston! *Pfui!*"

Bill was still grinning as he walked toward the house. He knew how tremendously lucky he had been. He had stumbled on what was wrong—the chemistry of what had happened in the winery was unclear, save that it involved a cask with air in it. Not that Bill cared.

He had one thing more to do; there was a telephone in the hall, and he called his bank. No, said Bill; he wasn't waiting while the matter was investigated. They could use telephones, and get going. Now. He wanted action. What he learned, after a short pause, made him frown first, and chuckle next.

On the shaded rear porch, looking down over the almonds and into the vineyards, he found Cynthiana, cool, in white, at the breakfast table. She said, as he entered, "How's the drummer boy?" but without lilt to her voice.

Bill began to talk, quietly, ending with, "Angelo will run to the bank and tell what's happened. Before Preston gets here, and spoils my appetite, let's have breakfast. Before I fall asleep, too."

"Bill! No one else would've done anything so stupid! And it was the one thing which showed what's been happening!"

"You *look nice across a breakfast* table," said Bill. "I'll have a muffin."

"When—when *he* comes—I've never said I'd marry him, Bill, but he's sure I'm going to—when *he* comes—"

"More coffee," said Bill. "When I go to sleep, it's your turn to wake me."

His eyes were half shut while he smoked a cigarette. He was terribly sleepy, but felt marvelous; everything was perfect.

Even when Preston stormed into the room, Bill didn't rouse. "Cynthiana," raged the valley banker, "what have you been doing?"

"It's me," said Bill, without moving. "I did it with my little hammer." He didn't open his eyes. "So you've seen Angelo and got the bad news? Yes, Mr. Preston, I know about Angelo, and about one of your depositors putting the pressure on you so you'd ruin a good vineyard and he could buy it and secure the type of grapes he needs. Only, the deal's off."

Cynthiana said slowly, "You knew I wouldn't sell, so you had our wines spoiled to prevent sales, and then I couldn't keep up the payments."

"Cynthy! Do you suppose I'm such a villain that I'd—"

Bill broke in, dreamily, "I can see you at the old mill, at midnight, with the papers sticking out of your pocket, Desperate Desmond. I can see your high hat, too, and see myself knocking it off."

Preston shifted ground abruptly, speaking to the girl. "Can you meet the present payment, Cynthiana? If you cannot, despite anything I can do, I fear that my board of directors will feel called upon to act."

A little shiver ran through Crawford, but he said lazily, "What board?"

"The directors of my bank, you nincompoop."

Bill said, "You haven't got a bank. I'm the fellow who has it. Now my wife will have a convenient place to overdraw without anything happening." It was too hot to argue, to do anything else. "Go down to the bank, and you'll find it's true. And don't forget to clean out the drawers of your desk."

Preston was saying something, stammering, questioning, shouting. Bill reared from his chair, knocking it over.

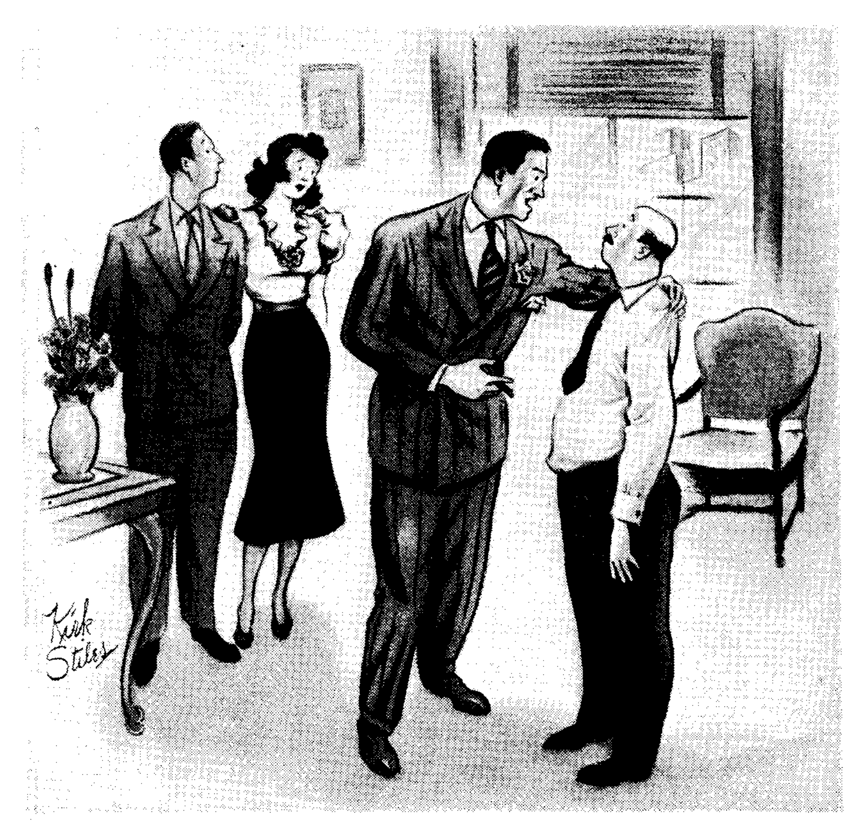
"Get out," he roared.

HE HEARD the screen door slam before he sank back in his chair. He hoped, and this was important, that Cynthiana hadn't found him ridiculous. His grandfather would have handled the matter without raising his voice. She, Bill saw, was watching him, her lips still tight, but her eyes sparkling.

Past her, he could see men and women in the vineyard, carrying, shoulder-high, boxes filled with grapes. The sun must have been blazing, since an old man wore a shawl, cowl-like, over his head, although one of the younger women stood erect as if vitalized. The grapes, too, seemed living; the purples, brownish-golds, yellows, blues in a dozen tones, vivid greens. There were rounded hills, as in the mural, there was sun, heat, peace, harvest. The grape was proper here. Gold, growing, with gold beneath, in the red earth, brought up, held, turned to gold again.

At last Bill said, "I'm asleep. I'm so tight asleep nothing would wake me. Absolutely nothing."

With his eyes closed, he could smell the fragrance of the hot sun on the grapes, and then there was a different, more subtle fragrance, very close to him. He kept his eyes shut. Then Cynthiana kissed him.



"I'd like to ask your permission for my brother to marry your daughter"

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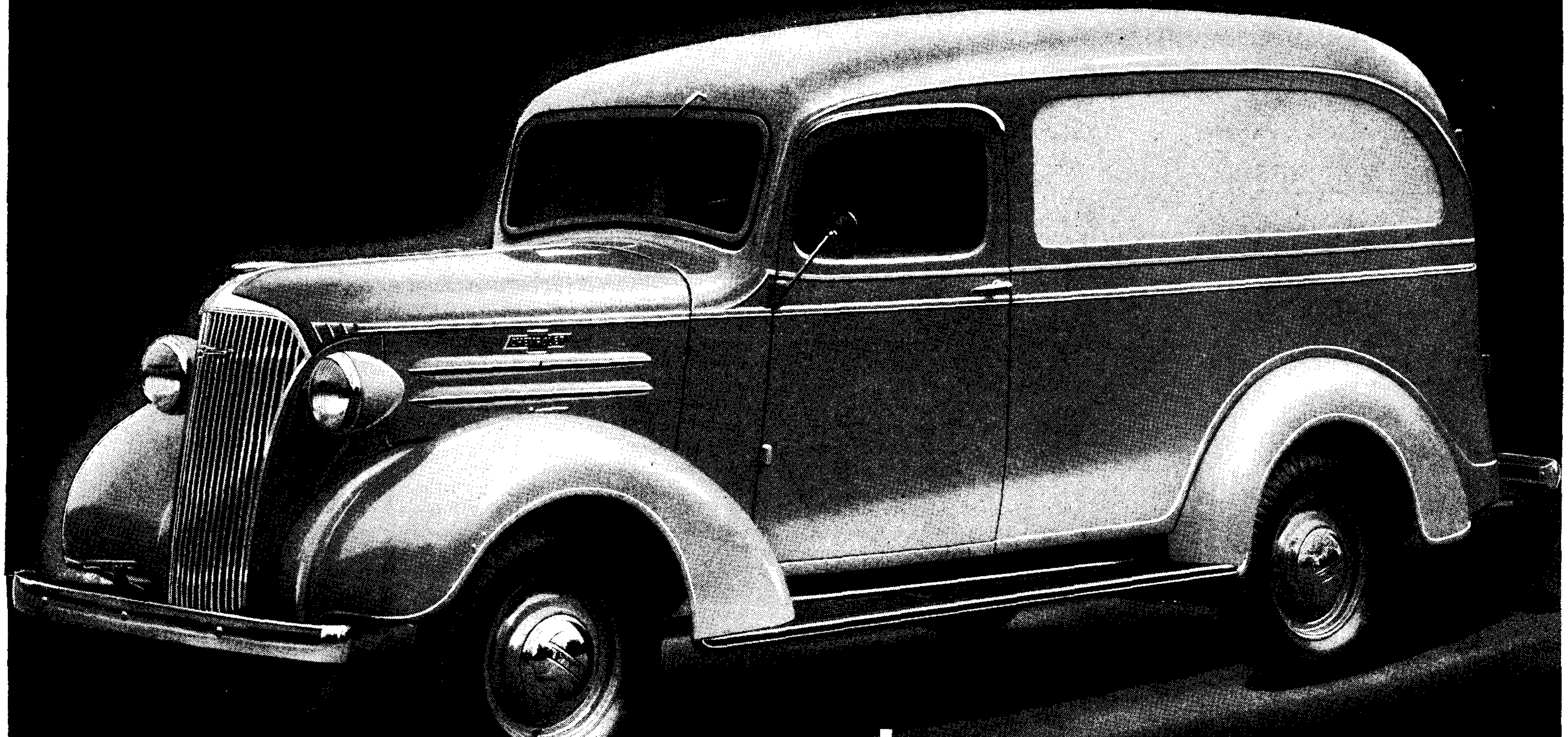

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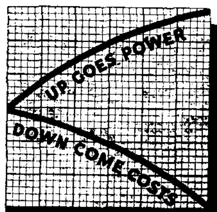

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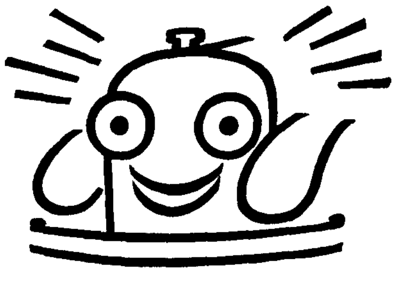

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The Devil's Song

Continued from page 64

Stenka Razin had sold his soul to Satan for immunity from steel, fire, or bullets. But they lied. Stenka Razin kept alive because he was as wary as a wolf and as merciless.

"A-ha-a-y," a voice hailed from the river.

Like a cat Zamourza slipped to the rail and looked over. A canoe was putting out from shore toward the pirate fleet, instead of scurrying away like the other shore craft. And it headed for Stenka Razin's boat. An old peasant pulled at the oars. In the stern sat a woman, cloaked, holding a bundle.

When she turned her head the hood fell back, and her hair gleamed gold.

"O seafarers," she called, "will you take me down to Gorod town?"

SOME of the Cossacks came to the rail to stare, and one laughed. Here was a lass with a shining face, who asked Stenka Razin to sail her down to Gorod!

The Ataman himself glanced at the girl. "Help her in," he said.

The Cossacks lifted her over the rail, and stared anew. With the bundle the girl was hugging a goat—a white goat with gilt horns, and a red cross painted on its back.

Zamourza inspected it curiously. He had never seen a goat marked like that. And the girl, its mistress, showed no fear of the wild Volga men.

"Girl," demanded Stenka Razin, "what are you?"

"Are you the master?" Her gray eyes turned to him, and she smiled. "Why, I am Nada, and if you'll take me down to Gorod I'll ask God's blessing on you and this ship."

Once a gypsy wench had tried to trick the Ataman, and he had crushed her throat in his hands before escaping. He asked suddenly, "Who sent you?"

"*Ekh*—no one." She laughed.

Nada or Gretchen or Zuleika, Zamourza thought it would all be the same to the Ataman. For under her white cotton dress was a soft, slim body and surely her eyes did not shun Stenka Razin.

The Ataman was in a mood to play with a woman that evening, and this girl pleased him. "Then, come," he said.

He led the way aft, to the roofed-in cabin, and the goat followed arrogantly as goats do.

"*Precor pro nobis,*" a drunken voice droned.

It was Pop Theodore—Chvedor, the lads called him—lying on the deck muttering a Latin prayer. When this renegade priest had been licking the cup, he had a way of chanting that Stenka Razin liked. He was a learned man.

"Souse the Pop," the Ataman roared from the cabin. "Be quick with him."

Zamourza and another Cossack hurried to the priest, for Stenka Razin did not relish being kept waiting. The Tartar did not know why Stenka Razin went through this form of a wedding with all his girls—even the steppe gypsies and that Persian slave he brought up from the Caspian. Always the Ataman had Pop Theodore marry him. Sometimes when the mood was on him, he demanded lighted candles and a hymn chanted . . . he got rid of them quickly enough after he tired of them.

Zamourza and the Cossack grappled with the priest, who knew what was coming. They swung him over the side, holding to his hands and ducking him while he choked out curses, until he was sobered and stood shivering on his feet. "May the black she-goat litter on your graves," he mumbled. "There's no woman on this boat."

"There's one now, little father," said the Cossack. "Come."

Inside the curtain they stopped abruptly, and even Theodore was silent. Stenka Razin had lighted the candles, and the incense in the jeweled bowl. Soft brocades and cloth-of-silver glimmered upon the walls. But this was familiar enough to the Volga men. They were looking at the girl Nada.

She sat on the couch, fingering its silk coverlet with delight.

"'Tis the couch of a prince," she laughed. "I fear me to sleep upon it."

Her light hand passed over the tray beside her, the tray filled with sugared ginger, cherries and mastic.

"Nay, master," she chattered, "I think you are no merchant."

Frowning, Stenka Razin watched her.

"I think you are a warrior—"

Stenka Razin passed his hand suddenly before her face.

"—and so you will safeguard me upon the river."

And Stenka Razin drew one of the long pistols from his girdle, pointing the muzzle at her. Still she smiled and her eyes did not change.

Slowly the giant Ataman lowered the pistol. "You are blind, girl," he said. For the first time he noticed the three men at the entrance, and growled, "Get out!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "didn't you know? I thought, master, that all the river knew Nada and her goat, Omelko."

Omelko, she explained gaily, guided her footsteps by day and night. He had been marked, so that people with eyes could pick him out from other goats if he strayed from her. "Master," she asked, "what is your name?"

He hesitated. "Cain," he answered.

"A strange name." She frowned. "What are you like?"

SHE leaned toward him, and her hand passed lightly over his shaven head, his shaggy brows, and the scar along one cheekbone. She felt the iron muscles of his throat, the spread of his shoulders. For a second she faltered. "Will you take me safe to Gorod, Master Cain?"

Stenka Razin moved his head from side to side, like the great horned buffalo scenting the wind.

"Eh, girl," he said gruffly, "no harm will come to you."

He brought her water to bathe her face, and he watched while she ate—although he heard Filka giving commands to beach the boats for the night. He listened to the thump of the poles working the boat in, and the scraping of the bow among the rushes. When Nada slept, the incense drifting over the tangle of her golden hair, he put a sable wrap over her body.

He heard Filka's voice, mellow over the water, singing the familiar Devil's Song:

"From the white island
On the Mother Volga,
Stenka Razin's brothers
Sail with a merry song."

Nada stirred drowsily, and the giant Cossack left the cabin, treading lightly.

"Stow that song, Filka," he growled, and the growl carried to the boat of Filka Chortyaka, his lieutenant, near by. Filka only laughed, thinking that the Ataman had been licking the jug.

"Stenka Razin's the captain
And the Devil is the admiral—
Sing a song, Princess,
For we are merry today!"

Stenka Razin went to the rail. "Still

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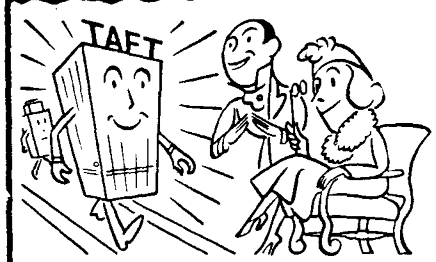

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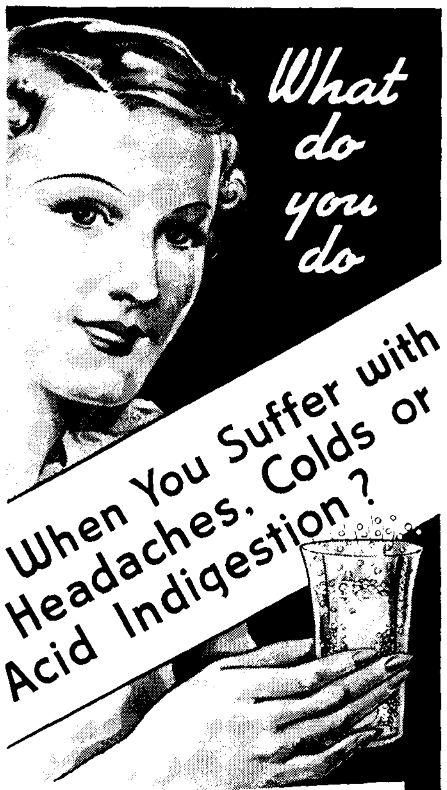
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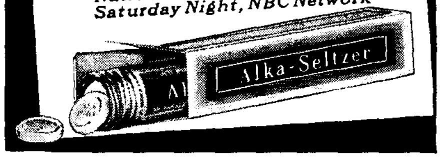

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your tongue, you son of a Turkish bath-boy," he roared. And this time Filka was silent. He came splashing through the rushes, and hauled himself over the rail.

"What's biting you, Ataman?" he laughed. "Can't a man sing?"

"Not that song," said Stenka Razin. "Not here." And he strode aft. Filka peered after him curiously.

"Eh, say, what's come over him?"

"He has a new woman," grunted a Cossack, stretched out on the deck.

The priest Theodore had been thinking. "Either a woman," he whispered, "or a witch."

"How, a witch?" demanded Filka.

"Well, she came out of the river at sunset. She follows after a goat with gilt horns."

"Perhaps, little father," suggested a Cossack, "she's a vampire on the hunt—a *vurdalak*. A hungry vampire, the kind that bites behind the ear and flies away before sunup. I saw—"

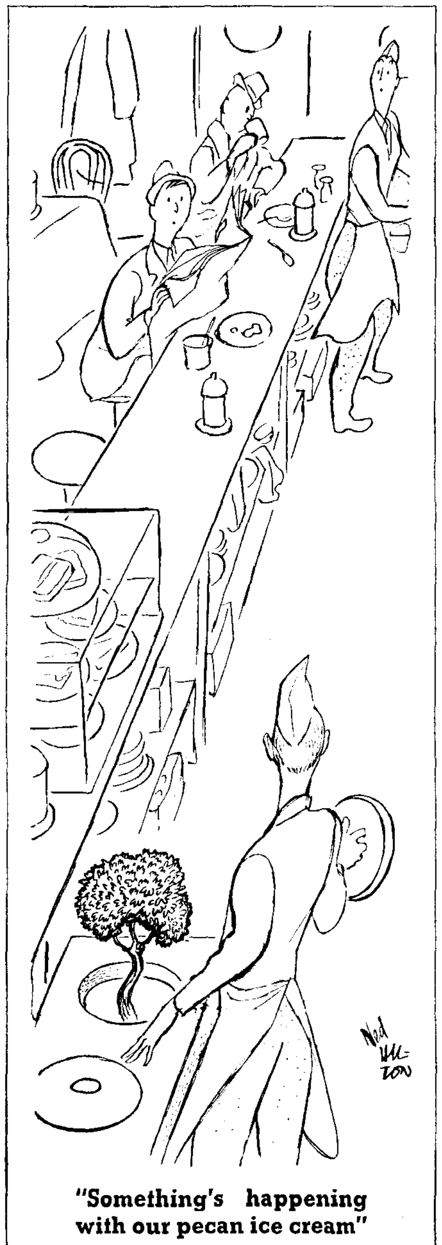
"It's clear," decided Pop Theodore, "she's cast a spell on the Ataman."

FILKA had a bold spirit in him—he feared neither man nor devil. But he obeyed Stenka Razin. Now he looked at the red spark of the Ataman's pipe, and chewed his lip. "So," he whispered, "he's not as he was."

Zamourza said nothing. He was thinking of the omens he had seen at sunset.

"Eh, little Nada," Stenka Razin ventured the next day, "why don't you stay here, on the boat?"

He was at the tiller of his ship, and the bellying sails of his fleet filled the river. They were making speed down the Volga, to reach Gorod that night.



"Something's happening with our pecan ice cream"

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"It's better," he added, "than the shore. You don't need eyes on the boat, Nada."

He didn't know himself why he wanted this girl at his side. It was something in the way her gray eyes looked at him.

Nada shook her head slowly. "Nay, Master Cain," she said, "I must go to Gorod town."

"Why?"

To follow Petr Noga, she explained—Petr Noga, the young Tsar's officer of the Moscow guards. He had been sent with his men down to Gorod, to garrison that frontier town against Tartar raids. And he would marry her in Gorod.

"Hmm," said the Ataman. He had heard that Petr Noga was now Starosta, governor. A keen soldier, and ambitious.

And the blood came into Nada's white throat. Even, she whispered, if Petr Noga couldn't marry her, she would be near him in Gorod. She could listen to his voice, and hear men praise him. For everyone loved Petr Noga.

"Ay, he told me," she confided, "not to go upon the river until he sent for me. He told me how the river pirates slay and burn. Have you seen them, Cain?"

"Yes," assented Stenka Razin.

"But he didn't send. I had no silver to buy passage on a merchant's bark. I was weary with waiting and I took Omelko and came."

Stenka Razin said nothing more.

When the shadows lengthened over the river, and Nada went below deck, Pop Theodore staggered aft.

"Eh, Ataman," he whispered, "the brothers are talking. They say this girl is a witch. They say she has cast a spell on you, Ataman. Ay, she will bring evil fortune upon us." He wagged his head ominously. "Tonight you're going against the Muscovites. Then throw her over the side before night comes on and her power increases."

When Stenka Razin did not answer he went back to the men gathered about the mast. It was Filka who gave commands at the sunset hour. They all knew what must be done before a raid.

They headed for the shore, where any soul on the river could see them. They moored the boats in among the rushes.

Then, after lanterns were lighted, they hung the lights on wooden poles stuck into the mud; silently they lowered the tall masts, and with their swords cut bundles of rushes, which they fastened to the rails of the boats.

"Push off," Filka called, "for a warm night, lads. We'll kindle up Gorod."

THE Cossacks poled out into the current, leaving the lights behind them. Keeping close to the bank, they drifted downstream, drawing the boats together, and roping them. So that even a Tartar watching from the bank would see no more than an island of rushes moving down.

When the town came in sight around the bend, Stenka Razin's voice was heard. "Tie up to the poles, here."

The long poles were driven into the muddy bottom, and ropes passed around them. And the boat leaders climbed from rail to rail, to Stenka Razin's deck. Silently, they massed around the giant Ataman.

"Why do we wait?" jeered Filka. "Yonder's Gorod with its gate wide and the Muscovites snoring."

"We'll bide here."

"Kiss a bear's snout, Ataman," grinned Filka, "but don't hang back in a raid."

A Cossack laughed softly. "We'll fire it, and fry the boyars in it."

"Nay," growled Stenka Razin.

They pressed closer.

"And why?" murmured Filka. The Cossacks thought it was strange that their Ataman hung back.

"I'm going over," Stenka Razin told them. "Wait here for me."

He went to the cabin, and led out Nada by the hand. He lifted her into

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the canoe at the stern, and dropped the goat in after her. Then he followed.

"I'll cut the skin off any fool," he called back, "who follows me."

Filka peered after the canoe until it vanished into the haze. He licked his lips and moved his fingers softly together. Bewitched or not, Stenka Razin was losing his grip on his men. And Filka was no man to hang back when his chance came. He looked about him until he found Zamourza.

"Hey, animal," whispered the lieutenant, "I'll fill your hands with gold this night."

The Tartar merely grunted.

"The Ataman's lost," Filka breathed. "The witch holds him in her hand. By Allah, you saw. Now go after him, and if he ventures into Gorod—there's five thousand silver ducats will be paid for his head—for one word to the Muscovites. And I'll fill your hands with gold. You can go back to your people—you can have a white tent and many wives, many horses. You hear?"

"Ay, lord." Zamourza rose, and stepped into the next boat. Filka watched until he saw the shadow of a canoe drift away with a man in it. Then he went back to the Cossacks.

"Eh, brothers," he said, "listen to Filka Chortyaka. That was not Stenka Razin, our Ataman. The young witch has sucked his blood. That is another man, a shadow whining in the night—"

BY THE far bank, Stenka Razin was drawing close to the log wall of Gorod. He could make out the square watch-towers against the stars. . . .

With the goat leading, they plodded into the muddy street of Gorod, where only a tavern door or a passing torch showed light. Stenka Razin turned once, sharply, feeling that a shadow passed behind him; but neither he nor the guards saw Zamourza slip by.

"Where will you go now, girl?" Stenka Razin asked.

"To Petr Noga," she cried.

Stenka Razin had sensed a shadow behind him, and instinct urged him to turn back. But the street was dark, and the Muscovites dumb as cattle. He asked the way to the Starosta's house of a passing priest.

"Is it a small house or a great one?" Nada asked. He could feel her quivering against his arm. For now the fear of the blind had come upon her, the dread of unfamiliar things.

They did not reach the house. Petr Noga came out of it, with a torch bearer going before him, and a sedan chair borne by Tartar slaves at his side. Behind him followed a half-dozen guards.

When Nada heard his voice she ran forward.

"Petr!" she cried. "Blessed be Saint Nikolka—I've found you."

She was reaching out her arms to him. And Petr Noga's face flushed. He had a small, clipped beard, and he wore the blue coat of the Moscow *strelsui*, and he stared at Nada as if seeing a spirit come out of the night.

"Why, girl—how did you come?"

NADA'S face was straining up, her eyes closed. She felt the coldness of his words, and the helplessness of her blindness.

Stenka Razin, watching from the shadows, saw the door of the sedan open. A woman's head emerged, with the plaited hair and painted cheeks of the Muscovites.

"Petr," Nada whispered, "have I made you angry?"

He patted her hand, glancing at the sedan. "Who brought you hither, girl? 'Tis no place, this, for one who is blind."

"Cain," explained Nada, turning, her hand feeling beside her. "He was here."

Impatiently Petr Noga glanced at the man beyond the torchlight.

"Cain?" he laughed.

The woman spoke from the sedan: "Hurry, Excellency—it is so cold."

"He is the master of many ships," Nada explained quickly, "and he brought me here himself. Please, Petr, tell me—"

But the officer had looked again at Stenka Razin, and his eyes narrowed. He took the torch from his servant's hand and walked over to the Volga pirate. Suddenly he drew his sword and shouted to his men, "Take him!"

Stenka Razin lifted his steel-tipped pike and backed to place himself against a wall. The guards were lumbering forward with sword and halberd. Nada had picked Omelko up in her arms.

"Ataman," a voice whispered behind Stenka Razin, "come this way—run."

He knew Zamourza's voice, and he turned. The Tartar was running down an alley, and Stenka Razin followed, while the Muscovites charged after him.

Zamourza saw a glow of light in an open door—the door of a log tower—he turned in there, calling over his shoulder, "Here, Ataman—"

Stenka Razin brushed past him, ducking into the low portal. And they swung shut the heavy log door. Stenka Razin set his back against it, and jammed his heels into the dirt floor, as the first Muscovites flung themselves against it, outside. He grunted as he braced himself. Zamourza quested about, snatching up a heavy hand-ax.

"There's a table," said Stenka Razin. "Shore up this door."

"Yield yourself," they heard Petr Noga's voice, "Stenka Razin, the Tsar's justice."

"Come and take me," roared the Cossack. Then he laughed. He had looked around for another door, but had seen only kegs and sacks stacked against the log walls—evidently the tower served as storehouse. By the fragrance in the air he knew there was good drink here.

"Come and drink a cup with me, you dogs," he called to them.

They were beating with their halberd butts against the logs of the door without effect. Stenka Razin listened a moment, then went over to smell the kegs. He selected one, found a pewter bowl, and drew white liquor from the wooden cock. "Gorilka," he muttered.

He drained the bowl of corn brandy, and started to fill it again, when Zamourza tugged at his arm.

"Ataman," he begged, "don't drink."

Stenka Razin paused, frowning. "What brought you here, Zamourza?"

The Tartar was silent.

"You followed me."

Zamourza murmured assent. "Ai, Ataman," he said plaintively, "why did you come among the Muscovites?"

STENKA RAZIN looked into the bowl, and drank. "Because of the eyes of a wench," he snarled. "An elf of a girl—a child I could break in my hands. Because she was blind."

He listened for the Muscovites at the door, and heard nothing. Either they had gone for axes or more soldiers, or they meant to wait until morning before breaking into his stronghold.

"Here, you wolf," he grunted, "drink this, before they cut the life out of your body."

Sipping at the bowl, Zamourza shook his head. "Ataman," he observed, "it is written that a great one will die tonight. I am only a slave. But who is the great one?"

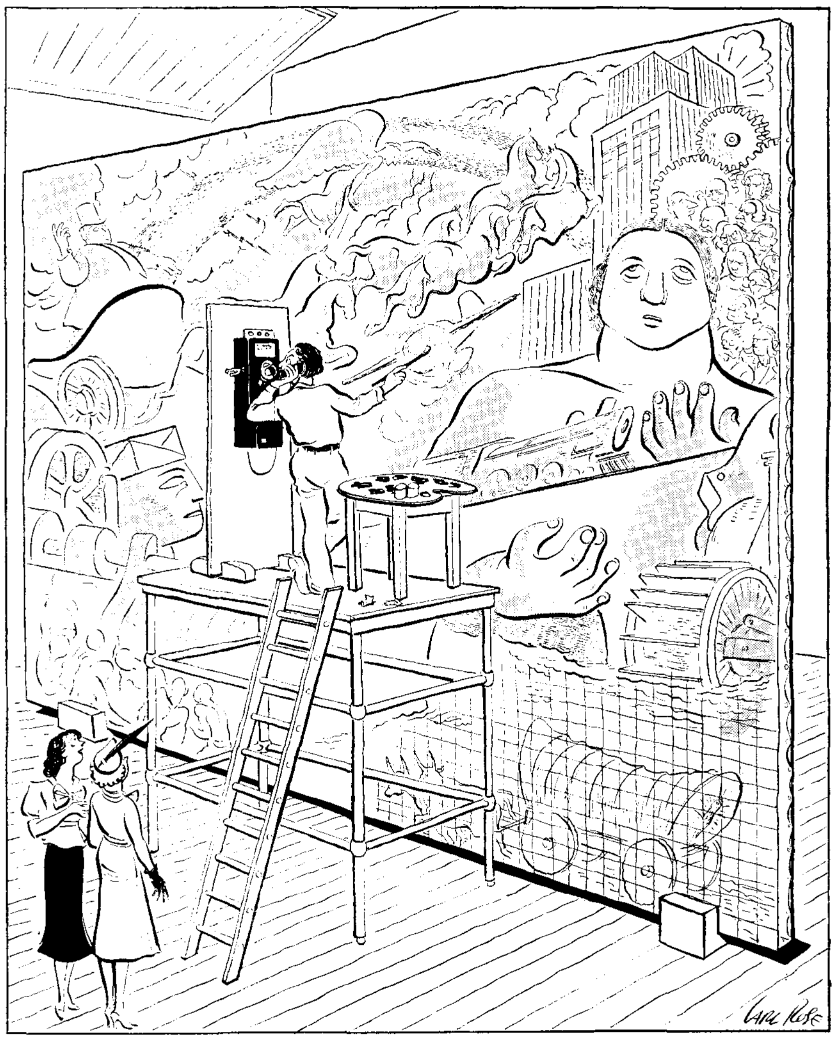
And he told about the omens he had seen on the Volga. Did they point to Stenka Razin, or the young Khan of the Russians, or to Filka? Surely it would be one of the three.

"We'll find out," Razin laughed.

"Listen," said Zamourza suddenly.

Not far away a bell was sounding, tolling fast.

"By Allah," Stenka Razin grinned,



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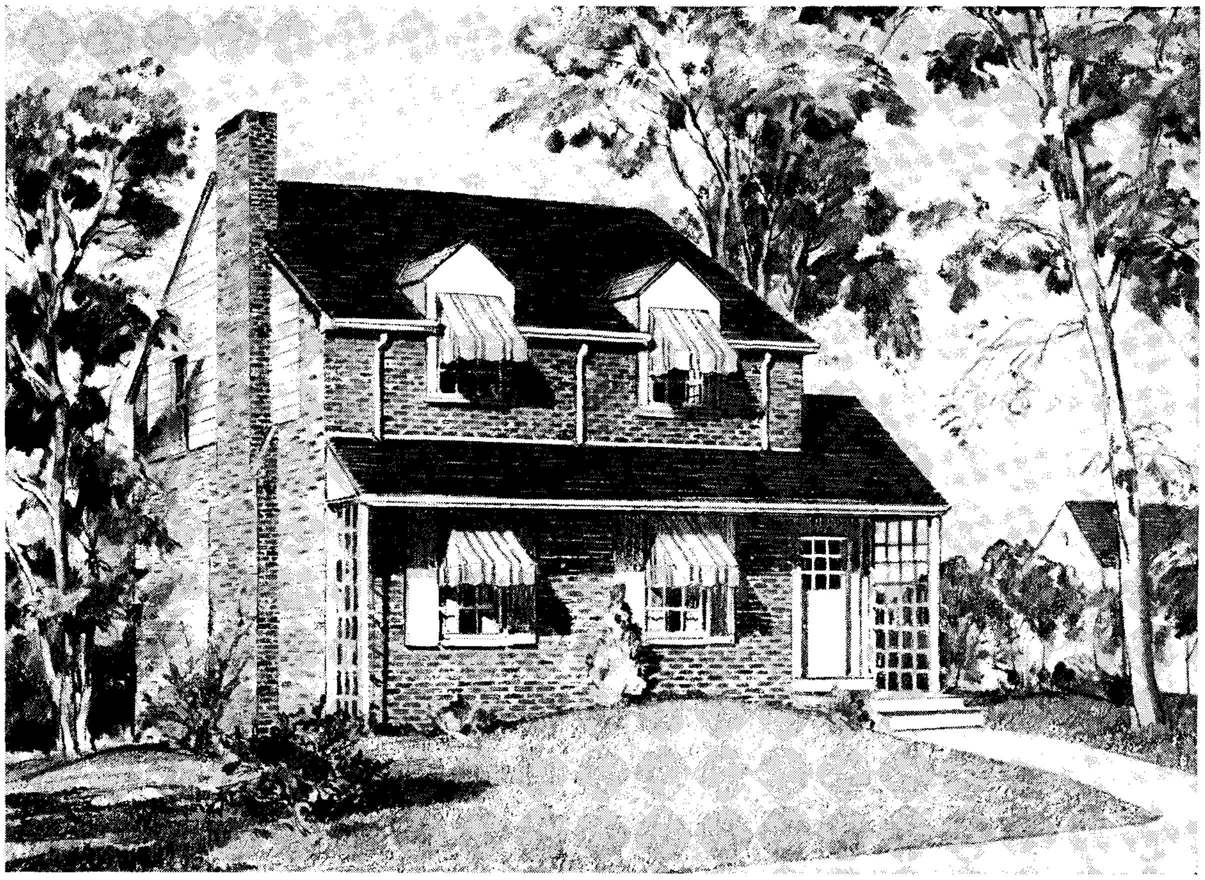

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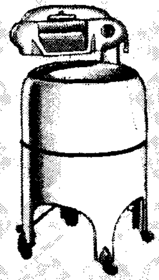

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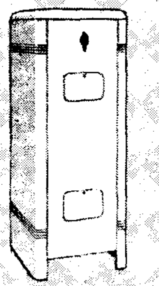

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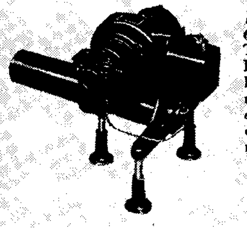

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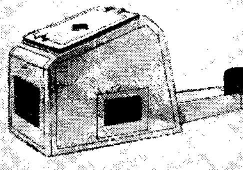

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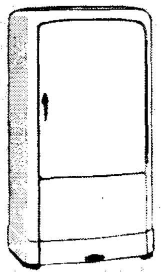

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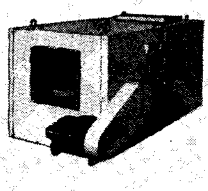

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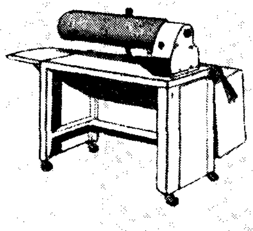

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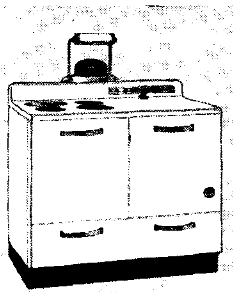

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"they're ringing the alarm i' the church for me."

He could hear men running. He heard a muffled roar, then another.

"Cannon," he laughed.

Then came a burst of sharper reports, and the shouting increased. Zamourza listened intently, his ear to a crack. Then he ran up the ladder that led to the floor above.

"Come up, Ataman," he called after a moment. Stenka Razin glanced at the barricaded door. It stood unharmed and quiet as before.

He swung himself up the ladder, which creaked under his weight.

Their tower overlooked the wall and the dark plain beyond. But the wall was not dark. Torches flared and smoked, where matchlock-men trained their clumsy weapons over the parapet, out at the darkness. Other figures were ramming powder and ball into a brass cannon.

"*Ghar—ghar—ghar!*"

A distant, steady cry pulsed through the uproar below them. Stenka Razin shaded his eyes against the flare of the lights. Beyond, he could discern dark masses that moved over the plain.

"Tartars," he said.

Zamourza nodded. "*Ai*, the horde of Mirak Khan, the Kalmuk."

Stenka Razin was silent, thinking. When grass came along the Volga, the settlers turned their cattle out to the plain to graze. At such a time, when the ground was dry enough to bear horses at a fast pace, the Tartar hordes beyond the Volga were apt to raid. They came fast, at night, avoiding the frontier posts, until they reached some settlement on the river.

Zamourza grunted with satisfaction. "Now they have no eyes for us, Ataman. Now we can go unseen back to the river gate."

BUT Stenka Razin was watching the Muscovites with a calculating eye. These halberdiers and matchlock-men were town militia, trained to march and stand in line and fire off their weapons at command. The sudden raid had frightened them—they were clucking about like a barnyard at the coming of a fox. Their officers did not seem to know what to do.

Stenka Razin had licked up his fill of corn brandy. He was in no mood to turn his back on a battle.

"Nay," he said, "we'll do more than that."

Zamourza followed his chief with misgivings, down the ladders, and out to the street.

At the main gate the young Starosta and a bewildered Swedish captain of artillery were listening to the uproar, trying to decide what next to do, in the face of an invisible foe that loosed deadly arrows out of the dark.

Through the group around him Stenka Razin strode, staff in hand, towering over the smaller Muscovites.

"Eh, fledgling," he hailed, "what are you doing? Douse the flares on the walls—don't waste powder until they attack." He grinned at the young officer. "So the wolves have come out of the steppes?"

Petr Noga's hand tightened on his sword. "You're under arrest—"

"Tfu!" The Cossack spat. "No time for that. I'll help you, Starosta."

"I ask for no aid from you."

"You'll need it. But put out the flares—don't make marks of your men."

Stenka Razin's deep voice had the ring of command in it, and he knew how to jest. The men were listening to him, and the Swede shouted an order to extinguish all fire along the parapet. And to load the cannon and stand by.

"It's Mirak Khan with his Kalmuks," Stenka Razin explained. "He's fond of gold, as a hog loves corn. Buy him off before it's too late. If you shed blood enough, he'll tear down your wall, and kindle up all the town. He'll pile your heads over there by the church, and take the women off to his tents."

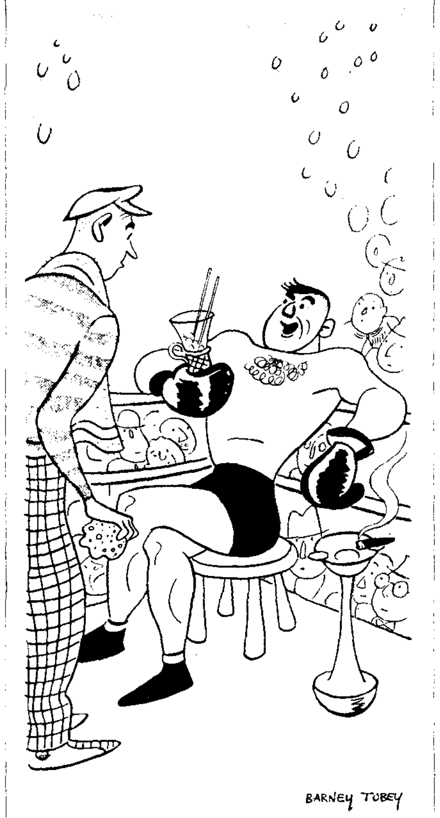
"We'll escape by the boat," said Petr Noga unsteadily. He was in command of the garrison, and the responsibility weighed on him.

Stenka Razin looked amused. "Ay, so—in the fishing boats, Excellency? My men are waiting out on Mother Volga with thirty and seven of their little ships. They'll be glad to see you, with all these merchants and gold and gear. They'll feed the fish with you."

THE two officers stared at him. Somehow they did not doubt him—they knew that the Volga pirates were bound down the river, and they had heard that Stenka Razin never ventured far from his band.

"If you are a Christian," the Swede said stiffly, pulling at his yellow mustache, "you'll summon your followers to aid us against these devils."

Stenka Razin laughed. "I'll save your hides, if that's what you mean. Mirak Khan knows my face—he'll listen to me. Only give me some of your coins, for a gift."



"What I do between rounds is my business"

BARNEY TOBEY

"You mean—to ransom Gorod?" Petr Noga asked.

"Ay, so."

"How much?"

Stenka Razin rubbed his shaven head. "Five thousand silver ducats—that's the price of my head, or yours."

"You'll take the ransom out to the Tartars?"

The Cossack nodded.

"Why?" demanded Petr Noga.

"Because I brought a blind girl to Gorod. And I've no mind to let the Tartars ride over her. Look!"

His eye had caught a flame in the sky, that rose over the dark wall and dropped, sizzling, into the mud. Another burning arrow followed, in a red arc, lodging in the roof of a hut. Petr Noga stared at it, and made up his mind. Better to pay the ransom than to see Gorod sacked.

He ordered his lieutenants to collect the ransom from the town merchants. "Put it in two saddlebags," ordered Stenka Razin. "Put the bags on a white horse. Get me a white camel hair *svitka*,

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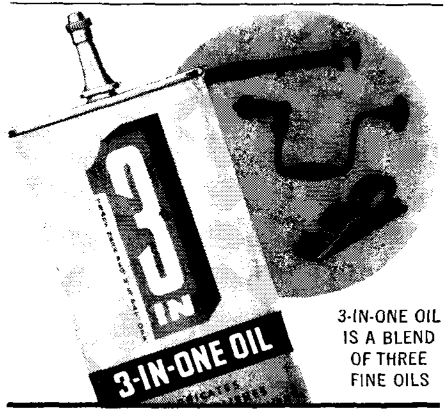

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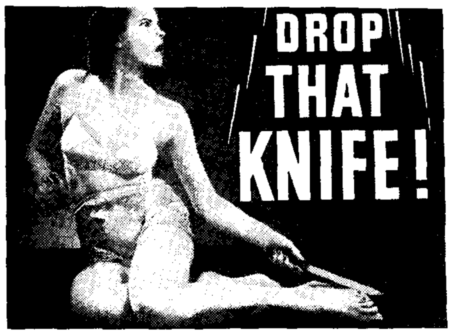
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to cover my shirt, and be quick about it." Then he turned to the Starosta: "Where is Nada?"

The girl had been sent to the church, where the priests were praying, with the other people, Petr Noga explained. Stenka Razin said they'd go to the church, he and the Starosta, for a word with her.

They set out together swiftly, because the Cossack gripped fast the young Starosta's arm, and he walked with long strides.

"Listen, you cub," he breathed, "there's one thing more you'll do, or Gorod will burn like a hayrick. You'll wed that blind girl, Nada—"

"Drunken hound!" Petr Noga tried to get at his sword, but Stenka Razin held his arm in a vise.

"You made love to her up north. Now a painted tenpenny slut makes sheep's eyes at you, Petr Noga, and you won't look at Nada. Eh—isn't it so?"

"Nay—"

"Ay, it's so. Now, you unlicked cub, this girl is a flower, a saint—" the big Cossack choked, and spat. "Now you make love to her again, and say before the priests you'll wed her, and Gorod will be safe. I swear it."

PETR NOGA'S brain whirled dizzily. He had cared for the girl Nada, and now, when he heard her voice again—if only he could stave off the attack of the wild Tartars—if he—

They came on Nada standing by a post of the church.

"Nada—"

"Oh, Master Cain!" She groped toward him. She had lost Omelko, and fear tugged at her heart.

"Nada," he said with an effort, "I'm going away. I'm a pirate, a blood-licking dog, and the name of Cain is burned on my hide—"

Trembling, she shrank back.

"But Petr Noga's here, girl," Stenka Razin went on. "When he saw you first he had troubles on his mind. Ay, fighting and raids and such. But now he's looking for you—" Stenka Razin eyed the officer like a wolf—"to tell you how his heart's full of love for you, and he'll be asking you to marry him."

"Ay, Nada," said Petr Noga, quietly, "we'll be wed tomorrow."

And he took the girl's groping hands in his. A smile touched his lips, but her face was like that of a saint in a holy picture. Stenka Razin looked at them once and swung away.

Some, who were standing at the gate that night, said afterward that he was roaring drunk. But Zamourza, who waited, holding the rein of the white horse, did not think so. Stenka Razin came up, his heels stamping in time to the tolling of the bell. He looked at the saddlebags that the merchants were filling with coins and golden jewelry. He slung the bags over the saddle, pulled the white cloak across his shoulders.

Then he swung himself into the saddle, and yelled for the gates to be opened.

To the tattoo of the drums, and the tolling of the bell, Stenka Razin trotted through the half-open gate, with Zamourza running beside him. Hastily the log gates swung shut behind him.

Stenka Razin rode on, and he nudged Zamourza with his foot.

"Eh, tell them my name," he said. Just beyond the circle of torchlight he could make out figures on shaggy ponies, and the flicker of steel lance tips.

"*Ahai,* men of the tents," Zamourza wailed, "the Lord of the River goes to his ships. Make way!"

No arrow sped toward them, and Zamourza drew breath anew.

"Hark to the *yang-yang* of the bell," he chanted. "Hark to the drums. This is the mighty Khan of the sea, friend of Mirak Khan of the steppes."

"Ai!" a voice exclaimed. The fame of Stenka Razin was known in the steppes.

"Behold how the Muscovites bow down to him," Zamourza chanted. "They are his slaves. They pay tribute to him. And he says to Mirak Khan that this town of the wooden wall is under his hand. Let Mirak Khan go back to the steppes, with his cattle."

Stenka Razin hurled the torch away from him, and reined in, to listen. He heard hoofs moving away, and the trampling of driven cattle. When he was sure the Tartars were retreating with their plunder, he stretched his arms and laughed. "Eh, Zamourza," he chuckled, "those militiamen didn't know that Tartars won't storm a wall."

With that he turned his horse's head toward the river. They came out on the bank opposite his boats just as the first light streaked the sky.

Zamourza quested about until he found a fishing boat, which he ran into the water. As Stenka Razin came up, carrying the saddlebags, he touched his arm.

"Ataman," he whispered, "look twice before you step into your own boat. There is one waiting who would put a sword into your back."

"*Hai,*" said Stenka Razin, "so Filka has been throwing his brawn about."

He said nothing more, but hot rage darkened his face.

The Cossacks in the boats had not slept that night. They had heard the tolling of the distant bell, and the echoes of the fighting, and they had wondered into what kettle their Ataman had fallen. Some of them had wanted to row in, to find out; but Filka, assuming command, had reminded them that Stenka Razin would flay alive any who followed.

They saw the fishing boat coming out, and recognized Zamourza—then Stenka Razin in a new svitka. Filka rubbed his fingers together softly, perceiving these two alive.

Stenka Razin stepped through the screen of rushes to the deck of his boat and threw down the saddlebags. Coins and flashing gold scattered around the boots of the watching Volga men.

"There, dogs," said Stenka Razin, "is the ransom of Gorod."

FILKA saw this, and saw the blood lust in the eyes of the Ataman. Without warning, Filka thrust aside the man in front of him, and leaped at Stenka Razin, drawing his sword as he did so. The sword swung up, glittering.

Stenka Razin needed no warning. He caught the flash of steel, and lowered his head. Like a gray buffalo, his body plunged toward Filka, as his arms thrust out the steel-tipped staff.

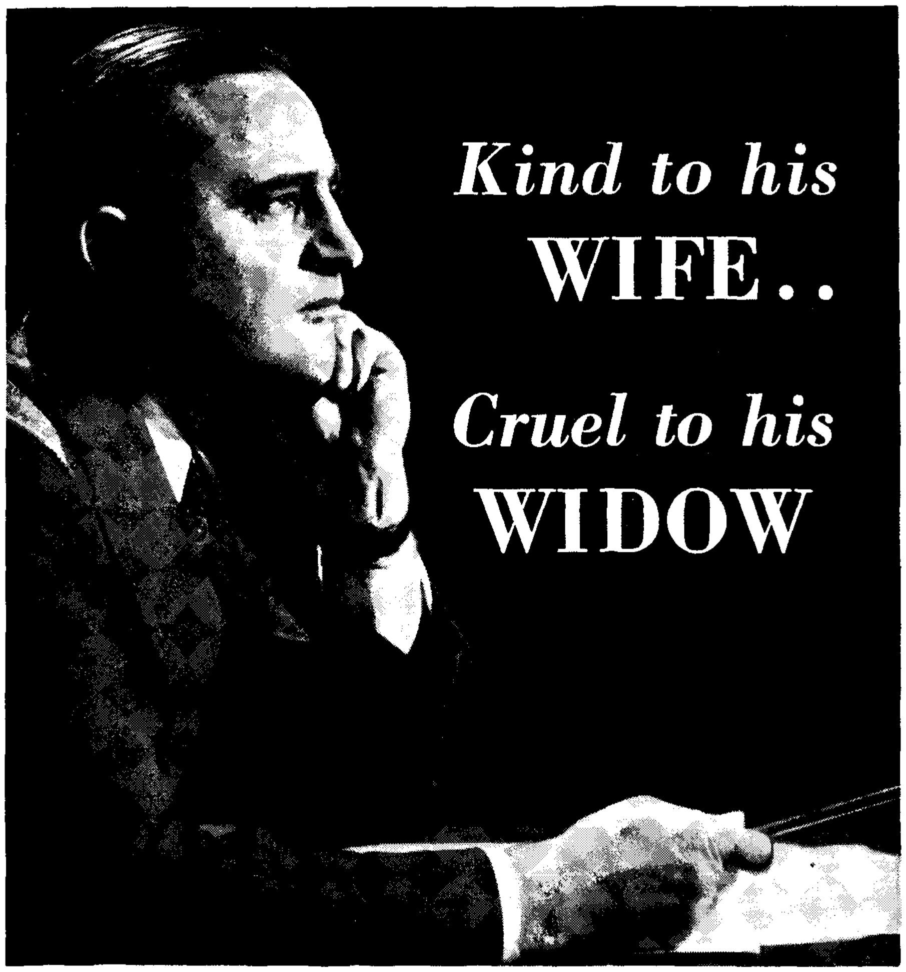
The point caught Filka in mid-air, under the ribs. He screamed as the point came out of his back. The sword in his hand struck Stenka Razin across the shoulders, without force behind it—and clattered to the deck.

Stenka Razin put forth the strength of his shoulders, and swung up the pike with the dying man on it. He tossed Filka into the water, jerking his staff clear of the body as it vanished. Then he strode into his cabin.

But Zamourza crept to the rail, and looked into the water, reddening with blood. The splash had startled a wild crane, and the bird winged overhead. A wolf that had come to the bank to drink at sunrise lifted its head and turned back into the rushes. So Zamourza saw the omens fulfilled.

And in his cabin, Stenka Razin sat on the couch that bore the impress of Nada's body—even the scent of her hair. He stared at the guttered candles. His hand, passing heavily over his face, touched the brand on his shoulder.

His head swayed from side to side, like a buffalo in pain. For he was lonely—lonely.



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Cincinnati's Dyke

Continued from page 13

that Mr. Dykstra would see us in three minutes and then disappeared, leaving us to struggle with the eternal question of what in the world things were coming to anyway.

Eight chairs and not one occupied by a ward boss chewing a mop which had started out to be a cigar. Not a contractor, not a heeler, not a stool pigeon, not a Bolivar or job-wheedler in the place. And on the walls not a picture nor on the floor a single cuspidor. In the whole place, including Mr. Dykstra's inner office, there was not a portrait of a former mayor looking as if he were about to belch, not so much as a lithograph of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington or Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The only portrait in the whole suite hung on a wall of the Dykstra inner office—a photograph of Albert Einstein.

Simple Rules for Simple Honesty

For some reason we couldn't help thinking of the day we called upon the Honorable Big Bill Thompson when he was mayor of Chicago. Mr. Thompson's outer office looked like the bull pen at police headquarters just before the Monday-morning line-up after a busy week end. After quite a battle we had managed to get within shouting distance of one of the ten or twelve reception clerks who, without taking his feet off his desk, roared: "What the hell do you want?" When we told him we'd like to see Big Bill he bellowed: "Well, who's stopping you? Keep on pushing in like everybody else."

And we'd probably have gone right on to include a few recollections of corresponding scenes in Philadelphia, New York, Kansas City, Pittsburgh and so on if the impersonal young woman hadn't reappeared to tell us that Cincinnati's City Manager was waiting for us.

"Well, you see," he explained when we had mentioned something of the foregoing, "there is really no occasion for contractors, job-hunters or fixers to make any of our offices their camps. If there is a job to be filled, the civil service commission consults its files and supplies the want. No one else hires anybody. If you have something to sell us, you go to the central purchasing agent, whether it's a concrete mixer or a ribbon for a typewriter. No other agency buys anything. If you're in trouble with the police you go to the police court. No other agency can settle it. It's just that simple. Don't hire anybody you don't need or who isn't qualified. Don't buy anything you don't need or which isn't offered at a fair price. Set up honest, competent courts and let them function without hindrance. There is no reason why government should be confused, confusing or complicated. There is no reason why a government should not be administered efficiently. It's simple enough—provided the public it is supposed to serve permits it to be simple."

You've heard that before. So had we. Come to think of it, we can't recall an inaugural speech of any President, governor, mayor or county commissioner wherein sentiments of that color weren't uttered. The common procedure followed by the foregathered populace is to cheer such noble sentiments with complete abandon and then retire to their homes, shops, offices or favored bowling alleys and try successfully to forget all about it. And the author of these champion phrases, knowing that half his audience didn't know what he was talking about and the other half had a sense of humor, proceeded forthwith to sell out to the highest bidder.

However, Cincinnati abandoned this popular stick-up form of government in 1926. Things got to be so bad under the reign of the Honorable George B. Cox, a light-fingered bar fly who rose by devious means to become the city's boss, and so much worse in the rule of his successor, the Honorable Rud Hynicka, who merely added Cincinnati to his string of burlesque theaters, that the cornered citizenry began to fight back. Such was their desperation (and to their great surprise) they adopted a City Management charter and hired Colonel Clarence Osborne Sherrill, United States Army, retired, to be manager.

Perhaps it wouldn't be a waste of time to set down briefly an outline of the City Management Plan. It is no cure-all. It won't raise your wages, reduce your rent, liquidate your mortgage or abolish war. Under it the prices of food and clothing are not affected and it won't find you a job. The truth is that if you are one of those civil servants who hold a totally unnecessary job created by the machine boss because you are a faithful vote walloper, you would doubtless lose your job. But your streets will be safer to live in, your taxes can be reduced, public indebtedness wiped out and your local-government offices will not be the Nirvana of political stumblebums and unionized bandits. Cities have tried it and abandoned it, notably Cleveland, but such reversions to the old catch-and-carry form of government have not been due to ills inherent in the City Manager System itself. At least three fourths of the system's success or failure must be laid to the manager. If he is a professional politician, making politics his livelihood, the plan is quite likely to come to a dismal end. But if you'll hire a good man and see to it that he keeps on being good you just can't miss.

No Place for Heroes

The City Manager Plan, first adopted by Dayton, Ohio, in 1914, has the virtue of being bitterly hated by the political mobster. You elect a small legislative council (in Cincinnati there are nine members) by proportional representation. We haven't space here to go into the ramifications of proportional representation but, as compactly as we can state it, the system affords representation of all parties in proportion to their true popular strength. It abolishes government by organized minorities—by political gangs which happen to have control of the election machinery, the tax-levying agencies and the police.

Under the City Manager Plan the council votes appropriations, sets tax rates and enacts ordinances. It is the city's board of directors. The Manager, who has no vote in council, attends all board meetings as precisely what he is—an employee who is responsible for the administration of the various governmental departments. He writes the municipal budget. He appoints all other city officials, subject, of course, to civil-service regulations. It is his job to see that they do the job they're hired to do. He is the city's foreman. All protests from the citizens are made to him. And then it is up to him to report upon the soundness of such complaints. He is hired by the council and only the council may fire him. His position is precisely that of a manager for a private enterprise, responsible for efficient, honest, intelligent work to his board of directors.

Such a manager, foreman, boss or

whatever you choose to call him is seldom a popular hero. The more efficient he is the less chances there are of his becoming an idol. But he must be respected. If he fails to gain the respect of his subordinates and of his employers, who, in the final reckoning, are the citizens, he is not the man for the job.

Clarence Addison Dykstra is not Cincinnati's hero. He is not of the stuff which fetches hysterical cheers from the mob. He is rather austere, professional, unemotional, unresponsive to clamors. And search as you will you find no evidence that impulse has ever contributed to any of his activities or swayed his judgment. Absent is the politician's affability and ingratiating manner. His office is wholly nonpolitical and that, as far as we were able to learn, is extremely fortunate for Mr. Dykstra. We have met and have come to know a great many politicians. We are pretty well convinced that Clarence Dykstra would be one of our most prominent flops in that profession.

And No Time for Hysterics

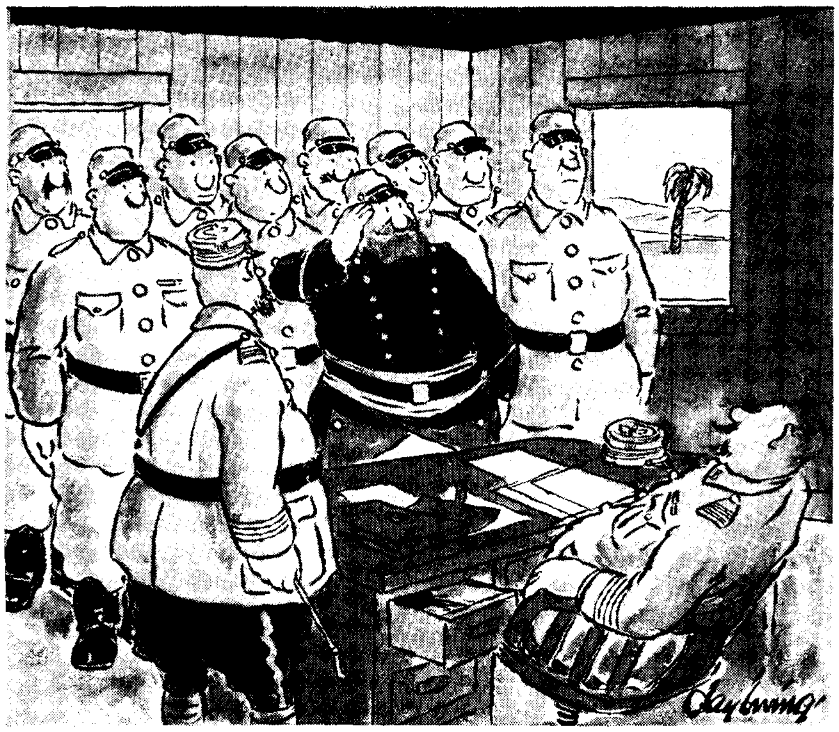
He is a biggish, gray man, fifty-four years old, equipped with a heatless, forward-marching intelligence which deals solely in blacks and whites. This or that is wrong or right, desirable or undesirable, sound or trash. There are no expedient or eligible balances or mediums. The mob can be as wrong as the king. Mass furor and popular clamor create no more noise in the Dykstra ears than the yelp of the individual. He is unfashionably unsympathetic to Socialism but will be glad to tell you that Red baiting is entirely unnecessary to decent government. It is entirely possible that you might not go out of your way to make him your intimate friend, but you'd feel very comfortable knowing that he was to have charge of your estate. It is not a calamity, thinks Mr. Dykstra, that the electorate's intelligence quotient occasionally is depressingly low, merely regrettable. The real calamity occurs when they are neither intelligently, honestly or fully informed. And the greater disaster comes when they are neither intelligently, honestly nor efficiently led.

While Cincinnati's pulse does not race at the sight of Clarence Dykstra nor do its ears grow ruby at the sound of his voice, his presence inspires a comfortable confidence. When on Cincinnati's latest Black Sunday, when the Ohio River was threatening to swallow the city, a nasty panic impended. The inevitable rumors spread that have-nots, washed out of their homes, hungry, cold, lawless, were contemplating the invasion of the houses of the rich. There was to be looting. Property and person were to be violated. Dykstra's telephone rang until its bells cracked. Would he call the military? Would he not cover Cincinnati with machine guns and cannon to secure property rights and maintain law and order—neither of which had yet been trespassed against?

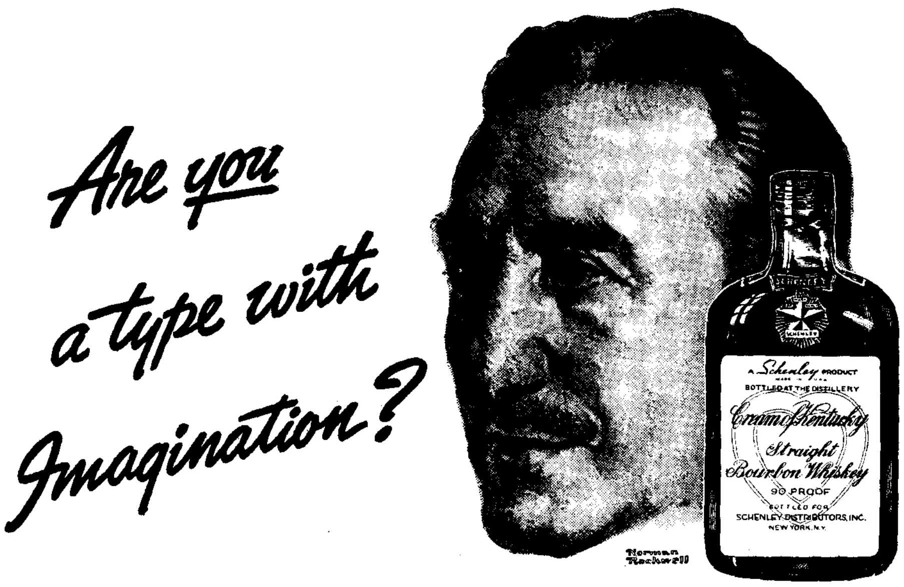
Mr. Dykstra made no perfervid speech. He did not leap to the nearest microphone to shout that the people of Cincinnati were the salt of the earth, patriotic to their expiring breath, brimming with the spirit of brotherhood and worthy of every man's faith, love and charity. He merely told the overagitated individually that Cincinnati would cease to be able to govern herself when they as individuals ceased to govern themselves. For fourteen, eighteen, twenty hours a day he sat at his duties —unhurried, unflustered, as calm as if the Ohio River were a mill stream a thousand miles away, never abandoned for a moment by that cold, measured intelligence which is his outstanding characteristic.

And from him flowed a deep, untroubled stream of confidence, assurance, self-discipline and tranquil industry. He moved in a perfectly straight line to do those essential things the situation demanded, wasting no breath in shoutings and exhortations. The man is as innocent of theater as a farmer's harrow. If he has ever made a preparatory or advertising gesture nobody remembers it. A job is something to be done as expeditiously as possible because there are so many more waiting. About the only concern he has in yesterday is what it taught him. The most dramatic thing in his world is a fact.

It is said of him that he went to the movies once last year, saw Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable and left the theater completely mystified. But also that he would walk an earthquake to hear Bauer, Rosenthal, Iturbi or Rachmaninoff play the piano and return with not only several of his civic problems solved but able to discuss the technicalities of the artist's work like a cen-



"Uh, we was thinkin', Captain . . . it'd be kinda nice if we sorta got up a Ladies' Auxiliary. . . ." JAY IRVING



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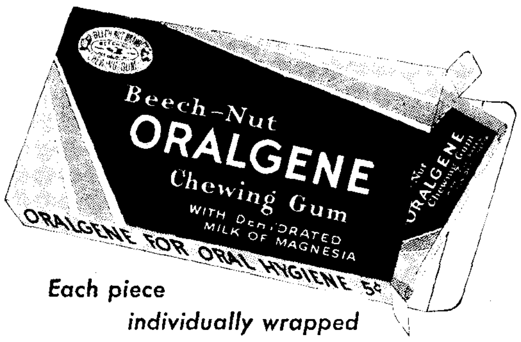
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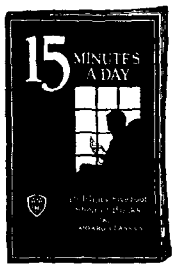

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sorious music coach. That he is not wholly arid of emotion is clear in that he plays the piano himself—and not badly. But there is this about such artistic meanderings, they told us: He can make a better than average amateur job of Mr. Debussy's Clair de Lune and get up saying: "The man we need for that police job is Fumblenunger."

And so when Cincinnati saw the Ohio swelling past seventy-five feet and on to eighty he banished panic with his precise, hypnotic, efficient calm. He always had the right answer—and the answer was seldom spoken. Merely put into execution while others could think of nothing more effective than handwringing. The imperiled on the flats were rescued, fed, housed and healed. Washington sent special agents to Cincinnati to find out, among other things, why no hysterical telegrams and terror-hoarsened telephone calls had come out of the dispiriting gloom of her city hall.

Dykstra Saves the Day

The frightened citizenry on the still-dry heights were put to work. That kept their minds off the wholly imaginary threat of the flat-dwellers. The theaters were closed that disease might not be spread. Street parking was proscribed that there might be no additional hindrance to fighting possible fire. The best water department Cincinnati has ever known did more than work twenty-four hours a day—it worked intelligently under scientific directors most of whom don't know the name of the local leader or whatever political party he happens to favor.

Social agencies found themselves consolidated before they had pulled their galoshes on and PWA workers, long since turned over en masse to the direction of Clarence Dykstra, were shocking the populace with their machine-like activity. Cincinnati will assure you that nobody seemed to take a step too much or one too few. Or, to quote one of the Bolivars, who has never regarded Dykstra with anything kindlier than hate, the city manager made a bum of the flood. That of course is something of an overstatement but certainly panic was stillborn and Dykstra was the doctor.

Cincinnati—her important merchants, bankers, lawyers and what not, including her municipal council of nine—watched Dykstra meet the flood. Then they ordered themselves out of his way. *In effect they told him to run the show alone.* They made him Disaster Administrator with dictatorial powers for the duration. And that was their gesture; actually the man already had been doing just that. All the citizens asked of him was that they be told what to do and when to start. Some of them had never liked Dykstra. Some don't like him now. And yet we have never been in a municipality where respect for its head was so general. Without a wave of the flag, a toot of a horn, so much as a single breast-beat or raising of the eyes to high heaven, Dykstra emerged from the emergency as near to being a popular hero as it is possible for a man of his temperament to be. He made no heart-melting tours of the inundated sections. He forded no streets hip-deep carrying children and grandmothers to safety. He stood in no breadlines to demonstrate a great, all-enveloping humanity which he didn't feel. This man is just about as maudlin as a Diesel engine. He is as politically minded as the Gulf Stream.

Interviewing him has something of the flavor of a ten-round bout with the logarithmic tables. Certain facts exist—there they are and where's the argument? See here, if the International Harvester Company seeks a head for its service department it does not go poking around the more popular barrooms nor does a gentleman's popularity in the sixth ward have anything to do with its selection. Because a fellow makes good fountain pens or has a lovely family or was twice, thrice or four times governor of New Minnifornia is no proof that he is bound to be what the people need. Government is no less a science than astronomy, surgery or metallurgy. Thus Clarence Addison Dykstra, whose non-hysterical Dutch ancestry is very evident. In reasoning and movement he is as impetuous as the town clock.

At heart he is still the schoolteacher. Cincinnati drafted him from a professor's office in 1930 when Colonel Sherrill resigned to take a bigger salary from private business. Cincinnati pays her manager twenty-five thousand dollars a year. When we saw Mr. Dykstra, he was listening to the University of Wisconsin's proposal that he should return to the classroom as its president at fifteen or eighteen thousand dollars a year. And he was listening attentively because, he explained, he was "at heart a University man." He had proved to himself that what was once a theory was now a fact; he had run an ideal into practical result. He would not now object to passing what he has learned on to youngsters who might one day do in Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia and other patronage-governed cities what he had proved in Cincinnati.

It is all very well, says he, to set up the City Management Plan in a city; the more difficult thing is to keep it set up. A people may rejoice in the first pinkness of reform but the time inevitably comes when they will yearn for old fleshpots. Righteousness, particularly civic righteousness, is not a durable commodity. And this is due in part to its leadership, too often prudish, precious, patronizing and holier than thou—to say nothing of an astonishing incompetence. It is one of Dykstra's convictions that the half-baked reformer, untrained in the science of government, can wreck a municipality just as completely as a political brigand. Dykstra is a scientist, not a puritan.

A Scientist in Government

He was born in Cleveland, where he was innoculated early with the theories of the late Tom Johnson. Years later, in 1918, Cleveland recalled him to be executive officer of her Civic Club and a member of the Committee of Fifteen to which much credit is given for the adoption by Cleveland of the City Management Plan. The Cleveland public schools turned him over to the University of Iowa, which graduated him in 1903. Being a person of considerable singleness of purpose he made the science of municipal government his principal study pursuit. He taught political science at Ohio State University and the University of Kansas. He carried his lectures to Teachers College of Columbia University and presently moved to the University of California at Los Angeles. For two years he was secretary of Chicago's City Club and preached City Management in a clear, precise voice and unmindful of the bellowing competition of the Honorable Big Bill Thompson who, 'mid the shot and shell of his ardent admirer and supporter, the Honorable Scarface Capone, was advocating bloody assault upon the nose of England's king. Chicago now wants Dykstra back again, thinking that what with the administration of her municipal government in weak hands it might not be impossible to capture her own City Hall and set up odorless government.

No job has ever meant much to Clarence Dykstra after he has got from it all he thought he needed. He became secretary of Los Angeles' City Club, then Commissioner of Water Power. He refused reappointment but took the job of supervising the personnel of the water department. Thus he learned something of supervising the affairs of many municipal employees—6,000 of them. He lectured, taught and wrote City Management. He was in the midst of a sermon thereon when Cincinnati asked him to come back to Ohio.

He will tell you and prove to you that economy in government is not so much a matter of piling up money reserves in the public treasury as it is of giving the citizenry what it pays for. It naturally follows that if your taxes are not stolen or lavished upon the political boss' contracting firm or devoted to padded pay rolls and other accessories you don't need, the bill for government will be reduced. And if it is costing you less money to meet your public bills, you should not be required to pay such high taxes. As Mr. Dykstra says, it's not hard to understand. And you're merely wasting your time when you try to scoff it off as the idyl of a bookworm. In Cincinnati it has worked.

Man Without a Hobby

Cincinnati's taxes are lower than those of any city of her size in the country. Had it not been for the depression, for which Cincinnati was responsible only to the same degree all the rest of us were, and for resulting relief demands, Cincinnati's tax rate would be almost trifling.

Pay good men good wages and demand good work, says Dykstra. But be sure they're good men, hired because they know their jobs and not because the Honorable Slugger Tim (The Boom) Ruffhausen has put the pat on them.

His road in Cincinnati has not been smooth. It is no light matter to hold a party (the Charter Party) together without judicious applications of patronage. Even some of the most devoted Charterists have occasional yearnings to have a traffic ticket torn up; even clergymen who pray publicly for civic purity are now and then offended because their advocacy of a job-hunter received no more attention than the patronage demand of a Bolivar.

And yet he is one of the most accessible of public servants. He'll listen to almost anyone and then proceed to ruin everything with logic. A group of seething Communists called with banners one day.

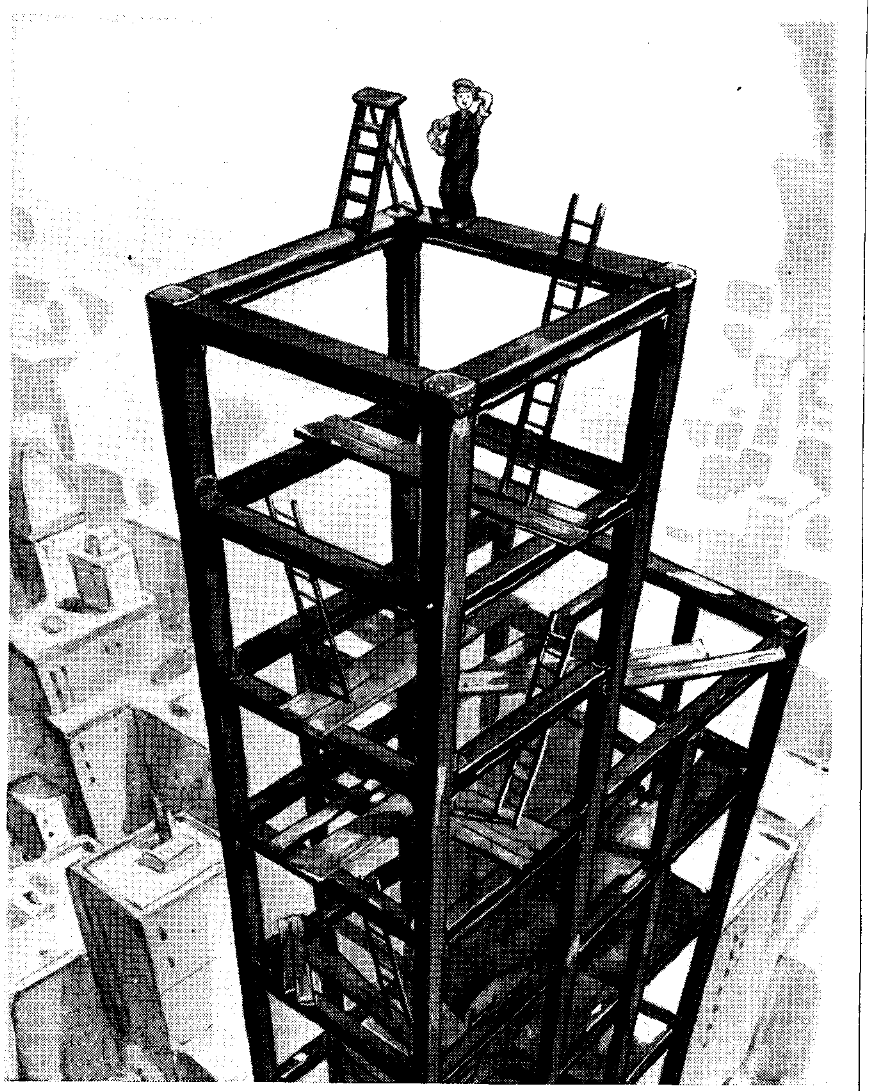
Dykstra listened to them intently, unsmiling, coldly courteous. After haranguing him for thirty minutes the spokesman paused meaningly, clearly expecting some comment from Dykstra. He waved the man on. "Apparently," said he, "you like to talk. Please go on. Talk as long as you like. I'll listen."

Presently the orator stopped, chilled by Dykstra's deadly, wordless calm. Dykstra had worn the orator down without so much as turning his hands or releasing a small sigh. And all they were asking for was that the city pay their rent, buy their food and clothing and keep them supplied with a bit of pocket money. When he was quite sure they had no more to say he treated them to an analysis of the city's finances, a homily on the social theory of the City Management System and a scholarly discourse on Marxianism. When he had finished only a few of the delegation remained. He had simply rationalized them out of the place—had talked them down.

He reminds you of a highly specialized machine. He appears to have no hobbies. He couldn't be much of a hobby hunter anyway. Certainly, if he had one, it would be nothing similar to the specialty of the boss of another Midwest city we were talking to a year or so ago.

"And you probably have a hobby of some sort," we said to him.

"Sure," said he. "I collect bar flies."



"Now let me see. What was it I wanted to do?"

RALPH FULLER

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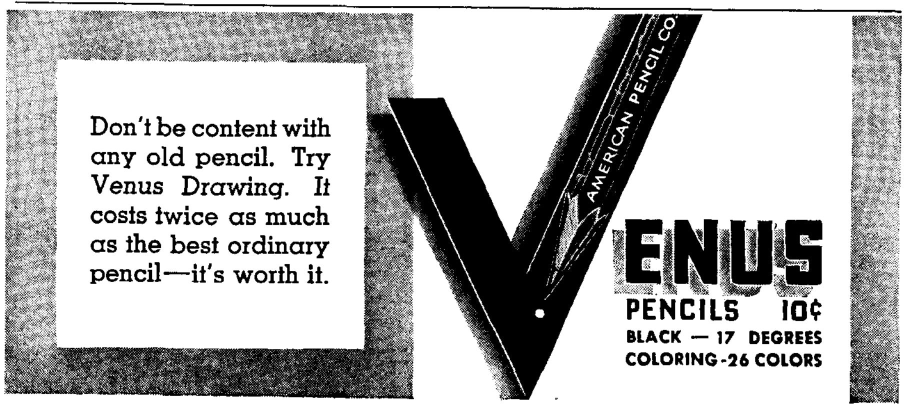

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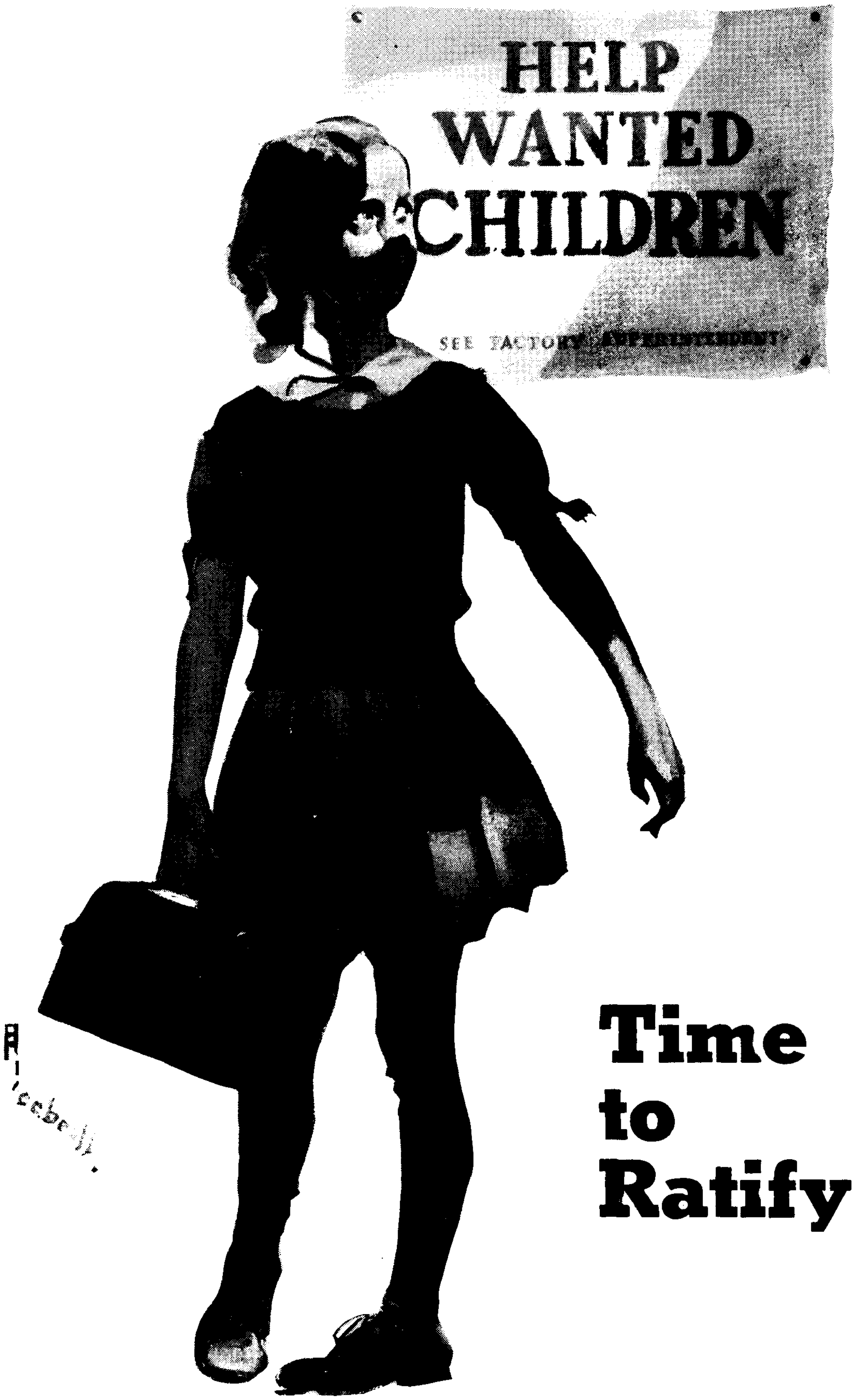


Time to Ratify

SLOWLY but surely the tortoiselike Child Labor Amendment is approaching the goal of ratification. To impatient friends of children the progress has seemed all too slow.

The first proposal for federal regulation of child labor was made thirty years ago by Senator Beveridge of Indiana. Speaking for two days on the floor of the Senate, he presented the evils of child labor, maintaining that since the problem could not be effectively dealt with by forty-eight different jurisdictions, national regulation alone could end the exploitation of the nation's children. Strangely enough, this proposal did not seem very revolutionary in those days and other noteworthy champions appeared, among them the elder Henry Cabot Lodge.

The first federal child labor law, passed on the eve of our entrance into the World War, was drawn along the general lines proposed by Senator Beveridge. This act, which sought to close the channels of interstate commerce to the products of child labor, proved to be very practical from the standpoint of administration during the all-too-brief period that it was in effect. But in 1918 the Supreme Court in a five-to-four decision held that this law was not, in the opinion of the Court, a regulation of interstate commerce and was therefore null and void. The second federal child labor law, which sought to make child labor unprofitable by taxation, was also held unconstitutional in 1922.

With the way to effective federal regulation thus closed by the Supreme Court, various proposals were immediately introduced in both the Senate and the House for a constitutional amendment specifically giving to Congress the power to regulate and prohibit the labor of children and young persons.

The proposal which gained most support and passed the House promptly was drafted by Edward P. Costigan, then a member of the Tariff Commission and later senator from Colorado. It was finally adopted by two thirds of Congress in the form worked out by Senators Walsh of Montana and Pepper of Pennsylvania.

Organized opposition of minority groups seemed to have killed the children's amendment by 1926. Then the whole situation changed with the depression. Labor's demand that all available jobs should go to adult workers gained general support and a new appreciation of the importance of national action for social welfare developed.

President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman of New York have urged ratification. Mr. Landon and Mr. Hoover have joined the list of supporters. The National Farm Bureau Federation endorsed the proposal in 1935. By 1937, twenty-four states have taken favorable action, including all the important industrial states except New York and Massachusetts. Since January first of this year, Kentucky, Nevada, New Mexico and Kansas have ratified and the New York Senate has registered approval.

Recent statistics show that child labor is now increasing, as it always has with increased production. According to a report published by the United States Children's Bureau, the number of work permits issued to fourteen- and fifteen-year-old children in ten states and ninety-eight cities increased 150 per cent in the first five months of 1936, as compared with the same period in 1935.

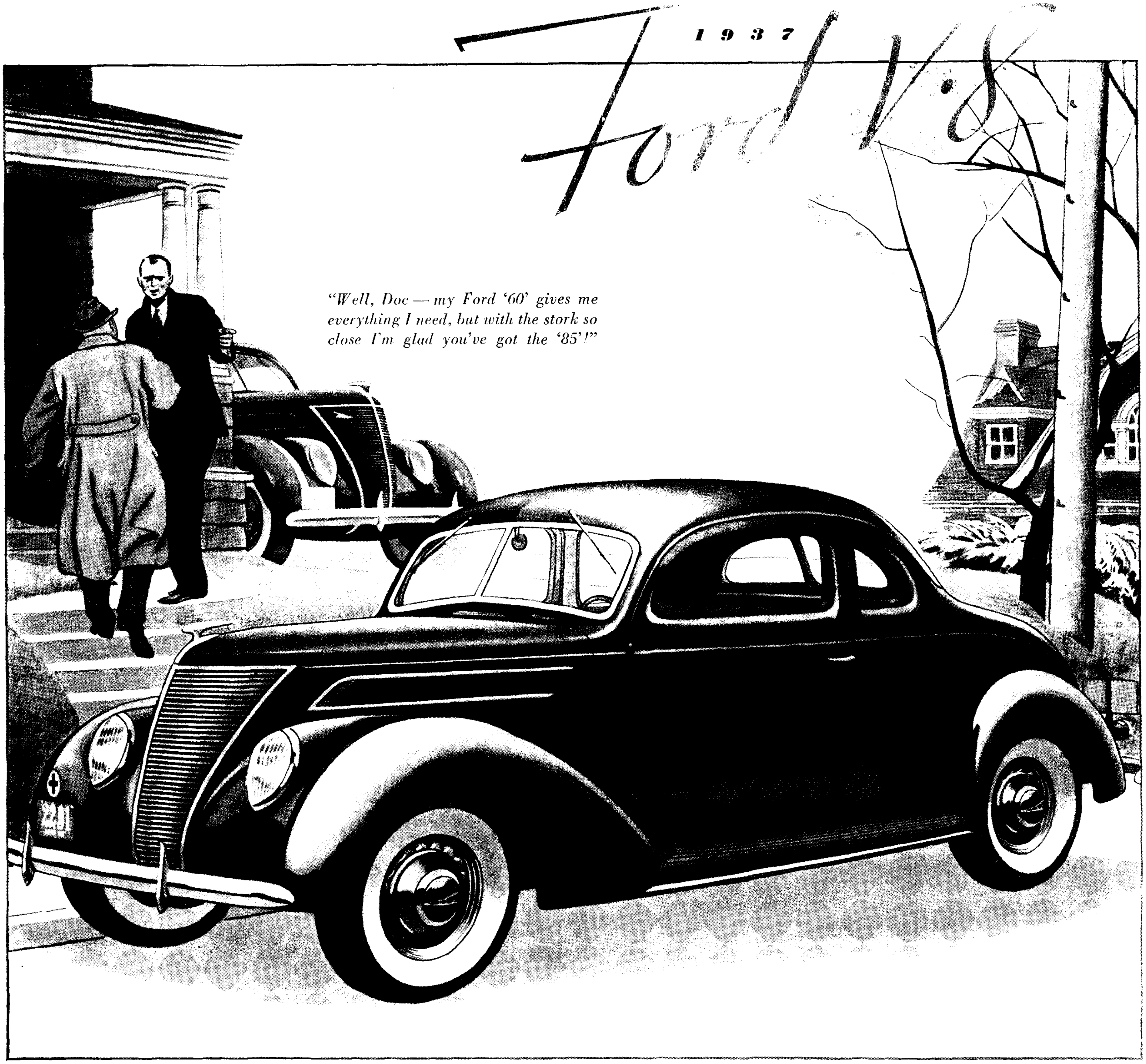
Available information shows that more than one fourth of these children were legally released from school to work in manufacturing, mechanical and delivery service; and one third for employment for what is unfortunately a morally hazardous occupation for girls, domestic service. How many are illegally at work in violation of state laws, or how many are legally at work in occupations not covered by state laws, is not known.

A survey made by the Children's Bureau of 449 children employed in six states in 1936 tells an all-too-familiar story of young children employed long hours, 62 to 71 hours a week, for wages ranging from $1.50 to $7 a week. It is the same old story with new variations. Now the concentration is in service, trade and miscellaneous occupations, and fewer children are found in industrial occupations.

The proposed Child Labor Amendment giving to Congress the right to regulate or prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years is not a radical measure. It would merely give national authority to wipe out an ancient evil.

That the amendment can and will be adopted now seems certain. The sooner the better for the welfare of the nation.

GRACE ABBOTT



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HIGH MILEAGE, LOW PRICE AND A CHOICE OF TWO V·8 ENGINES

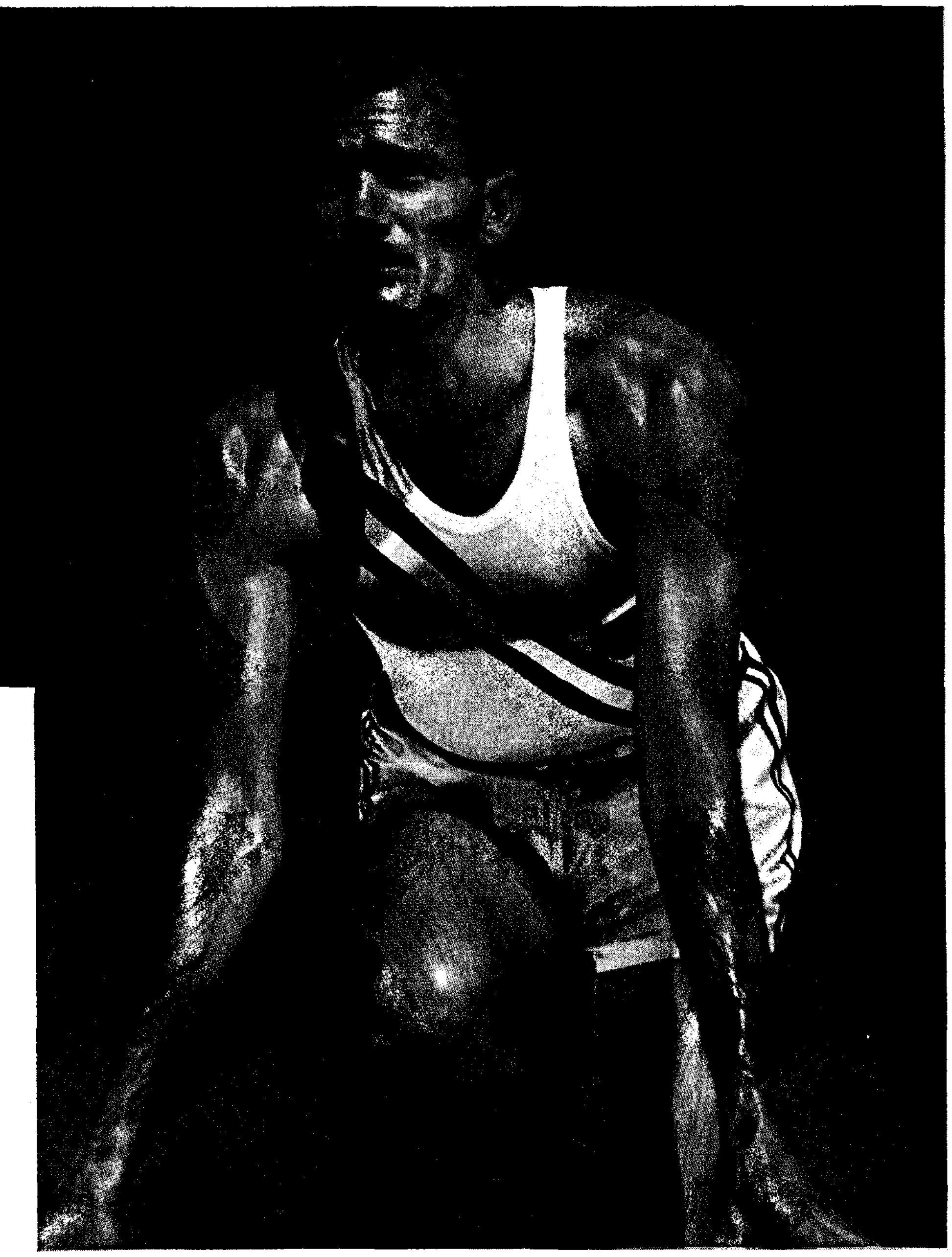
FORD is making motoring history in 1937 by offering a choice of two V-type 8-cylinder engine sizes in the same big, roomy modern car. They give you top performance or top economy, according to your needs.

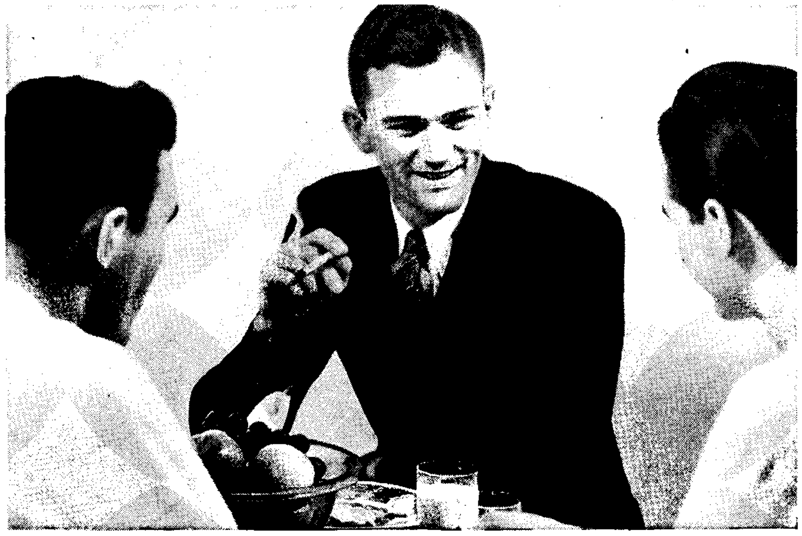
The 85-horsepower engine provides flashing power and pick-up at low prices, plus greater fuel economy than ever. . . . The 60-horsepower engine, first developed for Europe, delivers smooth V-8 performance and more miles per gallon than any Ford ever built. It comes in five body types at the lowest Ford prices in years.

Because more than 25 million Fords have been built, because of familiar Ford ideals, people always expect more of a Ford car — and get it. The 1937 Ford V-8 is unmistakably THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do—and my digestion goes along O. K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's record holder—champion hurdler—and Olympic winner





"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes in many lines of sport. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after 'for digestion's sake.' Camels give me an invigorating 'lift' when I need it most. And Camels are mild. You'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves."

Around the clock—Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking—they don't get on your nerves—or irritate the throat.

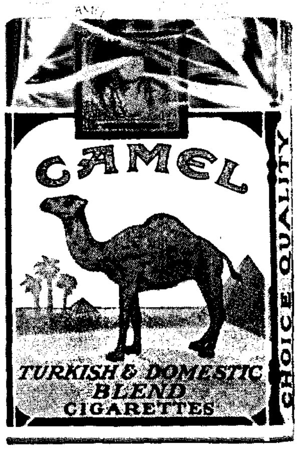
Enjoy the grand feeling of well-being that comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at mealtime—light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. At the first few fragrant puffs, the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. A sense of well-being follows.

You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They bring an invigorating "lift" in energy and brighten your whole day with the enjoyment of costlier tobaccos.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without Camels. Camels make food more enjoyable—encourage a pleasant sense of well-being. And Camels are so mild—so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."

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